THE

WIT'S MAGAZINE;

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OF

MIRTH, HUMOUR, AND ENTERTAINMENT.

MIRTH! WITH THEE I MEAN TO LIVE.

MILTON.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

Printed for HARRISON and Co. N° 18, Paternoſter-Row.

M DCC LXXXV.

THE

WIT's MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1785.

With a Large Quarto Engraving, repreſenting a SKAITING SCENE in HYDE PARK; deſigned and engraved purpoſely for this Work.

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Printed for HARRISON and Co. No. 18, Paternoſter Row; by whom Letters to the EDITOR are received.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Comic Tale of the Breeches is only delayed that it may be accompanied with a Plate, for which it furniſhes an excellent ſubject. The Editor wiſhes to know if the Gentleman who favoured him with this piece ſends it as his own original compoſition.

The Eſſay ſigned *Uptonienſis* may be well-meant, but it is not at all calculated for the Wit's Magazine.

The objections of *Mr. Holland*, and Friends, to the Enigma of one of our Correſpondents, inſerted in a former number, are very juſt; but the errors are ſufficiently obvious, and they would not, were they in that correſpondent's place, like to ſee them particularly pointed at.

The Editor would very gladly receive a *humorous* or *lively* Eſſay from the pen of *Spes*; but that which he has tranſmitted, though it abounds with good ſenſe, has not a ſingle particle of theſe neceſſary qualities.

The Character, ſigned *A Batchelor*, is too imperfectly ſketched; and, indeed, ſeems neither new nor intereſting.

The Eſſay on Plurality is founded on a good but not quite a new idea, and it is very indifferently managed.

It will be neceſſary for the Editor to ſee the whole of the Adventures of a Pen, before he can venture to inſert any. If, however, the concluſion is equal to the commencement, it will certainly have a place.

The Devil and the Lawyer will be given in our next.

The Editor begs all his Correſpondents will pay the utmoſt attention to the following hints, which he has before in part given, and which muſt as literally as poſſible be complied with, that he may perform his Herculean labours with more comfort and expedition.

To make all their compoſitions as correct as they poſſibly can—to prefix their names or ſignatures to each reſpective original article, in the manner uſually printed, how many ſoever they may chuſe to ſend at once—never to w[illegible]e on both ſides of the paper—to diſtinguiſh what they ſend as original from what they merely extract from books, by always ſaying, 'Written by,' &c. to the former, and never putting their ſignature at all to the latter—to ſend their communications as early each month as poſſible—to reſt ſatisfied with the Editor's ſuppreſſing what he may think improper for his work, without aſſigning any particular reaſon, unleſs he chuſes—to accompany all new Enigmas, &c. with the reſpective ſolutions—and to keep a copy of whatever they may be diſpoſed to preſerve, as the Editor will, in future, immediately deſtroy every production which is not likely to be of any ſervice to him. Theſe reſolutions are abſolutely neceſſary, and the public, as well as the Editor, will feel the benefit of their being ſtrictly complied with.

PRIZE MEDALS.

The *firſt* SILVER MEDAL, for the beſt *original* Proſe Eſſay by a Correſpondent, is adjudged to Mr. ROBERTS, of Horkeſley Park, for his CHARITABLE REFLECTIONS on the CHARACTERS of MEN—the *ſecond*, for the beſt Poetical Production, is adjudged to the Author of thoſe excellent VERSES, written at Harwich, on launching his Majeſty's ſhip the Inflexible: if A. B. C. under his proper name, before the 20th of February, vouches for their originality; and if not, to Mr. R. TATTAM, for his ingenious ODE to the WIT'S MAGAZINE—and the *third* and *fourth*, given by lot to two out of the ſix beſt Anſwers to the PRIZE ENIGMA, fall to X. Y. Z. and SALLY BROCK—who are requeſted to tranſmit their orders for delivery to the Publiſhers by the 20th of February at fartheſt, in the ſame hand-writing as their reſpective Productions, ſigned with their real names and places of abode, that they may be printed in the next Number, for the ſatisfaction of Subſcribers in general.

☞ The FOUR MEDALS adjudged laſt Month have been forwarded to——

1. Mr. ROBERTS, Horkeſley Park, Eſſex.
2. Mr. WILLIAM WEST, Charles Street, Long Acre.
3. Mr. GEORGE MURGATROYD WOODWARD, Cary Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.
4. Mr. JAMES CHISEM, Avon Street, Bath.

N. B. The Medal reſerved for EUGENIO was claimed by Mr. HAYWARD, Banbury.

THE

WIT's MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1785.

THE NIGHT-WALKER.

NUMBER VII.

THE humane hearts of my readers will not, I dare ſay, permit them to forget, that they left me and my fellow-ſufferers in Newgate; nor will they be diſpleaſed to find that we were all liberated on the third day, without the formality of a public trial.

In ſhort, the indictment preferred againſt us by Lady —— (for his Grace of —— had not the hardineſs to ſtand forward in the buſineſs, though he had the meanneſs ſecretly to ſupport and encourage it) was indignantly thrown out by the Grand Jury; as well on the cleareſt evidence of her ladyſhip's own ſervants, who ſwore poſitively that none of us were at all like the robbers, as from a full conviction that ſhe had been wilfully guilty of the groſſeſt perjury, though ſhe had ſo far palliated the offence as to take off the abſolute certainty of a conviction; which many gentlemen and ladies, who make a practice—and, indeed, a profeſſion—of frequenting the Old Bailey, the courts at Weſtminſter, and moſt other places eſtabliſhed for the execution of juſtice, know perfectly well how to manage, in the preſent moſt excellent ſtate of our penal laws.

But my friend the barriſter was determined not to ſtop here: he accordingly adviſed actions to be brought againſt her Ladyſhip, and even againſt his Grace, for the violent aſſault and impriſonment of the young creature under my protection, as well as for confederating to criminate, and falſely impriſoning, myſelf and Harry.

Theſe meaſures ſoon produced overtures of accommodation; and as, happily for dignified vice, it is hardly poſſible to make peers and peereſſes amenable to our criminal laws, I was, at length, very reluctantly, prevailed on to accept a compromiſe; and the ſum of five thouſand pounds was lodged at my banker's, within a week from the commencement of this affair, to prevent the diſagreeable conſequences of a more public inveſtigation.

As Harry, and my fair ward, willingly left every thing to me, I endeavoured to diſpoſe of the ſum thus accepted in ſuch a manner as to render it moſt conducive to the happineſs of all parties.

I accordingly aſked Harry if he had any thoughts of marrying, and he frankly owned he had what he called a *ſneaking kindneſs*—but what I term *an honeſt and manly paſſion*—for Dolly, her ladyſhip's maid, and that he would rather have her than any girl in the world; and this for the beſt reaſon in the world—becauſe he was ſure ſhe loved him.

'But Harry,' ſaid I, for I choſe to put his conſtancy to the teſt, 'you 'are now a different man: you was a 'few days ago only her equal, but 'now you are the richeſt by at leaſt 'five hundred pounds.'

'Thank your honour's goodneſs, 'I don't mind that of a farthing! 'What's money, your honour, with-'out happineſs? We had agreed to 'be married, as ſoon as we could 'get together fifty pound, to take a

'cook's ſhop, or a public-houſe; and 'I am ſure poor Dolly would break 'her heart, if I was to be worſe than 'my word. Beſides, I ſhould never 'expect to thrive if I was to be ſuch 'a villain! She is a handſome, well-'made, good-tempered, ſober, vir-'tuous, induſtrious girl, as any in 'the world; and, beſides that, ſhe 'has ſuch a tender heart, that ſhe al-'ways falls a-crying, whenever ſhe 'hears the Babes in the Wood, Bar-'bara Allen, the Goſport Tragedy, 'or any of them there old ſongs 'about falſe-hearted men. Your 'honour does not know what a ten-'der-hearted girl ſhe is. Did not 'your honour hear what Mike the 'coachman ſaid, how ſhe roared like 'a town-bull, poor girl, while the 'Duke was raviſhing the young la-'dy? O how happy we ſhall be!'

'Well, friend Harry,' returned I, 'I am not at all diſpoſed to leſſen 'the felicity you promiſe yourſelf in 'the arms of faithful Dolly. I really 'wiſh you as bleſt as mutual love, 'and mutual honour, can make you; 'and then you will, indeed, be 'happy!'

Here my little charge gave a deep ſigh: I would not pain her, by appearing to hear it, but my heart refuſed to countenance the diſguiſe, and involuntarily anſwered it by a ſimilar one.

'Thank your honour, with all my 'heart,' replied Harry, who was too much inveloped in the idea of his own anticipated bliſs, to ſuſpect the poſſibility of anguiſh any where elſe; 'and 'Dolly, I am ſure, will cry for joy, 'when I tell her how kind your ho-'nour has been.'

'Go, Harry, immediately,' cried I —for I wanted to be alone with my dear ward—ſmile not, licentious reader; I had no ill then in my heart, and pray do not now have any in thine— 'and let the worthy object of your re-'gards know, that it is my opinion, 'when two honeſt hearts are united 'by love, and fortune has put it in 'their power to make a proper pro-'viſion for the family they ought al-'ways to expect, the union of their 'hands cannot too ſoon follow. But, 'if you had rather ſtay a year or two 'longer——'

'No, no! Heaven bleſs your ho-'nour! I'll go and tell her all you 'ſay directly!—Lord, Lord, how 'Dolly will cry for joy!'

And he was gone in an inſtant.

H——.

MELANCHOLY INSTANCE OF THE DELAY OF THE LAW.

IN a trial of very conſiderable importance, juſt in the part that required the greateſt attention, and while evidence of a moſt material nature was exhibiting to the court, one of the jurymen, being ſorely preſſed, after turning firſt pale, and then red, and combating in vain with his inteſtine enemy, at length, in an abrupt manner, aſked leave of the judge to withdraw for a few moments.

The judge told him that the requeſt he aſked was of the moſt ſerious nature, and muſt be maturely conſidered. After conſulting many learned books, at length, in Blackſtone's Commentaries, Chap. 3. an inſtance was adduced where a juryman had leave to abſent himſelf for a little time: this determined the judge; who, with great ſolemnity, informed the juryman that he might withdraw.

The poor man was bent almoſt double; and, ſeemingly afraid to ſtand upright, or to ſit down, coldly thanked the judge, and ſaid it was too late, for that it was all over. But the whole court were now unanimous in obliging him immediately to withdraw.

THE ART OF STORY-TELLING.

THERE is one kind of converſation which every one aims at, and every one almoſt fails in; it is that of Story-telling. I know not any thing which engages our attention with more delight, when a perſon has a ſufficient ſtock of talents neceſſary for it; ſuch as good ſenſe, true humour, a clear head, a ready command of language, and a variety of proper geſture to give life and ſpirit to what he ſays. If any of theſe be wanting, the liſteners, inſtead of being diverted, are diſobliged; but if the perſon be utterly void of them all, as is very often the caſe, he becomes a nuiſance to the company, and they are juſt ſo long upon the rack as he ſpeaks. It has ſometimes fallen to my lot, that a man whom I never offended has laid me under the perſecution of a long Story, and compelled me to hear what neither concerned himſelf nor me, nor indeed any body elſe; and, at the ſame time, he was as much in earneſt, as if both our lives and fortunes, and the felicity of the whole kingdom, depended upon what he ſaid. A humour very unaccountable! that a man ſhall be letting off words for an hour or two, with a very innocent intention; and, after he has done his beſt, only makes me uneaſy and himſelf contemptible.

This natural infirmity in men is not only confined to Story-telling, but it appears likewiſe in every eſſay whatſoever of their intellectuals As, for inſtance, if one of theſe be a preacher of God's word, by farfetched criticiſms, numerous diviſions and ſub-diviſions, incoherent digreſſions, tedious repetitions, uſeleſs remarks, weak anſwers to ſtrong objections, inferences to no premiſes, tedious exhortations, and many other methods of protraction, he ſhall draw you out a diſcourſe for an hour and a quarter, unequally diſpenſing opium and edification to his flock, there being ſeven ſleepers for one hearer. If he be a lawyer, he ſhall, by an uncommon way of amuſement, run away with a ſubject which might be explained in two minutes, and dilate upon it two hours, with ſuch a volubility of tongue, ſuch affluence of expreſſion, with ſomething ſo like a good ſtyle and manner of thinking, that the judges and the jury attend with as much gravity as if there was a continued chain of true reaſoning and ſolid argument. If he be a member of the upper or lower houſe, he does not proceed four ſentences before the reſt know where to have him an hour hence; in the mean time, they divert one another by talking of matters indifferent, till the gentleman has done. I could give many more inſtances, but that I think theſe ſufficient for my preſent purpoſe; beſides, leſt I ſhould incur the like reproach myſelf, I muſt, in a few words, divide the Story-tellers into the Short, the Long, the Marvellous, the Inſipid, and the Delightful.

The Short Story-teller is he who tells a great deal in few words, engages your attention, pleaſes your imagination, or quickly excites your laughter. Of this rank were Xenophon, Plutarch, and Macrobius, among the ancients.

When the Nepheli of Ariſtophanes, a ſatire upon Socrates, was acting, his friends deſired him to retire and hide behind them. 'No,' ſaid Socrates, 'I will ſtand up here, where 'I may be ſeen; for now I think my-'ſelf like a good feaſt, and that every 'one has a ſhare of me.'

Braſidas, the famous Lacedæmonian general, caught a mouſe; it bit him, and by that means made it's eſcape. 'O Jupiter!' ſaid he, 'what 'creature is there ſo contemptible, 'but that it may have it's liberty if 'it will contend for it?'

Diogenes having ſailed to Chios, while it was under the dominion of the Perſians, ſaid, in a full aſſembly, that the inhabitants were fools for erecting a college, and building temples,

temples, ſince the Perſians would not allow them the privilege of makin their own prieſts, but ſent them over the moſt illiterate of their magi.

Auguſtus, while he was encamped with his army ſomewhere near Mantua, was diſturbed three nights ſucceſſively by the hooting of an owl. Proclamation was made to the ſoldiers, that whoever caught the offender, ſo that he might be brought to juſtice ſhould have an ample reward for his pains. Every one was loyally engaged in the purſuit of this bird: at laſt, one more vigilant than the reſt, found him in a hollow tree, and ſo brought him in triumph to the emperor; who ſaw him with the greateſt joy, but gave the ſoldier a ſum of money ſo far below his expectation, that he let the owl fly away at that inſtant. So true a ſenſe of liberty ran through the very meaneſt of the Romans.

The Long Story-teller is one who tells little or nothing in a great number of words; for this many among the moderns are famous, particularly the French; and among ourſelves, in this kingdom, we have a vaſt number of the better ſort. As well as I can recollect, there are ſix deans, four judges, ſix and thirty counſellors at law, ſixty-five attornies, ſome few fellows of the college, every mayor and alderman throughout the whole nation, all old gentlemen and ladies, without exception; five of the college of phyſicians, three or four lords, two hundred ſquires, and ſome few people of diſtinction beſides.

I ſhall here inſert a fragment of a long Story, by way of example, containing a hundred and twenty-nine words, which might have been ſaid in theſe ten following; viz. 'Nine years ago I was to preach for a friend.'

'I remember once, I think it was 'about ſeven years ago—no, I lie, 'it was about nine years ago; for 'it was juſt when my wife was 'lying-in of Dicky. I remember 'particularly, the midwife would 'have had me ſtay to keep her com-'pany, and it was the heavieſt day 'of ſtorm and rain that I ever ſaw 'before or ſince; but, becauſe I en-'gaged to preach for a very worthy 'friend of mine, who lived about 'twenty miles off, and this being 'Saturday, I could not defer it to the 'next morning, though I had an ex-'cellent nag that could have rid it 'in three hours; I bought him of 'a neighbour, one Mr. Maſterſon; 'yet, becauſe I would not put my 'friend in a fright, &c.' Thus far he went in one minute; the ſtory laſted an hour: ſo that, upon a fair computation, he ſpoke ſeven thouſand, ſeven hundred, and forty words, inſtead of ſix hundred, by which means he made uſe of ſeven thouſand one hundred and forty more than he had occaſion for. If a right application were made of this hint which I have given, it would be of admirable effect in the diſpatch of public buſineſs, as well as private converſation; nay, in the very writing of books, for which I refer the reader to the many elaborate treatiſes written by the learned.

The Marvellous, is he who is fond of telling ſuch things as no man alive, who has the leaſt uſe of his reaſon, can believe. This humour prevails very much in travellers and the vain-glorious: but it is with them very pardonable, becauſe no man's faith is impoſed upon; or, if it ſhould be ſo, no ill conſequence attends perſons ſeriouſly extravagant, expecting others ſhould give credit to what they know impoſſible for the greateſt dunce to ſwallow.

One of theſe, who had travelled to Damaſcus, told his company that the bees of that country were as big as turkies. 'Pray, Sir,' ſaid a gentleman, begging pardon for the queſtion, 'how large were the hives?' 'The ſame ſize with ours,' replied the traveller. 'Very ſtrange,' ſaid the other: 'but how get they into 'their hives?'—'That is none of 'my buſineſs; egad, let them look 'to that.'

Another,

Another, who had travelled as far as Perſia, ſpoke to his man John, as he was returning home, telling him how neceſſary it was that a traveller ſhould draw things beyond the life, otherwiſe he could not hope for that reſpect from his countrymen which otherwiſe he might have: 'But 'at the ſame time, John,' ſaid he, 'whereſoever I ſhall dine, or ſup, 'keep you cloſe to my chair, and if 'I do very much exceed the bounds 'of truth, punch me behind, that 'I may correct myſelf.' It happened one day, that he dined with a certain gentleman, who ſhall be nameleſs, where he affirmed that he ſaw a monkey in the Iſland of Borneo, which had a tail threeſcore yards long. John punched him. 'I am certain it was 'fifty, at leaſt.' John punched again. 'I believe, to ſpeak within compaſs, 'for I did not meaſure it, it muſt 'have been forty.' John gave him another touch. 'I remember it lay 'over a quickſet hedge, and there-'fore could not be leſs than thirty.' John at him again. 'I could take 'my oath it was twenty.' This did not ſatisfy John. Upon which the maſter turned about in a rage, and ſaid, 'Damn you for a puppy! would 'you have the monkey without any 'tail at all?'

Did not the famous Dr. Burnet, whoſe hiſtory is much of the ſame ſtamp with his travels, affirm that he ſaw an elephant play at ball? and that grave gentleman, Yſbrant Ides, in his Travels through Muſcovy to China, aſſures us that he ſaw elephants which were taught to low like cows, to yell like tigers, and to mimic the ſounding of a trumpet; but their higheſt perfection, as he relates it, was that of ſinging like Canary-birds. However, this is not ſo marvellous (for Pliny relates wonderful things of their docility) as what a gentleman told a full company, in my hearing, within this fortnight; that he had ſeen a ſhow at Briſtol, in which was a hare taught to ſtand upon her hind-legs, and bow to all the company, to each perſon in particular, with a very good grace, and then proceed to beat ſeveral marches on the drum. After this, a dog was ſet upon the table. His maſter, the ſhow-man, made many grievous complaints againſt him, for high crimes and miſdemeanors. The hare knits her brows, kindles her eyes like a lady, falls in a paſſion, attacks the dog with all her rage and fury, as if ſhe had been his wife, ſcratches, bites, and cuffs him round the table, till the ſpectators had enough for their money.

There is a certain gentleman, now in Ireland, moſt remarkably fond of the marvellous, (but this through vanity;) who, among an infinite number of the like rarities, affirms, that he has a carp in a pond by itſelf, which has, for twenty years paſt, ſupplied him and his friends with a very good diſh of fiſh, when they either came to dine or ſup with him. And the manner of it is thus: the cook-maid goes with a large kitchen-knife, which has a whiſtle in it's handle; ſhe no ſooner blows it, than the carp comes to the ſluice, and turns up it's belly, till ſhe cuts out as much as ſhe has occaſion for, and then away it ſcuds. The chaſm is filled up in a day or two, and the carp is as ſound as a roach, and ready for the knife again. Now, if he and his cook-maid took the moſt ſolemn oath to the truth of this, or the moſt ſanctified Quaker ſhould ſay Yea to it, which is made equal to any biſhop's oath, I would no more give credit to them, than I would to the colonel who ſaid that he was at the battle of Landen, where his Majeſty King William, of glorious memory, loſt the day; and this colonel, being in the utmoſt confuſion, fled among the reſt, and ſwore he had galloped above two miles after his horſe's head was ſhot off by a cannon-ball, which he ſhould not have miſſed, if the poor creature had not ſtopped at a river's ſide to drink.

I ſhould be glad to ſpend an evening with half a dozen gentlemen of this

this uncommon genius: for I am certain they would improve upon one another; and thereby I might have an opportunity of obſerving how far the marvellous could be carried, or whether it has any bounds at all.

The Inſipid, who may not unfitly be called ſoporific, is one who goes plodding on in a heavy, dull relation of unimportant facts. You ſhall have an account, from ſuch a perſon, of every minute circumſtance that happened in the company where he had been; what he did, and what they did; what they ſaid, and what he ſaid; with a million of trite phraſes; with an 'And ſo,' beginning every ſentence; and 'To make a long ſtory 'ſhort;' and, 'As I was ſaying;' with many more expletives of equal ſignification. It is a moſt dreadful thing when men have neither the talent of ſpeaking, nor the diſcretion of holding their tongues; and that, of all people, ſuch as are leaſt qualified, are commonly the moſt earneſt in this way of converſation.

The Delightful Story-teller is one who ſpeaks not a word too much, or too little; who can, in a very careleſs manner, give a great deal of pleaſure to others, and deſires rather to divert, than be applauded; who ſhews good underſtanding, and a delicate turn of wit in every thing which comes from him; who can entertain his company better with a hiſtory of a child and it's hobby-horſe, than one of the ſoporifics can with an account of Alexander and Bucephalus. Such a perſon is not unlike a bad reader, who makes the moſt ingenious piece his own; that is, dull and deteſtable, by only coming through his mouth. But, to return to the Delightful Story-teller: I cannot deſcribe him in any words ſo well as his own; therefore take the following Story, to ſhew him in the moſt agreeable light.

A mountebank, in Leiceſter Fields, had drawn a huge aſſembly about him; among the reſt, a fat, unwieldy fellow, half ſtifled in the preſs, would be every fit crying out, 'Lord! 'what a filthy crowd is here! Pray, 'good people, give way a little! 'Bleſs me! what a devil has raked 'this rabble together? Zounds! 'what ſqueezing is this? Honeſt 'friend, remove your elbow.' At laſt a weaver that ſtood next him, could hold no longer. 'A plague con-'found you,' ſaid he, 'for an over-'grown ſloven! And who in the de-'vil's name helps to make up the crowd 'half ſo much as yourſelf? Don't 'you conſider, with a pox! that you 'take up more room with that car-'caſe than any five here? Is not the 'place as fit for us as for you? 'Bring your own guts to a reaſona-'ble compaſs, and be damn'd to you! 'and then I will engage we ſhall have 'room enough for us all.'

This I have tranſcribed from a moſt celebrated author, with great pleaſure; and do earneſtly recommend it to my countrymen, as the true ſtandard of Story-telling, both as to ſtyle, and manner, and every thing requiſite not only to pleaſe the hearer, but to gain his favour and affection. And, for the time to come, be it enacted, that if any perſon, of what rank ſoever, ſhall preſume to exceed ſix minutes in a Story, to hum or haw, uſe hyphens between his words, or digreſſions; or offers to engage the company to hear another Story when he has done, or ſpeaks one word more than is neceſſary, or is a ſtammerer in his ſpeech; that then it ſhall and may be lawful for any one of the ſaid company, or the whole company together, to pull out his, her, or their watches, to make uſe of broad hints, or inuendos for him the ſaid Story-teller to break off, though abruptly; otherwiſe he is to have a glove or handkerchief crammed into his mouth, for the firſt default; and, for the ſecond, to be kicked out of company.

E.

CHARITABLE

CHARITABLE REFLECTIONS

ON THE CHARACTERS OF MEN.

BY MR. ROBERTS.

HAVING ſufficiently dwelt, in a preceding eſſay*, on the virtue of commenting favourably on female characters and actions; an apprehenſion of being ſuppoſed deficient in impartiality has induced me to beſtow a few Charitable ſtrictures on the male part of the creation alſo. The attempt, however, muſt be qualified with the following obſervation—that my reſources would be exhauſted, were I to endeavour to ſhed the 'milk of human kindneſs' on a thouſandth part of the inſtances which greatly need ſuch refreſhing dews. Very confined, therefore, will be my benevolent expoſitions; though I perſuade myſelf they will be ſufficient to open a perſpective fair enough to encourage the philanthropic flights of more excurſive imaginations. As humility is a virtue of which men in general eſtimation poſſeſs very little, I ſhall, in the firſt place, vindicate their pretenſions to it; and, I flatter myſelf, it will be in my power to ſhew that it has more influence in the world than is commonly imagined. In order, therefore, to illuſtrate my mode of proceeding, let the following characteriſtical portrait be obſerved.

Periander is continually exerting himſelf in giving ſplendid entertainments to all whom he calls his friends; and the ſlighteſt introductory thread is ſtrong enough to link any perſon who pleaſes to the large number of that denomination: the moſt ſumptuous decorations and coſtly proviſions are equally profuſe in his manſion and on his table. Sorry ſhould I be to hear, and many ſuch there are who do not heſitate to ſay, that pride, vanity, and oſtentation, are the ſources from whence this laviſh exuberance of pomp proceeds; others, more lenient, believe that liberality and munificence are the motives from whence it flows: but true charity impels me to attribute it to a virtue of a ſuperior order, to nothing leſs than that chriſtian-like virtue, humility; for ſurely the man who cannot enjoy the felicities of ſocial intercourſe without loading his board with a cloying ſuperfluity of preparation, muſt humbly imagine, that to eat and to drink are all the inducements worth going to his houſe for. This example of humility, if attended to, will place us in a track of thinking, which will at laſt lead us to a perſuaſion of the univerſality of this amiable virtue. Leſt, however, the path ſhould as yet be thought impervious, I will go a little farther before, as a pioneer; and render, if poſſible, the progreſs leſs difficult.

To continue, therefore. Cleon is never at reſt; his minutes, hours, days, and years, are waſted in perpetual locomotion; he is uneaſy at home, anxious for company, eager after amuſements, and for ever ſighing for public diverſions, to while away the tedious, inſupportable moments, that hang ſo heavy on him. Are not all theſe the ſtrongeſt and moſt incontrovertible ſymptoms of humility? Doubtleſs they are, for from theſe traits of Cleon's character may be collected, that he deteſts being alone; and the meaning of humility is to think humbly of one's ſelf: there cannot, therefore, be a greater inſtance of humility, than for a man to imagine his own company to be the moſt diſagreeable in the world; and, ſooner than be tortured with it, to be willing to ſeek relief from an aſſociation with the idle, the vain, the noiſy, the intemperate, and the vicious.

Carlos, on the other hand, is a character the very reverſe of Cleon: he flies from ſocial joys, buries himſelf in the ſhades of ſolitude, and paſſes his days in obſcurity; notwithſtanding, however, theſe two cha-

* See Vol. I. page 445.

racters are antipodes to each other, yet Carlos poſſeſſes an equal degree of humility, in believing that his company is no where deſired, that nobody ſuffers by his abſence, and that his preſence cannot afford the ſmalleſt additional pleaſure to the domeſtic circles he has deſerted.

Since, then, it appears that ſo great a portion of humility is mingled in ſuch different characters, I think I may venture to aſſert, in contradiction to all the writers who have made mankind their peculiar ſtudy, that this virtue is interwoven in the very nature and conſtitution of man; and, ſhould we be at the pains of extending our obſervations ſo far, we ſhall find, that humility is the great and powerful directreſs of youth, even on their firſt entrance on the ſtage of life.

The young man who elevates his ſacred thoughts to the Pulpit, remembers, with holy and pious raptures, that ſermons may be purchaſed for half a crown the dozen; and, being thus modeſtly conſcious of innate dulneſs, he glories in an employment for which he believes the ſimple capacity of reading ſufficient; he admires a ſituation which eccleſiaſtical police ſuffers to be the ſanctuary of indolence, the aſylum of lazineſs, and too often the ſupport of proud ſtupidity: a ſituation which only requires the regular and mechanical performance of the exterior ceremonies of one day, to atone for the negligences, vices, and follies, of ſix.

The reflections of this pupil of Divinity are not more modeſt and humble than are thoſe of a ſon of Æſculapius; for he being equally ſenſible that his intellects are not compoſed of a ſpirit ſufficiently ſubtilized to diſtinguiſh him from the groſſer components of ſociety, humbly contents himſelf with the bewitching recollection, that wiſe looks, grave geſtures, myſterious ſilence, and a ſtalking ſolemnity, will veil a large portion of ignorance and error; and that his parent earth, his never-failing patroneſs and friend, will kindly conceal the reſt.

As to the youth who is bold enough to declare himſelf a diſciple of the Law, the remaining profeſſion which ranks with the two preceding, under the denomination of Learned, I will own, that he is not equally entitled to the praiſe of humility: however, the moſt rigid and ill-natured muſt acknowledge, that this deficiency is amply compenſated by the ſuperabundant candour which is conſpicuous in a young votary to the bar; who, by his choice of that profeſſion, tacitly and candidly confeſſes his innate propenſity to knavery, and is pleaſed with an employment which affords him the beſt opportunities of indulging his native inclinations.

Having thus diſcovered, that the virtues of humility, modeſty, and candour, are ſo eminent in the three learned profeſſions, where the world would leaſt expect to find them, it will be unneceſſary for me to demonſtrate their prevalence in the ſubordinate ſtrata of ſociety; for if theſe virtues can bud among lawyers, doctors, and divines, they muſt neceſſarily be in full bloom among taylors, hair-dreſſers, and paſtry-cooks.

There is, however, one claſs of mankind remaining, called Sportſmen, which, conſidering their preſent ſtate of improvement, may not improperly be ranked among the number of learned profeſſions; and on theſe it gives me much concern to ſee the ſatirical part of mankind ſo laviſh of their pointed ſeverities. 'The di-' verſion of hunting,' ſay theſe calumniators, 'is a brave and manly 'amuſement; it participates of the 'toils and glories of war, the triumphs 'of conqueſt, and is a venerable relic 'of the hardineſs of our ſturdy an-'ceſtors.' Who does not perceive the drift of all this? and who is there that cannot, with half an eye, diſcover that it is all irony? The ſmalleſt conſideration will convince us, that there is very little appearance of manlineſs or bravery in the triumphal ſhouts and vociferations of twenty or thirty horſemen, and twice as many hounds; at the purſuit and death of a fox,

a fox, or a poor little, helpleſs, trembling hare, the moſt harmleſs and timid of all animals. The ideas of manlineſs and bravery were firſt connected with hunting, at a time when wolves, wild boars, and other ferocious animals, were the objects of purſuit. Theſe reaſons have now ceaſed, and the application of the terms are therefore improper: from this it is evident, that the above encomiums on this diverſion are all irony, the keeneſt of ſatire. In order, therefore, to reſcue the worthy and honourable gentlemen of this learned and liberal profeſſion from the talons of ill-natured animadverſion, it is incumbent on me to aſcribe their ardour for this amuſement to it's true principle; and that is, no doubt, to their rational and humble deſire of reflecting on the humiliating weakneſs, folly, and futility, of men, who are eager after trifles, and ſwift in the purſuit of what the accompliſhment will be, in the event, frivolous and uſeleſs. Of this the chace is a moſt beautiful emblem; and, as ſuch, they love to contemplate it.

Dorus prefers no company to that of his dogs; his houſe is always full of them; he is never ſatisfied without being ſurrounded by them: nay, they have become, by habit, really neceſſary to his enjoyment of life; he talks to them, fondles them, careſſes them, and hugs them, till his own perſon vies with his whelps in canine odours. Far be it from me to cenſure this worthy gentleman's taſte: I, on the contrary, aſcribe to him the higheſt merit, for being ſo implicitly obedient to his parent Nature, in humbly keeping himſelf within that ſphere for which ſhe deſigned him. An example worthy of imitation! How few are the characters that merit ſo great an eulogy!

The preceding remarks have chiefly tended to evince, not only the exiſtence of humility, of which ſome have been ſo hardy as to doubt, but alſo it's ſupreme influence over every other movement of the human ſoul. What farther I have to ſay will ſtill be in purſuance of my favourite Charitable ſyſtem; and it's aim will be principally directed to refute a very prevailing, and a very cruel, inhuman and uncharitable, opinion among men; governed by which, they ſuſpect, that however virtuous the appearance of a man's conduct or actions may be, there ſtill lurks ſome latent criminality beneath. Now my endeavours will be not only to refute the propriety of this ill-founded notion, but alſo totally to reverſe it; and to ſhew, on the contrary, that however criminal the appearances of a man's conduct or actions may be, there ſtill lurks ſome latent virtue beneath: to demonſtrate which, the delineation of three or four characters, with a few comments thereon, will be ſufficient.

Crito is an attorney, who is ſo notorious for profeſſional extortion, that he is now better known by the name of Old Gripe. Short-ſighted people, who too generally found their judgments on mere appearances, do not heſitate to attribute this trait of Crito's character to a ſordid and greedy avariciouſneſs; but, to more attentive obſervers, there is not a doubt but his rapacity, ſo far from appearing to proceed from the love of lucre and of himſelf, will evidently appear to be the pure effect of a peculiar rectitude of heart, and an unſullied love for mankind: for who will deny that the enormous fees, coſts, and expences, of legal controverſies, are the terrors which frighten men from the open-mouthed, hungry, and inſatiable gulf of forenſic litigations? The more dreadful, therefore, theſe terrors are, the better: and Crito moſt wiſely, humanely, and benevolently, employs his ingenuity in adding to their horrors; and eminently merits the applauſe of all good men for ſo doing.

The ſame very important obſervation may with juſtice be made on the charges of taylors, doctors, &c. who without doubt diſcover vaſt concern for the welfare of mankind by their ingenious contrivance of long bills, which they hang out *in terrorem*; and thus the philanthropy of the taylor is cunningly and ſucceſsfully exerted

in rendering it more difficult for men to be guilty of falling into the extreme of fashionable folly: and the disinterested benevolence of the doctor is conspicuous in frightening them from the pangs of ill health, which he is well assured will be increased in those who forsake the slow but salutary progress of unerring nature, for the bungling prescriptions of art, and the fortuitous efficacy of experiment.

Philemon is an incumbent, not inferior to Crito, in the practice of this truly christian-like cunning: he squeezes and pinches his parishioners with all his art and force; in every transaction relating to his tenths, and wherever there is a composition, he higgles, shuffles, and wriggles, till he finds out some mode to increase the modus, to the wonder and amazement of his parishioners, who gape at the holy dexterity of divine legerdemain. Alas! poor Philemon cannot, however, escape the foulest imputations: 'back-'wounding calumny,' says Shakespeare, 'the whitest virtue strikes;' and were we to credit half what is said, Philemon would appear less black without than within. It is the unhappy case of this reverend character to be reviled and pointed at for oppression and extortion, at the very time that he is toiling and sweating for the eternal welfare of his parishioners, whom he pinches, squeezes, tricks, and cheats, from the divinest of motives—'lest they wax fat, and forget 'the Lord.'

'Behold that lazy drone!' says Caius; 'he is our rector; and is in 'possession of the profits of two very 'large livings: he employs a curate to 'relieve himself of the trouble of per-'forming clerical duties; and goes to 'church himself but once a year, and 'then previously sends a large arm-'chair to his pew, in which he never 'fails to fall asleep, and usually dis-'turbs the congregation by snoring.' It grieves me much to hear the severities of Caius; for surely a man of any charity in his opinions would think very differently: such a one would imagine that the rector employs a curate, not to save trouble to himself, but for the sake of contributing to the support of one of that meritorious class of mankind whose portion at best is but a scanty pittance of bread, and whose lot it is to be 'hewers 'of wood,' for those who voluptuously lounge by fires of coal; and 'drawers 'of water,' for those who quaff the luxuriant juice of the grape. The charitable man would also believe that the rector visits the church but once a year, because he imagines that familiarity with religion, as with every thing else, breeds contempt; and that his previously sending an arm-chair, discovers his veneration for the Protestant Reformation, and his abhorrence of that popish precept which prescribes bodily mortification for the benefit of the soul. Instead, also, of his falling asleep, as Caius most uncharitably suggests, is it not much more probable that he only shuts his eyes to increase his devotion, which we know to be always the practice of seraphic imaginations? Milton himself was peculiarly sensible of this truth; nor did he forget it when his Adam said—

'Mine eyes he clos'd, but open left the cell
'Of fancy, my internal sight.'——

But as to the rector's snoring, it should be part of the creed of every good christian, sooner to discredit his own senses than believe it.

Lysias is the minion of fortune; he scarcely knows the bounds of his own wealth. His nearest neighbour is the humble curate of the parish, who has a wife and four charming children; who, with himself, exist on forty pounds a year: he dines once a week, by invitation, with his opulent neighbour, and partakes of the luxuries of his table. 'Is it not astonishing,' says Caius, 'that this poor, but virtuous 'curate, should have lived so near this 'great man, in habits of intimacy, for 'upwards of twenty years, without 'experiencing a single instance of his 'benevolence, beyond that of dining 'in his house! How confined must 'be his pleasures, that, with all his 'super-

'ſuperfluous wealth, he is yet an entire ſtranger to thoſe exalted feelings 'which expand a generous ſoul! Had 'he a family to provide for, it would 'in ſome meaſure plead for him. Were 'he even biaſſed by avarice, it would 'diminiſh, in my eyes, his extreme 'inattention to merit lingering under 'the preſſures of poverty. But he is 'deſtitute even of this excuſe; nay, ſo 'far to the contrary, that we may perceive an exuberance of prodigality 'in his moſt common expences; and 'from theſe expences were we to take 'a comfortable ſubſiſtence for the curate and his whole family, it would 'be as imperceptible as the taking a 'drop of water from the Thames. 'Good Heavens! how my boſom ſwells 'with indignation on the contemplation of ſo unfeeling a character!'

Theſe reflections of Caius are, to be ſure, the moſt harſh and unaccountable ſuggeſtions of uncharitable partiality that can be conceived; and, leſt Lyſias ſhould be, in conſequence of them, moſt unmeritedly reprobated and condemned, the general deſign of this eſſay ſtrongly calls upon me to vindicate him. In the firſt place, then, we ought to recollect that ancient and eſtabliſhed axiom — 'Money is the 'root of all evil:' the leſs, therefore, a man has, the better; and more particularly ſo for ſo ſacred a character as a curate, whoſe treaſures ought to be laid up 'where neither moth nor ruſt 'doth corrupt, and where thieves do 'not break through and ſteal.' We ought alſo, in the next place, to remember, that 'there is nothing more acceptable in the ſight of the Gods 'than a good man ſtruggling in adverſity.' Young ſays—

'Affliction is the good man's ſhining ſcene;
'Proſperity conceals his brighteſt ray.'

Why, then, ſhould Lyſias, by an ill-timed generoſity, eclipſe the curate's ſplendor?

'As night to ſtars, woe luſtre gives to man.'

Why, then, ſhould Lyſias rob the curate of a ſingle ray of his luſtre?

'Heroes in battle, pilots in the ſtorm,
'And virtue in calamities, admire;'

continues the ſame admirable and delightful writer. Who is there that for a ſingle moment conſiders the truth of theſe ſentiments, but muſt acknowledge, that there is more true benevolence in refuſing than in beſtowing aſſiſtance upon a good man? What an error, then, was our favourite bard guilty of, when theſe lines dropped from his pen—

'O impudence of wealth! with all thy ſtore,
'How dar'ſt thou let one honeſt man be poor!'
POPE.

Theſe, no doubt, were the very ſenſible reflections that prevented Lyſias from truſting his neighbour the curate with the ſmalleſt portion of that deteſtable, horrible, and pernicious metal, gold: and while men of wealth feel the truth and juſtice of them, they may with propriety act as Lyſias does.

Having now ſo amply and munificently diſtributed my Charitable Reflections, the next thing I have to do, as is uſual on theſe occaſions, is to look around me in ſearch of a ſituation for the erection of a monument to perpetuate my memory; the moſt proper ſite for which, that I can at preſent think of, is in the very centre of Weſtminſter Hall: and for permiſſion to erect it there, I give unto the ſerjeants, barriſters, ſolicitors, and attornies thereof, a ſufficient portion of modeſty and candour, to be expended in a dinner at the final execution of this my eleemoſynary ſettlement. Happy am I in the recollection that I have been ſufficiently on my guard againſt thoſe dreadful rocks in the oceans of charity, the ſtatutes of Mortmain. My Charitable diſpoſitions having no relation whatever to lands or tenements, neither are they any way concerned with the public funds or ſtocks; unleſs ſome ingenious quibbler may undertake to prove they have ſome connection with the ſtocks of impudence and aſſurance, of which the ſcribblers for the time being are truſtees: in which caſe the ſtat. Geo. II. c. 36. enacts, that they ſhall be transferred ſix months before the donor's death, and that they ſhall alſo be without power of revocation.

tion. Now, as I am young and healthy, it is not very probable that I ſhall leave the world before the expiration of ſix months: in order, therefore, to diveſt myſelf of the power of revocation according to the remaining clauſe of the aforegoing ſtatute—Be it remembered, that I have deprived, debarred, bereaved, hindered, ſhut out, determined, taken away from, obſtructed, impeded, ſtopped, precluded, excluded, and concluded; and by theſe preſents do deprive, debar, bereave, hinder, ſhut out, determine, take away from, obſtruct, impede, ſtop, preclude, exclude, and conclude myſelf, from this time, henceforth, and for evermore, of the power, right, ability, and capacity, of changing, mending, altering, annulling, nullifying, making void, reducing, revoking, repealing, renewing, repreſſing, compreſſing, ſuppreſſing, overturning, ſubverting, reverſing, controverting, contradicting, recalling, renewing, modifying, repairing, impairing, correcting, improving, diſproving, amending, increaſing, decreaſing, vacating, enlarging, diminiſhing, abrogating, overthrowing, deſtroying, corrupting, confounding, oppoſing, diſputing, confuting, refuting, defeating, augmenting, amplifying, leſſening, vitiating, tranſmuting, perplexing, fruſtrating, aboliſhing, adding to, calling back, or turning upſide down, any of the beforementioned Charitable diſtributions, by me made and done in manner and form before written, expreſſed, appointed, fixed, ſettled, and eſtabliſhed.

Having thus ſecured my benevolent proviſions, according to the uſual accuracy and preciſion of legal phraſeology, there remains nothing more for me to add, than to requeſt the many objects of my humanity to bruſh and duſt my monument with their gooſe-quills, as their gratitude may direct them.

HORKESLEY PARK.

THE TRAVELLER.

NUMBER I.

VIATORIBUS LICET MENTIRI.

SCHARABÆUS, Lib. I. Cap 3.

A TRAVELLER IS FREE TO LIE.

ENGLISH TRANS. by Chev. BRUCE.

IT has been my fate, Mr. Editor, to viſit the remoteſt parts of the known world; I have traced the ſun to his riſing, and obſerved his evening retreat; I have baſked in the ſultry climates of India, and ſhivered in the hyperborean ſnows: and, as I have had an opportunity of obſerving many wonderful ſcenes, which have eſcaped every other geographer's and naturaliſt's notice, with your permiſſion I ſhall deſcribe them in the ſame wonderful manner: and if any one dares to diſpute my veracity, let him ſeek ocular demonſtration; for, be aſſured, no written evidence ſhall be allowed either to convict or confute me.

Where I was born, or who were my parents, by no means concerns the public: whether I was the ſon of a nobleman, or the ſon of a nightman, is all one to thoſe who read my adventures; and, beſides the inutility of this ſpecies of knowledge, I have a mortal averſion to ſatisfying the inquiſitive, or gratifying the impertinent. Suffice it to ſay, that I came into the world with my feet foremoſt; a poſitive ſign, as all the goſſips affirmed, that I ſhould be a mighty Traveller.

At fifteen years of age, from which æra I ſhall date my peregrinations, I entered on board the good ſhip the Golden Aſs, Captain Story, bound for the coaſt of Guinea. In leſs than three weeks from our leaving the Land's End, we approached the line; and the line was not to be croſſed without ceremony: I was one of thoſe who had never been waſhed under a perpendicular

pendicular ſun; and as I did not chuſe to pay forfeit, or perhaps was not able, I was let down from the ſhip by a rope affixed to my middle, and left to ſcramble in the liquid element. A huge ſhark perceiving me in this ſituation, immediately made up; and, turning on it's back before I could give a ſignal of my danger, ſwallowed me up, without imprinting on my form the marks of it's voracious teeth. On this occaſion, I am certain I need not endeavour to excite the compaſſion of my readers by the powers of eloquence; for the moſt unfeeling will ſhudder at reflection on my fate. I had, when at ſchool, heard of Jonah's being in the whale's belly; where, as he might be ſuppoſed to find room enough to chew a quid of tobacco, or take a pinch of ſnuff, his ſituation was infinitely preferable to mine; but, as for me, being cooped up in the narrow guts of a ſhark, I was ready to be ſuffocated; and certainly ſhould have given up the ghoſt, had I not inſtantly perceived my meſſmates pulling the rope with all their might, which in a ſhort time brought my landlord, the ſhark, to the ſurface of the water; and a harpoon being ready, he was inſtantly diſpatched. The creature being quickly opened, I was taken out alive: and, lo! marvellous to behold! in the maw of this terrible animal was found a pair of old breeches, with a gold watch in the fob, which our captain had inadvertently thrown overboard in a former voyage. The recovery of this watch, more than the danger I had undergone, ingratiated me with the captain in a wonderful manner. I was introduced into the cabbin; and, as I was diſcovered to poſſeſs ſome addreſs, and an aptitude to conform to every command, reaſonable or unreaſonable, I met with all poſſible indulgence, and was treated with the moſt unſuſpicious confidence.

Being now ranked as a courtier, (for the captain of every ſhip is as abſolute as the King of France, and requires his minions to be as paſſive) I availed myſelf of this favourable opportunity of bettering the condition of my meſſmates by purloining the captain's ſtores, which often made the whole crew merry. But in theſe illicit practices I was ſpeedily detected; and, being openly convicted, was ſentenced to be put aſhore on an uninhabited iſland on the coaſt of Africa, near the River Scherbro, without arms, ammunition, or proviſions.

M——.

[To be continued.]

ESSAY ON CRUELTY TO HORSES.

STANDING the other day in Fleet Street, with my ſon the Templar, and being prevented from croſſing the way by what they call a ſtop of coaches, I obſerved, with great indignation, an ill-looking fellow moſt cruelly laſhing a pair of ſtarved horſes, who labour-ed to the utmoſt of their power to drag on a heavy burden: and, as they were prevented from making greater haſte, even had they been able, by the coaches which were before them, this gentleman muſt have exerciſed his arm thus for nothing more than his own innocent diverſion, at the expence of the ſkins of theſe poor unhappy beaſts.

As I look on myſelf to have been ſent into the world as a general bleſſing, being endowed with ſo much ſtrength and reſolution to redreſs all grievances whatſoever, and to defend and protect the brute creation, as well as my own ſpecies, from all manner of inſult and barbarity, which, however exerciſed, is, no leſs than a moſt impudent oppoſition to my authority, I had certainly pulled the fellow from his box, and laid my little finger on him, had not my ſon interpoſed, and begged me not to raiſe a diſturbance, by puniſhing him there; for that he had marked his number, and that I might find him at my leiſure. Whether the fellow ſaw my brows knit at him, (a ſight very few people are able to endure) I cannot tell, but he began to withold his whipping, and ſuffered me to be perſuaded by my ſon, eſpe-

cially

cially as there were ſome ladies in his coach, whom I could by no means have ventured to frighten by ſuch an execution.

My ſon Tom told me, as we purſued our walk, that he had a facetious acquaintance in the Temple, who profeſſed the Pythagorean principles, and affirms that he believes the tranſmigration of ſouls. This gentleman, as Tom informed me, comforts himſelf on all ſuch occaſions with a perſuaſion that the beaſts he ſees thus abuſed have formerly been themſelves hackney-coachmen; and that the ſoul of the then driver will in his turn paſs into the Horſe, and ſuffer the ſame puniſhment which he ſo barbarouſly inflicts on others.

But to paſs by ſuch whimſical opinions, I have often thought that the wiſdom of the legiſlature would not have been unworthily employed in contriving ſome law to prevent thoſe barbarities which we ſo often ſee practiſed on theſe domeſtic creatures. A boy ſhould, in my opinion, be as ſeverely puniſhed for exerciſing cruelty on a dog or a cat, or any other animal, as for ſtealing a few apples, or any of thoſe leſſer crimes which our courts of juſtice take notice of.

The Bannians, a people of Eaſt India, carry their friendſhip to all manner of animals to the higheſt degree of exceſs. Some of theſe dedicate their whole lives and fortunes to the care and ſervice of particular creatures, even the loweſt and moſt deſpicable. They will hire men to be tied down in certain places, in order to give a repaſt to fleas, lice, and other vermin that prey on human blood; and buy the liberty of a captive ſparrow at a great price from our young factors, who turn this temper of theirs to a conſiderable advantage. How ridiculous ſoever this ſuperſtition may appear, it hath nothing odious in it; and is highly preferable to that cruelty which the Europeans practiſe, without incurring any blame or cenſure for it.

But I ſhall confine myſelf at preſent to that animal which gave riſe to this eſſay; and which, though it ſeems to deſerve our moſt eſpecial regard, is often treated by us with the moſt deteſtable cruelty.

I have been often pleaſed with the opinion which the poor wretches whom the Spaniards conquered in America entertained of this noble animal, to which they offered great part of the treaſure they brought to the Spaniards at their petitioning for peace; looking on them, ſays my author, to be of a nature ſuperior to themſelves, and fancying their neighing to be tokens of concord and good-will, in a language not underſtood by them.

Several writers, who have undertaken to degrade human underſtanding to the level of brutes, have inſiſted much on the great wiſdom and ſagacity of a Horſe; and though I would by no means enliſt myſelf in the number of theſe writers, I muſt confeſs I have often made compariſons between a man and his Horſe, not much to the advantage of the rider.

The hiſtory of a hero hath been ſcarce thought compleat without ſome deſcription of his Horſe; the Horſes of Alexander and Cæſar are conſecrated to fame with their riders. It is reported of the latter, that he would ſtoop to take up his maſter, though he would condeſcend to admit no other on his back. Indeed, I have known a Horſe, who hath not belonged to a hero, who would be rid by none but his own maſter.

Romance generally acquaints us with the name and virtues of the Horſe as well as the hero. Thus the famous Cid's horſe was called Balieca; and that great and renowned knight, Don Quixote, thus expreſſes himſelf in favour of Rozinante—'Thou wiſe enchanter, whoever thou art, who ſhall chronicle theſe my atchievements, I deſire thee not to forget my good Horſe Rozinante, mine eternal and inſeparable companion in all my travels and adventures.' Nor do I think it poſſible to read that excellent hiſtory, without conceiving a very great affection for that renowned beaſt.

The honours which Caligula conferred on his horſe, are too well known

to

to need any expatiating on here; and I think it may be obſerved, to their reputation, that all great perſonages, ancient and modern, have choſe to communicate their graces to poſterity by Equeſtrian ſtatues.

There have not been wanting ſome generous ſpirits among us, who have exerted themſelves in defence of this noble animal. A celebrated Recorder of London is reported, in his condemnation of a highwayman, to have taken notice of a ſlain horſe, whoſe innocent blood called for vengeance on the murderer. Nor is it a little to the honour of a Horſe, that he is, till very lately, the only animal which it was felony without benefit of clergy to ſteal.

It may likewiſe ſhew ſome reſpect to this creature, that the continuation of his health is thought of that ſuperior importance, that ſeveral profeſſors of medicine, to whom we give the degree or title of Doctor, get a livelihood by it: nay, I have heard it aſſerted, that greater learning and capacity is required in theſe Horſe-doctors than in any others; inaſmuch, as a Horſe is unable to tell his diſtemper to his phyſician, which other patients can; and though he can put out his tongue, it is very difficult to feel his pulſe.

Moreover, there are ſome of our own countrymen, who may ſeem to rival even the Bannians in their fondneſs for this creature, and make no ſcruple of ſpending great part of their fortunes upon them. And we have, likewiſe, ſeveral country gentlemen, who are ſo amuſed with the converſation of their Horſes, that they ſpend great part of their time in the ſtable.

The affection which our ladies bear to this noble brute is not leſs remarkable. It is common for a woman to prefer one lover to another, for keeping four Horſes more than his rival. Indeed, ſome good women in this town are ſo fond of them, that they are never eaſy but when they have them before their eyes.

And whether we obſerve the great beauty of this animal, it's ſwiftneſs, it's ſtrength, the obedience which it pays to man, with it's great uſefulneſs on all occaſions; how much it contributes to health, to buſineſs, to diverſion; and, laſtly, how often the lives of men have been preſerved by the remedies which the ſwiftneſs of the Horſe hath timely conveyed to them; we ſhall ſee great reaſon for the utmoſt affection we can ſhew them in return.

CHARACTERS.

WRITTEN BY MR. SAMUEL BUTLER,

AUTHOR OF HUDIBRAS.

XXXVII.

A PHILOSOPHER

SEATS himſelf as ſpectator and critic on the great theatre of the world, and gives ſentence on the plots, language, and action of whatſoever he ſees repreſented, according to his own fancy. He will pretend to know what is done behind the ſcene; but ſo ſeldom is in the right, that he diſcovers nothing more than his own miſtakes. When his profeſſion was in credit in the world, and money was to be gotten by it, it divided itſelf into multitudes of ſects, that maintained themſelves and their opinions by fierce and hot conteſts with one another; but ſince the trade decayed and would not turn to account, they all fell of themſelves; and now the world is ſo unconcerned in their controverſies, that three reformado ſects joined in one, like Epicuro-Gaſſendo-Charltoniana, will not ſerve to maintain one pedant. He makes his hypotheſes himſelf, as a taylor does a doublet, without meaſure; no matter whether they fit nature, he can make nature fit them, and, whether they are too ſtrait or wide, pinch

or ſtuff out the body accordingly. He judges of the works of nature juſt as the rabble do of ſtate-affairs: they ſee things done, and every man according to his capacity gueſſes at the reaſons of them, but knowing nothing of the arcana or ſecret movements of either, they ſeldom or never are in the right; howſoever they pleaſe themſelves, and ſome others, with their fancies, and the farther they are off truth, the more confident they are they are near it; as thoſe that are out of their way believe, the further they have gone, they are the nearer their journey's end when they are furtheſt of all from it. He is confident of immaterial ſubſtances, and his reaſons are very pertinent, that is, ſubſtantial, as he thinks; and immaterial, as others do. Heretofore his beard was the badge of his profeſſion, and the length of that in all his polemics was ever accounted the length of his weapon; but when the trade fell, that fell too. In Lucius's time they were commonly called Beard-wearers; for all the ſtrength of their wits lay in their beards, as Sampſon's did in his locks: but ſince the world began to ſee the vanity of that hair-brained cheat, they left it off, to ſave their credit.

XXXVIII.

AN EPIGRAMMATIST

IS a poet of ſmall wares, whoſe muſe is ſhort-winded, and quickly out of breath. She flies like a gooſe, that is no ſooner upon the wing, but down again. He was originally one of thoſe authors that uſed to write upon white walls, from whence his works being collected and put together, paſs in the world, like ſingle money among thoſe who deal in ſmall matters. His wit is like fire in a flint, that is nothing while it is in, and nothing again as ſoon as it is out. He treats of all things and perſons that come in his way, but like one that draws in little, much leſs than the life.

His bus'neſs is t' inveigh and flatter,
Like parcel paraſite and ſatyr.

He is a kind of vagabond writer, that is never out of his way, for nothing is beſide the purpoſe with him, that propoſes none at all. His works are like a running banquet, that have much variety but little of a ſort; for he deals in nothing but ſcraps and parcels, like a taylor's broker. He does not write, but ſet his mark upon things, and gives no accompt in words at length, but only in figures. All his wit reaches but to four lines, or ſix at the moſt; and if he ever venture farther, it tires immediately, like a poſt-horſe, that will go no farther than his wonted ſtages. Nothing agrees ſo naturally with his fancy as bawdery, which he diſpenſes in ſmall pittances, to continue his reader ſtill in an appetite for more.

XXXIX.

A LIBELLER

IS a certain claſſic author, that handles his ſubject matter very ruggedly, and endeavours with his own evil words to corrupt another man's good manners. All his works treat but of two things, his own malice, and another man's faults; both which he deſcribes in very proper and pertinent language. He is not much concerned whether what he writes be true or falſe, that's nothing to his purpoſe, which aims only at filthy and bitter; and therefore his language is, like pictures of the devil, the fouler the better. He robs a man of his good name, not for any good it will do him, (for he dares not own it) but merely, as a jackdaw ſteals money, for his pleaſure. His malice has the ſame ſucceſs with other men's charity, to be rewarded in private; for all he gets is but his own private ſatisfaction, and the teſtimony of an evil conſcience; for which, if it be diſcovered, he ſuffers the worſt kind of martyrdom, and is paid with condign puniſhment; ſo that at the beſt he has but his labour for his pains. He deals with a man as the Spaniſh Inquiſition does with heretics, cloaths him in a coat painted with helliſh ſhapes of fiends, and ſo ſhews him to the rabble, to render him the more odious. He expoſes his wit like a baſtard, for the next comer to take up and put out to nurſe, which it ſeldom fails of, ſo ready is every man to contribute to the infamy of another.

He

SKAITING SCENE

Published as the Act directs, by Harri

NE *in* HYDE PARK.

by Harrison & C.° Feb. 1st 1785.

He is like the devil, that ſows tares in the dark, and, while a man ſleeps, plants weeds among his corn. When he ventures to fall foul on the government, or any great perſons, if he has not a ſpecial care to keep himſelf, like a conjuror, ſafe in his circle, he raiſes a ſpirit that falls foul on himſelf, and carries him to limbo; where his neck is clapped up in the hole, out of which it is never releaſed, until he has paid his ears down on the nail for fees. He is in a worſe condition than a ſchool-boy; for when he is diſcovered, he is whipped for his exerciſe, whether it be well or ill done; ſo that he takes a wrong courſe to ſhew his wit, when his beſt way to do ſo is to conceal it; otherwiſe he ſhews his folly inſtead of his wit, and pays dear for the miſtake.

SKAITING SCENE IN HYDE PARK.

THOUGH I am, I confeſs, one of thoſe cautious perſons, who think it ſufficiently difficult to keep their feet in froſty weather, without truſting them on the ice with no other ſupporter than a narrow rib of poliſhed ſteel, however favourable to the diſplay of agility, and dexterity, I am willing to allow that Skaiting is, if not a very manly, at leaſt not an effeminate exerciſe: and, with thoſe who are quite unconcerned about the hazard of a fractured ſkull, a diſlocated neck, or a broken limb, it may poſſibly have it's charms. For my own part, I can always keep myſelf warm enough by walking about, and laughing at the many droll incidents to which this amuſement gives birth.

And, now I have a fair opportunity, let me recommend hearty laughter, as a proper ſuccedaneum for Skaiting, to all thoſe who practiſe it merely as exerciſe: it certainly is leſs dangerous, and has, I believe, all it's advantages. Mirth and gaiety, a light heart and a chearful countenance, make the blood circulate freely, with a very ſmall degree of locomotion; and, though violent agitation of any kind, even the paſſion of anger, as well as the exerciſe of cutting capers on the ice, may give a temporary fluſh to the face, and diffuſe a fallacious warmth through the human frame; the heat thus ſuddenly produced as ſuddenly diſſipates, and the body is afterwards more ſuſceptible of cold than before; whereas the circulation of the animal juices, when fairly puſhed forward by unreſtrained jollity, gives a fine warm glow to the countenance; and, kept up at proper intervals, preſerves that fixed and conſtant floridity on the cheeks, which forms the proverbially characteriſtic mark of health and happineſs.

Laugh, then, and heartily, ye cold, ſallow-faced, gloomy, and churliſh mortals, if ye wiſh to feel the genial glow of health: relax the formal rigidity of your melancholy muſcles; nor—

Loſe that tide, in the affairs of laughter,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to health—

by a cold, critical, and minute conſideration, of what claims the exerciſe of your riſible faculties. Then, ye moroſe cynicks, will ye not be conſtrained to riſk your limbs in the vain purſuits of a temporary, artificial warmth; then, ye fair, will ye not be neceſſitated to purchaſe that adventitious and quickly-fading bloom, which never fails to diſfigure thoſe features it is intended to adorn: chearfulneſs and good-humour, believe me, convey more beauty to the face, and more health to the body, than all the coſmetics of all the perfumers, and all the cordials of all the apothecaries ſhops, in the univerſe.

Theſe are the ingredients which form my univerſal remedy: I give you my preſcription without a fee; the world abounds with every neceſſary article in the compoſition; the medicine can hardly fail to delight all palates; it will not coſt you a ſingle farthing; it agrees with all conſtitutions; and you may ſafely take as large and as frequent doſes as you pleaſe.

If, after this diſintereſted recommendation, you are unwilling to try it's effects, you may continue to truſt your limbs in Skaits, your complexions with the perfumer, and your conſtitutions with medicine-mongers; but reſt aſſured that I will continue to laugh at you.

Thus ends my digreſſion.

In my late excurſions to Hyde Park, during the Skaiting ſeaſon, I have been highly delighted with the various occurrences on the ice; and, as I like to extend the pleaſure I myſelf feel as widely as poſſible, I have amuſed myſelf with grouping together a ſketch of characters and occurrences exactly as they happened on the Serpentine River, which I hope you will immediately put into the hands of your engraver.

The characters, in general, as well as the ſcenery, will be recollected by all thoſe who have much frequented the ſpot during the preſent winter; and no deſcription can ſo well ſatisfy ſtrangers as the delineations before them. With reſpect to the incidents, if they want any elucidation, they muſt certainly be unworthy of receiving it.

MERCUTIO.

THE REFORMERS.

BY MR. ALLEN.

WHAT an inexhauſtible ſubject is the deformity of vice, and the lovelineſs of virtue! how inconteſtible, how convincing, are the proofs! but, if moraliſts were in earneſt, they would find, that the ſureſt way to amend others, is firſt to reform themſelves.

Two citizens, who were neighbours, often indulged themſelves with a morning's walk in the vicinity of the metropolis, before the hurrying hours of buſineſs came on. In one of theſe early perambulations, after ordinary converſation had ceaſed, one of them lamented the deluge of vice, which, like an inundation, had overſpread the whole land; that virtue was driven to the very confines of theſe once happy realms; and that even Charity herſelf was preparing to depart: yet, amongſt the general dearth of beneficence, he himſelf had a heart ſo very compaſſionate, that it melted with ſorrow at a tale of woe, and he longed for nothing more than opportunities to relieve the diſtreſſes of his fellow creatures.

He had ſcarce finiſhed this fine harangue, when a good-looking man, in plain attire, approached them, begging their attention to his mournful ſtory: he told them that his houſe had been burnt, and his ſtock in trade deſtroyed; and produced vouchers of the truth from perſons of undoubted credit.

The citizen who had not ſpoke declared his inability to relieve the unfortunate petitioner; but obſerved to his friend, that here was a fair opportunity of diſplaying his favourite virtue. The beneficent man, however, declared that pity was all he could then afford, as he never carried any money about him.

The other, on the departure of the poor mendicant, began to upbraid his friend: telling him he ſhould have relieved the man himſelf, but that he would not deprive him of his darling pleaſure; charity, beſides, being a virtue he had never made any pretenſions to. 'Now,' added he, to his abaſhed companion, 'you have clear-
'ly demonſtrated, that benevolence
'is your characteriſtic: valour is
'mine! I look with reverence on
'the annals of former times, that
'furniſh us with ſo many inſtances
'of god-like intrepidity; and ſadly
'regret the want of magnanimity in
'our days: yet, notwithſtanding this
'almoſt general defection, I think
'I may, without vanity, boaſt of as
'much perſonal courage as any man
'breathing; and want nothing but
'a fit occaſion to give proofs of it.'

They had now ſtrolled to a great diſtance from any houſes, when a man

man ruſhed from behind the hedge with a drawn ſword, threatening them with immediate death, if they did not deliver their money.

'Now,' ſays the charitable man, 'now, my friend, exert yourſelf, and 'ſave our lives and property.'

But the threats of the robber ſo intimidated both, that they quietly gave him their purſes.

The valiant perſon was now, in turn, upbraided by his companion; who alledged that, if he had given him the leaſt aſſiſtance, he would have ſecured the thief, and delivered him up to juſtice.

'You could not expect any aſ-'ſiſtance from me,' ſays the other, 'as valour is what I never pretended 'to: but let us, from henceforth, 'ceaſe to upbraid each other; for 'we have proved that, though cha-'rity and valour are terms we under-'ſtand perfectly well, we neverthe-'leſs willingly leave the practice to 'other men.'

A CORPORATION FEAST.

TRAVELLING lately through Wiltſhire, I happened to ſtop a day or two at a certain Corporation town in that county; and, having ſome acquaintance with one of the burgeſſes, I received the honour of an invitation to an annual feaſt, which the mayor always gives with what money remains unexpended at the end of the year, in order to ſave the trouble of appointing a chamberlain, as well as the expence of purchaſing books of accounts. As I have ever entertained a high opinion of the *reſpectability* and the *integrity* of Corporations in general, I readily accepted the invitation, and was conducted by my friend to the Town Hall, at the hour appointed for dinner.

On entering the room, I received the compliments of the whole Corporation, with all the politeneſs which could be expected from ſuch a *reſpectable* body. His worſhip the mayor, a ſquat red-noſed little man about fifty, ſhook me heartily by the hand, and told me he was damnably afraid of making the gentlemen wait, as he and his apprentice had been engaged all day, ſtopping up windows at Lord ——'s. From this hint, it was not difficult to diſcover that his worſhip was a plaiſterer; but, dinner being ready, I had very little time to waſte on ſuch ſpeculations: however, as I had the honour, being a ſtranger, of ſitting on his worſhip's right-hand at table, I hoped ſoon to get a tolerable inſight into the trades, views, and ſituations, of the whole Corporation.

I will not endeavour to deſcribe the voraciouſneſs with which turkeys, chines, fowls, and roaſt-beef, were devoured; thoſe who have never ſeen an ordinary for country-clowns and pig-pokers, can form no adequate idea of it. Half a dozen knives and forks attacked a poor turkey at once; and I could compare the ſcene to nothing I had ever read of, except a company of cannibals eager on the deſtruction of their victim. Unaccuſtomed to ſcramble for victuals, I ſhould have come off with what is called ſhort commons, had not his worſhip, out of his great politeneſs, helped me to the entire breaſt of a turkey; and my friend the burgeſs at the ſame time ſupplied me with a proportionable quantity of chine, which ſo loaded my plate, that I could hardly find room to carve for myſelf. However, I made ſhift to lay in a pretty good ſtock of food; and, the cloth being removed, plenty of Port-wine and punch was introduced; and his worſhip, having appointed the junior burgeſs, a *reputable* ſhoemaker, his deputy toaſt-maſter, every glaſs was filled, and every ear liſtened for his worſhip's order to unload.

A few previous toaſts being drank, ſuch as Church and King, Lord ——, Lady —— and family, the Honourable Members for the Corporation were given. On this I aſked his worſhip

who

who were the ſitting members. 'Damn 'me,' ſays he, 'if I know their 'names; I was not mayor at the time 'of election. Aſk that gentleman, 'there; he was returning officer.' Turning to the worthy burgeſs, who ſeemed to be a blackſmith, I expected an immediate reply; but, after muſing for ſome time, he honeſtly informed me that he had forgot the name of one of them, and no perſon in company ſeemed capable of aſſiſting his memory. He deſcribed him, however, as a very great man in the Eaſt Indies, though he had never heard of him before Lord —— propoſed him to the Corporation; but he aſſured me that the gentleman had done a great deal of good in the borough, and that he himſelf was never ſo well paid for a job in his life, as for ſhoeing his coach-horſes the evening before election. The other member, he ſaid, was the eldeſt ſon of Earl ——; a very hopeful young nobleman, and ſo civil, and ſo humble, that he always gave the Corporation a ball on his being returned, when he danced with their wives, and kiſſed their daughters, as heartily as if they were his equals.

I immediately congratulated the Corporation on being ſo well repreſented. 'Aye,' ſays the mayor, 'my 'Lord —— knows how to cater: if 'he did not ſtand our friend, we might 'be plagued with every ſhabby raſ-'cal offering his ſervice; but they all 'know our provider, and ſo we have 'none but downright gentlemen.'

I then took the liberty to aſk, if his lordſhip on other occaſions was ſo very attentive to the intereſts of the borough. 'Very much ſo, indeed,' replied the mayor: 'he makes none 'but his own tradeſmen, and old 'faithful ſervants, members of the 'Corporation; and never forgets us 'in the veniſon ſeaſon.'

I told his worſhip, that I thought them the happieſt Corporation I had ever ſeen: that they ſeemed all of a piece; no animoſities, no contentions, among them; and I diſtantly hinted how fatal it might prove for the liberty of this country, if the intended reform in the repreſentation ſhould take place. 'As for that,' ſays the mayor, 'we are not at all afraid; we 'have always acted on conſtitutional 'ground, and have near fifty free-'men: but as for thoſe ſhabby bo-'roughs who have no conſtant pa-'tron, and few voters, and are always 'plaguing the Houſe of Commons 'about their conteſted elections, I 'think, for my part, they run great 'riſque of being *diſfranchiſed*; and, 'egad! it is but right.'

The bottle had now circulated ſo long, that ſome of the junior members began to grow very noiſy, and the toaſt-maſter could ſcarcely be heard. One was diſputing about the price of calves, and another about train-oil, and the duties on candles; a third was recommending his excellent faggots; and a fourth, who ſeemed to be a glazier, damned the miniſter's works of darkneſs—which the mayor hearing, and thinking it might be conſtrued as a reflection on himſelf, he being a fulfiller of the law, in the ſame ſenſe as a hangman is an officer of juſtice, tartly replied, that the miniſter had been very favourable to him in not taxing the light of his own eyes, for which every Briton ought to be thankful.

Of all things I abominate political diſquiſitions; and, as the diſcourſe took a turn that way, I inſtantly roſe: when, thanking the mayor for his entertainment, I wiſhed him and the Corporation a good night; aſtoniſhed that ſuch ideots ſhould be entruſted with ſuch a very conſiderable exerciſe of power in the conſtitution of this country; and with pleaſure reflected, that the day might not be very diſtant which would annihilate ſuch inſignificance, and reſtore power to genuine patriotiſm, virtue, and abilities.

F——.

A STRANGE

A STRANGE AND WONDERFUL PROPHET,

TO BE SEEN AT BURY ST. EDMUND'S.

BEING at the laſt Bury fair, I was not a little diverted with the contrivance of an itinerant wit, who had the addreſs to pick up a good many fool pence by publiſhing the following hand-bill.

To be ſeen, without loſs of time, for ſix-pence only, a moſt wonderful PROPHET; who is not the Wandering Jew, nor the Son of Noah, nor an old Levite, nor St. John, as ſome people think; for, before they were, he was. The Holy Scriptures frequently make mention of him; he is no impoſtor, for he knew not his parents, nor did he ever ſuck his mother's breaſt. His beard is as red as vermilion, he goes bare-footed like a grey friar, and he wears no hat. His coat is neither dyed, knit, woven, nor ſpun: it is neither ſilk, hair, linen, nor woollen; yet it is of a very fine and beautiful colour. He drinks no wine or beer, but pure water only; his diet is moderate; he takes no money, if any is offered to him; he careth not for the pomp and vanity of this wicked world, for he had rather dwell in a barn than in a king's palace; he walks with neither ſtick, ſtaff, nor ſword, yet he marcheth boldly on, in the face of his enemy, and can, if he pleaſes, encounter the ſtrongeſt man; he is often abuſed by wicked men, yet he takes it patiently. He lets all men alone with their religion; though proteſtants are his greateſt enemies, and the papiſts uſe him kindly. At a certain ſeaſon, a certain pope once paid him a viſit, and thought to have convinced him by argument; but he fell down into a ſhort extaſy.

There are ſome people now in town, who have been with him in company, and are ready to make oath of the ſame. He ſleeps either ſitting or ſtanding. He crieth out upon the wicked world, with ſtretched out arms. He is an excellent pattern to all mankind, for he is always on the watch. Men of all nations underſtand his language. He calleth upon men, declaring that the day of the Lord is at hand; and the doors and windows fly open as he propheſies. Poor women have reaſon to rejoice that ſuch a Prophet is come into the world, to ſet before their ſottiſh huſbands a pattern of ſobriety. Both men and women, who follow his example, live to a great age. He was with Noah in the Ark, and with Chriſt when he was crucified. He is neither Whig nor Tory, Conformiſt nor Nonconformiſt, and yet he denies not the articles of the Chriſtian Faith, neither does he hold with any of them. His voice is ſhrill and powerful; and he once preached a ſermon that convinced a very good man of his ſins, and drew tears from his eyes. People flock daily to ſee him; and are ſo fully ſatisfied that he is no impoſtor, that they ſend their friends and relations, that they may alſo view him before he goes into his own country again.

SELECT ANECDOTES, REPARTEES, AND BON-MOTS,

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

NUMBER XIII.

A Poet named Delah, attracted by the fame of the munificence of Ograi-Chan, an eaſtern monarch, undertook a journey on foot from the remoteſt parts of Tartary, as far as to that prince's court in China, for no other purpoſe than to throw himſelf at the foot of his throne, and implore his aſſiſtance in diſcharging a debt of five hundred baliſches; under the weight of which he became diſpirited, and was interrupted in his ſtudies. The generous prince converſed with him; and, having diſcerned his extraordinary merit, entertained him very graciouſly, and ordered him a

thouſand. His chief miniſter remonſtrated, that this was rather prodigality than bounty, to give double the ſum requeſted. 'Have you not 'conſidered,' replied Ograi-Chan, 'that the poor man has travelled 'over the mountains and deſarts 'merely on the fame of our liberality; and, ſhould we ſend him back 'with no more than what is barely 'ſufficient to pay his debts, by what 'means will he be able to defray the 'charges of his journey?'—'But 'your highneſs,' anſwered the miniſter, 'has not yet been informed 'that he preſumed to write a ſatire 'againſt me ſince his coming hither, 'becauſe I was unwilling to allow 'him acceſs with ſo impertinent a 'petition.'—'For which reaſon,' replied the prince, 'you ſhall preſent 'him with another thouſand out of 'your own private purſe, that he 'may go back and tell his countrymen, that there is a monarch in this 'part of the world who permits not 'his miniſter's reſentments to be the 'meaſures of his bounty.'

II.

AT the cloſe of that ſeaſon in which Shuter the comedian firſt became ſo univerſally and deſervedly celebrated in his performance of Maſter Stephen in the revived comedy of Every Man in his Humour, he was engaged for a few nights in a principal city in the north of England. It happened that the ſtage in which he went down (and in which there was only an old gentleman and himſelf) was ſtopped on the other ſide of Finchley Common by a ſingle highwayman. The old gentleman, in order to ſave his own money, pretended to be aſleep; but Shuter reſolved to be even with him. Accordingly, when the highwayman preſented his piſtol, and commanded Shuter to deliver his money inſtantly, or he was a dead man—'Money!' returned he, with an idiotic ſhrug, and a countenance inexpreſſibly vacant—'Oh! Lud, Sir, they never 'truſts me with any; for nuncle here 'always pays for me, twinpikes 'and all, your honour!' Upon which the highwayman gave him a few curſes for his ſtupidity, complimented the old gentleman with a ſmart ſlap on the face to awaken him, and robbed him of every ſhilling he had in his pocket; while Shuter, who did not loſe a ſingle farthing, with great ſatisfaction and merriment purſued his journey, laughing heartily at his fellow-traveller.

III.

A MINISTER catechiſing his pariſhioners, among the reſt called up a woman of more confidence than judgment, and aſked her who died for her. 'Pray, Sir,' ſays ſhe, let us 'alone with your taunts!' He told her that this was no matter of taunting; ſo aſked her the ſame queſtion again. 'Sir,' replied ſhe, 'I have 'been an honeſt houſekeeper theſe 'twenty years, and methinks it does 'not become a man of your coat to 'mock me at this rate.'—'What do'ſt 'mean, woman?' replies the parſon; 'I do not mock you: I aſk you who 'died for you?'—'Then,' cries ſhe, 'if you will have the truth, in plain 'Engliſh, I was once ſo handſome, 'that as many would have died for 'me as for any of your daughters, as 'ſaucy as you are.'

IV.

A PARISIAN, who was loaded with debt, and juſt at the point of death, told his confeſſor, that the only favour he craved of God was, that he would be pleaſed to prolong his life till he could pay his debts. The confeſſor, thinking him in earneſt, told him, his motive was ſo good, that he had great reaſon to hope God would be pleaſed to hear his prayer. 'Ah!' ſays the ſick man, turning to one of his old cronies, 'if God would but 'grant me this indulgence, I ſhould 'never die.'

V.

As a country gentleman was reading a newſpaper in a coffee-houſe, he ſaid to a friend who ſat next him—'I have been looking ſome time to 'ſee what the miniſtry are about, but 'I cannot find where thoſe articles 'are put, not being uſed to the London papers.'—'Look among the 'robberies!' replied the other.

POETRY.

POETRY.

ODE TO THE NEW YEAR.

BY THE POET-LAUREAT OF THE WIT'S MAGAZINE.

HASTE, young Janus, let the year
With each propitious ſign appear;
Genial ſuns, and gentle ſhowers,
Odorous ſcents of blooming flowers,
Singing birds, and leafy groves,
Where the warblers act their loves.
Far remov'd be noiſe and ſtrife;
The faithleſs fair, the wayward wife;
The friend by partial objects ſway'd;
Hypocriſy in white array'd;
Detraction, with envenom'd tooth,
That blaſts the hopes of blooming youth;
And Envy, eldeſt born of hell,
Too long allow'd on earth to dwell!
But come, ye powers who rule o'er mirth,
To ev'ry laughing joy give birth!
Let wit and wine abundant flow,
Nor leave a ſediment below;
Let mutual love, that knows no guile,
In ev'ry boſom live, and ſmile;
And friendſhip, cordial of the ſoul,
Compleat the ever-bliſsful whole.
As the rolling months advance,
And vernal Phœbe leads her dance,
Let added pleaſures fill the breaſt,
Nor ever feel their ſource repreſs'd;
No ſpleen o'ercaſt the happy hour,
No keen remorſe exert her power;
No haggard want diſplay her face,
To wither every lovely grace;
No fell diſeaſe attack the form,
The ſoul endure no mental ſtorm;
But tranſport's touch pervade the heart,
And univerſal joy impart.
In ſeventeen hundred eighty-five,
At length, let worth and honour thrive;
While learning takes it's turn to reign,
And dullneſs drags the leaden chain.
Let ſcoundrels ſink, and merit riſe,
And all the merely rich deſpiſe:
Send titled fools to ſtarve in garret,
Let honeſt porters ſwim in claret.
Make ſtateſmen faithful to their truſt,
And lawyers open, fair, and juſt;
Purge doctors from all ſelfiſh views,
Make grave divines neglect their dues;
So ſhall this year unrivall'd ſhine,
And all I want and wiſh be mine.

M——.

ODE TO THE WIT's MAGAZINE.

BY MR. R. TATTAM.

HAIL! thou pleaſing entertainer,
Where each reader is a gainer;
Every care canſt thou aſſuage,
With thy ſprightly, mirthful page:
Here the tale, the jeſt, is found;
Riddle dark, and trick profound.
Surely, then, thy title's fit;
'Tis a Magazine of Wit.
Mirth! I have thy votary been;
Keep me in thy magazine:
Seat me by thee, in thy chair,
Let me thy bleſt influence ſhare;
While I to the jovial crowd
Thus proclaim thy worth aloud;
Worth that hits the golden mean,
Never dull, yet ne'er obſcene.
Hence, pretended Holy Fool*,
Imps of melancholy rule!
In ſome horror-frowning cell,
Tales of ſprites and wizards tell;
Work on minds of ſuperſtition,
Till thy fancies gain admiſſion:
But far from my preſence fly!
Not a vile fanatic I:
In thy goſpel truths I doubt thee,
Scripture I'll explain without thee.
Humour, like a parſon gown'd,
Every ſacred text expound:
Wit, ſtand ready with thy dart,
Strike the ſenſe deep in my heart;
There it ever ſhall remain,
Free, alike, from care and pain.
Hence, thou Pander†, baſely mean,
Ever luſtful and obſcene;
Void of virtue, void of ſenſe,
Full of nought but impudence.
Teach the ſelf-conceited beau
Every place of vice to know;
How to drink, and how to ſwear,
And in vice to drown his care.
Canſt thou make a ſoul that's ſtupid,
Ever feel the ſhaft of Cupid?
Thy directions only teach
Arts which brutes, without thee, reach:
But no knowledge can we glean
From thy ſenſeleſs Magazine;
Nor canſt thou a joy impart
To the honeſt, mirthful heart.
Mirth, thou ſhalt my miſtreſs be!
Every pleaſure is in thee.

* A well known dull and contemptible repoſitory of what are called religious ſubjects, publiſhed under the title of a Magazine.

† A certain infamous Miſcellany of obſcene balderdaſh.

Let thy Cupid but be Wit,
I'll his keeneſt ſhaft admit;
Laughter, then, our hearts ſhall join;
And thou ſhalt be ever mine!
Let the ſtupid Politician*
To the cit's mind gain admiſſion:
Let his buſy tongue relate
All the troubles of the ſtate;
Aim at things above his ſtation,
Try to ſave a ſinking nation;
Or, in ſome politic pet,
Scheme to pay the nation's debt!
While his mind ambition propp'd,
Thinks it will his plans adopt.
Leave thy ſcribbling; what avails!
Who e'er liſtens to thy tales!
Thy dull precepts I diſown;
I've a Senate of my own:
Laughter, here, ſhall chairman be;
Members, Jeſt and Jollity;
Mirth ſhall vote a freſh ſupply,
From Wit's well-ſtor'd treaſury;
Sterling coin! 'twill current paſs,
Who refuſes is an aſs;
Endleſs, too, the plenteous ſtore,
Every month produces more.

VERSES

WRITTEN AT HARWICH, ON THE LAUNCHING OF HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP THE INFLEXIBLE.

WHILST Sol retires to take his nap
On father Ocean's briny lap;
Whilſt courtiers puns, and patriots liſts,
Are waſted by tobacconiſts;
And, to extenuate their ſins,
Fume, fret, and burn, at neighb'ring inns;
Whilſt loſing gameſters fret and ſwear;
Whilſt wond'ring politicians ſtare,
Renounce the court, abuſe the crown,
And damn all ſyſtems—but their own;
Whilſt toping tars, a jovial throng,
Quick toſs the glaſs from tongue to tongue;
And, eloquent, in ale-houſe low,
Tell horrid tales of former woe;
Whi'ſt crowds, expecting, fill the town,
And Joan the waiſtband holds of John,
As *Dobbin*, with reluctant will,
Trots ſlowly up the wheel-worn hill;
Whilſt all, to expectation ſtaunch,
Are anxious for th' approaching Launch;
I, with the Muſes waſting time,
Draw ſimiles—in doggrel rhime.
The world's an ocean deep and wide,
Where men are *launch'd* with ev'ry tide;
And the deciſion of the Fates
Can only form our *different rates:*
For tho' Misfortune ſtill purſues,
To fright us on our *dangerous cruize*;
Yet chiefly from our own miſdeeds,
Our good or ill ſucceſs proceeds:
'Tis not alone the proſperous gale
That makes the *human veſſel* ſail:
Each *mould* is ſubject to ſome whim;
We ſtill ſhould ſtrive to find *her trim:*
For though kind Nature's ſelf will turn
The faultleſs *hulk* from *ſtem to ſtern*,
Yet we muſt help ourſelves afloat;
'Tis Education *rigs us out*;
And where's the ſhip that's fit to *cruize*,
Whoſe rigging is ſet up too looſe?
Nor wealth, nor greatneſs, will inſure
A proſp'rous voyage to endure:
The little ſkiff, though tempeſt-toſt,
Will weather ſafe ſome ſhallow coaſt;
Whilſt the huge veſſel's greater power
Will drive her to the fatal ſhore!
With pleaſant breeze, on ſome fair day,
The Spendthrift firſt gets *under way:*
Elated by the flattering gale,
He preſently ſets *all his ſail.*
In vain th' experienc'd pilot cries—
'A ſudden ſtorm will ſoon ariſe!'
Perſuaſion cannot keep him back,
Or biaſs him to *change his tack*;
Till the dire tempeſt's horrid ſhock
Will headlong hurl him to the *rock!*
Not ſo the Miſer; him you'll find
To ſhift his ſails with every wind;
With fear he marks the *riſing ſea*,
And quickly claps his helm *a-lee.*
Yet, ah! when many toils are paſt,
Some threat'ning ſtorm, ſome *tenfold blaſt*,
Will baffle all his anxious care;
His ſhip will neither *ſtay nor wear*;
His maſts are gone, his rudder's loſt,
His cheſts are floating to the coaſt:
Eager he graſps his maſſy ſtore,
And with it ſinks, in *ſight of ſhore!*
The Lover, fix'd in ſome lone bay,
Will ſafe at *ſingle anchor* lay;
Till, with Aurora's ſtreaming light,
Some painted veſſel heaves in ſight.
Well pleas'd, he braves the *mountain-ſwell*,
And whiſtles for a ſtronger gale;
Till down the milk-white pendant flies,
And owns the beauteous ſail *a prize!*
Hence, from the ſequel of my tale,
Ye Lovers, learn to *ſet your ſail.*
When ſtrong conflicting paſſions burn,
And the dear veſſel *drops aſtern*,
No adverſe winds can keep you back;
Purſue her cloſe *on every tack:*
So ſhall no rocks impede your way,
Till ſafe you're moor'd in HYMEN's bay.
For thee†, my friend, mayſt thou, ſecure,
Each threatening ſtorm of life endure!
May Fortune ever *ſet thy ſail*,
And freely deal the *proſp'rous gale.*
And, ſhould ſhe doom thee for a wife,
Mayſt thou the ſmootheſt ſtream of life
Glide gently down, with joys elate,
And *weather* all the ſtorms of fate!

* The Political Magazine.

† Miſs ******.

And,

And, ah! thy pleaſing voyage o'er,
When death ſhall *tow thy boat* athore,
May ſhouting ſeraphs ſeize thy hand,
And lead thee o'er that *happy ſtrand*,
Where joys eternal intervene,
And never *human wreck* was ſeen!

A. B. C.

THE GRUMBLERS.

FROM A SATIRE OF HORACE.

BY MR. GEDDES.

WHENCE is it, Beattie, that we find
Scarce one of all the human kind
Content with that particular lot
Which choice procur'd, or chance begot;
Each dreaming ſtill, if he poſſeſs'd
His neighbour's place, he ſhould be bleſs'd?
'Happy the man,' the Soldier ſays,
Worn out with toils, and broke with days,
'Who ſnug behind his compter lies,
'And ſees his thouſands round him riſe!'
'More happy ſoldier!' cries again
The Trader, trembling on the main,
'He marches—fights—and, in a breath,
'Tis victory—or a glorious death:
'While I muſt live in conſtant fear,
'And ſhrink at every blaſt I hear.'
The Country Squire, whom knotty cauſe
To London and the Chancery draws,
Oblig'd from earlieſt morn to wait,
Till twelve o'clock, at lawyer's gate;
Exclaims, with many a peeviſh frown—
'How lucky thoſe who live in town!'
The Lawyer, ſtunn'd with dire debate,
Would juſt as gladly ruſticate;
And talks, in the moſt rapt'rous ſtrains,
Of rural ſeats, and verdant plains.
The Doctor—but the plaints of all,
Not Luttrell, in St. Stephen's Hall,
Were able fully to deſcribe,
So numerous is the Grumbling tribe!
But ſhould ſome God (the gods, with eaſe,
Can do whate'er their godſhips pleaſe)
Proclaim—'Tis granted—Henceforth, be
'A Merchant thou, a Soldier he;
'A Lawyer this, and that a Squire;
'Each have his relative deſire—
'Why ſtand ye mute? 'Tis given to chuſe
'Your envied lots.' All, all refuſe.
Sure Jove might burn, with holy ire,
To ſee them ſneakingly retire;
And, in his well-tim'd fury, ſwear—
He'd never more indulge their prayer.

A NEW BALLOON SONG,

TO AN OLD TUNE.

BY MR. G. M. WOODWARD.

AS Balloons are the ſubject of every debate,
From beggars in tatters, to ſteerers of ſtate;
This theme I'll purſue, and jog merrily on;
Air-Balloons are the ſubject I chuſe for my ſong.
Derry down, down; down, derry down.

The Stateſman's Balloon is the ſeat of the brain,
His valves are his pockets—his ballaſt's his gain;
At his wonderful courage plebeians all ſtare,
While he boldly puffs out his inflammable air.

The Cit's apparatus for filling Balloons,
Are proviſions and drink, glaſſes, knives, forks, and ſpoons;
Good wine is his gaz—which he chearfully ſwills,
And his luſty Balloon with rich turtle he fills.

The Parſon's Balloon—'is the pulpit,' you'll ſay;
No! no! my good friends—have patience, I pray!
'Tis true that the clergy love preaching—by fits;
But the Parſon's Balloon is the ſame as the Cit's.

In Lunardi, our hero, the ladies delight;
On him they make ſtanzas, of him dream all night:
And with him each fair-one would fly to the moon,
While with pleaſure to all he diſplays his Balloon.

My aerial theme I'll now bring to an end,
And conclude, as begun, to Ballooners a friend;
May the gaz which each chuſes be finely inſtill'd,
And our favourite Balloons be effectually fill'd.

VERSES,

ON SEEING A VICAR IN HIS CUPS.

WHEN Bacchus once the prieſt ſubdues,
With his prevailing liquor,
The man, in ſpite of art, breaks looſe,
Abſtracted from the Vicar.

Sober, he kept the formal path;
In's cups, he's not the ſame man;
But reel'd and ſtagger'd in his faith,
And hiccup'd like a layman.

Vaſt many pretty things he ſpoke,
Deſerving our attention;
Not Scripture fit to feed a flock,
But of his own invention:

Yet, whether truths ſaid o'er his glaſs,
Of which I took great notice,
Were or in vino veritas,
Or'n verbo ſacerdotis,

I could not tell; yet praiſe was due,
Though unto which to give it,
I vow I know not, of the two,
The liquor, or the Levite.

His ſcarlet cheeks inflam'd with drink,
Together with his white head;
Made him appear juſt like a link,
When at one end 'tis lighted.

He drank in earneſt, broke his jeſt,
No Scripture phraſes utter'd;
The man he play'd, and not the prieſt,
But put the beſt ſide outward.

'Till drown'd at laſt in Bacchus' ſtreams,
The Levite's weak condition
Lull'd him to ſleep, to dream ſtrange dreams,
Or ſee ſome wond'rous viſion.

SALISBURY. A. C.

THE INSENSIBLE FAIR.

WILLIAM unſheath'd his ſhining blade,
Then fix'd the point againſt his breaſt;
He gaz'd upon the wondering maid,
And thus his dire reſolve expreſs'd—

'Since, cruel fair, with cold diſdain
'You ſtill return my raging love,
'Thought is but madneſs, life is pain,
'And thus, at once, I'll both remove!'

'O ſtop one moment!' Celia ſaid;
Then trembling, haſten'd to the door—
'Haſte, Sally! quick a pail, dear maid;
'This madman, elſe, will ſtain the floor!'

A PREDICTION.

BEFORE the firſt day of the next NewYear,
Strange wonders in this kingdom ſhall appear:
Four potent Kings ſhall reign within this iſle,
Where they ſhall cauſe great tumults for a while;
Dead Bones again ſhall rattle up and down,
In every city and in every town;
By day or night this tumult ſhall not ceaſe,
Until a Herald ſhall proclaim a peace;
A Herald ſtrange, the like was never born,
His beard ſhall be of fleſh, his noſe and mouth of horn!

D'E ORIGINE VITÆ ET MORTIS;

OR, THE ORIGIN OF LIFE AND DEATH:

Qu a d tr fu ſtr
os nguis irus iſti de nere avit.
H ſa m Chr vul l

TRANSLATION.

cur f w d diſ and pain;
A ſed iend rought eath eaſe
bleſ fr b br and again.

IRISH DISTURBANCES.

BY MR. ROBERTS.

WE'VE ſeen Hibernian tumours riſe,
Now feſter, ripen, then diſperſe;
What more are theſe, to obſerving eyes,
Than biles on poor Britannia's arſe!

THE CONFESSOR.

'IN paſſion I have kill'd a man!'—'Oh,
'brother!
'You muſt atone for it—Go, get another.'

E.

ADVICE TO TRADESMEN.

WHAT! are you mad, to dun his lordſhip yet?
Pray ſave your time—'tis worth more than your debt.

E.

MORNING.

THE cock proclaims the day to country-ſleepers;
In town, 'tis uſher'd in by chimney-ſweepers.

E.

NOON.

WHEN Phœbus reaches the meridian line,
In town men breakfaſt, and in country dine.

E.

EVENING IN TOWN.

WHY ſhine thoſe lights? thoſe chariots roll ſo briſk?
What makes this dreadful din?—a game at whiſt.

EXTEMPORE.

ON BREVITY.

'TIS wit and ſenſe, not meaſure of the ſong;
A volume may be ſhort—a diſtich long.

E.

EPIGRAM I.

BY ORLANDO.

WHEN Doctor Lotion firſt began
To practiſe on the frame of man,
He bore but humble ſway;
Each morn his hoſpitable door
Was open, gratis, to the poor,
'Twas then—'No cure, no pay.'

At length, with cane and pond'rous wig,
The doctor ſtruts, a perfect prig,
In eminence ſecure;
The former ſyſtem quite derang'd,
The poor forgot, the motto chang'd,
'Tis now—'No pay, no cure!'

EPIGRAM II.

BY MR. ROBERTS.

IN critics, ye writers, ye're rich;
In friendſhip and love, who can match 'em?
When writers are plagued with the itch,
The critics moſt kindly will ſcratch 'em.

EPITAPH I.

ON A SOLDIER.

HERE lies entrench'd a veteran brave,
Who ſtorm'd all forts except the grave:
But Death, a general of renown,
Laid ſiege, and quickly took his town;
His citadel laid low in duſt,
Conſign'd his well-tried arms to ruſt!
Yet chance of war ſhall turn the ſcale,
The veteran's power again prevail;
His citadel with honour riſe,
And Death reſign the captive prize.

M——.

EPITAPH II.

ON A BAKER.

HERE lies Dick! a Baker by trade,
Who was always in buſineſs prais'd;
And here ſnug he lies, in his oven, 'tis ſaid,
In hopes that his bread may be rais'd.

NUMBER XIII.

ENIGMAS.

ENIGMA I.

FOR THE PRIZE MEDALS.

BY MR. S. ASHBY.

TO all mankind I ſome aſſiſtance lend,
But moſt the poor conſiders me his friend;
With him I ſhare a hard, laborious life,
And feed himſelf, his children, and his wife:
Yet, not the poor and deſtitute, alone
Have felt my help, or have my favours known;
The gay, licentious, vicious debauchee,
Employs a ſervile agency in me.
From no bold act, or baſe deſign, I ſwerve,
But leaſt the indolent and aged ſerve.
Oft as the lover feels a virtuous fire,
To me his wiſhes and his aims aſpire;
To me his hopes, his warm affections, move;
I bind his vow, and conſecrate his love.
The mathematics own my needful aid;
I ſolve each problem, and each rule pervade:
Yet I, alas! no rule can comprehend,
Tho' Reaſon may her mental luſtre lend.
In metaphyſic labyrinths I rove,
And each abſtracted ſpeculation prove.
I rule the philoſophic ſyſtem, too,
And every latent power of nature ſhew.
As architect or ſculptor I excel;
I bid the dome aſpire, the column ſwell:
Bid ſtatues breathe, by my Promethean ſkill,
And marble eyes the liquid pearl diſtil.
Yet language, ſcience, theory, or art,
To me no juſt conception can impart.
Tho' perjur'd vows and falſhoods oft I frame,
No hate purſues or odium marks my name;
No ſhame I meet from thoſe my art deceives,
But on my promiſe all the world believes.
Yet ſay, ye wiſe! if ſuch my vile deceit,
Why from the fair ſo much eſteem I meet?
The ſplendid princeſs, as the lowly maid,
Oft in the public eye, accepts my aid;
Yet takes no ſtain, and juſtifies no blame,
How pure ſoe'er her virtue or her fame.

ENIGMA II.

BY EUGENIO.

WHEN firſt the great Creator's power
Had into being ſpoke a world;
When gloomy Chaos ceas'd to lour,
And darkneſs to the deep was hurl'd:
When Sol diffus'd his lucid beams
O'er Eden's new-created bowers,
I ſported in the ſilver ſtreams,
Or ſhone amid the blooming flowers.

Yet, not to earth or ſeas confin'd,
High in the vaulted ſkies I'm ſeen;
Am borne, in ſounds, upon the wind,
Or ſhed, in fragrance, o'er the green.

To me, ingenious wits! ye owe
That praiſe your tuneful lays acquire;
For languid would your numbers flow,
Should I deſert the muſe's lyre.

To give you yet a ſtronger clue,
And more diveſt me of diſguiſe;
Know, even now, direct in view,
I meet, unveil'd, your piercing eyes.

ENIGMA III.

BY MR. LEMOINE.

BEFORE th' uncounted worlds were fram'd,
Ere angels fell, or men were blam'd;
Or Sol's broad eye o'erlook'd the plains,
Reviv'd the earth, or bleſs'd the ſwains,
I liv'd; coeval with the Power
Omnific, in creative hour.
Beneath my mild and foſtering reign,
Springs up the verdure of the plain:
I call the wandering ſons of men
Back to their happy ſeats again;
Where, bleſs'd with me, the dome they rear,
And bid their ſons my name revere.
The heroes who have won renown,
I with immortal glory crown,
Bid warriors leave the purple plain,
And bend beneath my milder reign:
The nations who my loſs deplore,
Lament their unfrequented ſhore;
But where I go, at Heaven's command,
I ſpread freſh fragrance o'er the land;
Bid ſounds of joy attune the lyre;
Harmoniac ſymphonies inſpire.
Lo! now I ſtretch my olive wand
Along Britannia's happy land;
Where long may jarring intereſts end,
And prove me man's ſincereſt friend!

ENIGMA

ENIGMA IV.

BY MR. R. TATTAM.

WHEN faithful votaries of Bacchus join,
To pay oblations at his godſhip's ſhrine,
My tawny face appears among the reſt,
A true ſupporter of the vintner's creſt;
With mirth and joy to animate each ſoul,
And drown all ſorrow in the ſpark'ling bowl;
Rever'd by all, they all obey my nod,
The roſy herald of the drunken god;
And o'er each brimming glaſs I oft proclaim
The king, the hero, and the patriot's fame.
Till, gradual ſinks their mirth; they drink no more;
But, ſliding ſoft, drop dozing on the floor.
When oft ſome doctor, of tremendous paunch,
High-prieſt of Bacchus, faithful, true, and ſtaunch,
Outlives them all; with me abſolves their crimes;
And mourns the weakneſs of theſe latter times.

ENIGMA V.

BY LINTONIENSIS.

LADIES and Gents, tho' ne'er, till now,
I've dar'd to ſtand before ye;
Your well-known goodneſs prompts to crave
Attention to my ſtory.

Our family you've count'nanc'd oft,
And kindly, too, reſpected;
Tho' in the end, to ſpeak the truth,
We're all thrown by neglected.

And I, no doubt, that fate muſt ſhare,
As others have before;
I, too, ſhall be, perplex, be known,
Deſpis'd, and be no more.

Our family are all born cheats,
Deceit is what employs us:
No wonder, then, who finds us out,
Immediately deſtroys us.

Our dreſs is black; we thereby gain
Reſpect, firſt ſight—(you'll find
We've brethren in iniquity,
Too many, 'mongſt mankind.)

My name is of ſuch general uſe,
Whatever ſcheme's on foot,
Tho' never known, it ſurely points
The dark contrivance out.

No more: ſuch vengeance follows thoſe
Who ſecrets thus betray;
I ſhoul dn't be myſelf again
Were I much more to ſay.

ENIGMA VI.

BY MR. CHARLES ELLEY.

YE riddling wits, ingenious to reveal
What ſome from you obſcurely would conceal,
Tell me whence we proceed, or who we are?
Poor couple! but a merry, faithful pair.
We're white as chaſte Pygmalion's Miſs, we think,
And yet our children are as black as ink:
They're forty-two in number; yet we bear
Each one and twenty, as our equal ſhare.
But ſome will ſay, perhaps, they're not our own,
Becauſe we very often lie alone.
We came from India, if you fain would know;
Our children ne'er will any bigger grow:
Whole troops of men they often diſcompoſe,
For which we oft receive ill-natur'd blows.
Ye can't tell which of us is man or wife,
Nor which child's boy or girl, not for your life.
We've each of us an odd one that makes ſport,
When'er they pleaſe together to reſort.
In armies we delight to play our tricks,
One there, ſometimes, does as much hurt as ſix.
'Have done!' I hear each wit begin to cry:
'Don't you unriddle it; pray, let me try.'

REBUSES AND PARADOXES.

REBUS I.

BY MR. J. MONKHOUSE, GREENWICH.

WHAT all on earth are forc'd to do,
Tranſpos'd aright, will quickly ſhew,
What in the ſtate makes much ado.

REBUS II.

BY MR. W. CORY.

WHAT ſmiths oft uſe, if you tranſpoſe,
What you deſire it will diſcloſe.

REBUS III.

BY MR. W. BEST, ANSTY, WILTS.

BY twenty ſhillings, rightly plac'd,
A Chriſtian and ſurname are fairly trac'd.

REBUS IV.

BY X. Y. Z.

ADD the name of the man who was king of the earth,
To a thouſand exactly; the ſum will be worth
A polite appellation, of ladies the claim;
Which, ſpelt backward or forward, will ſtill be the ſame.

PARADOX I.

BY X. Y. Z.

I Met two active creatures, who
Had but one leg between the two;
And, next, a thing without a foot
Or leg, and yet it had a boot:
When all the three ſo ſwiftly paſs'd,
Few on two legs can run ſo faſt.
Ye wits, if wits ye truly be,
Say, what three things were met by me?

PARADOX II.

BY MR. E. NEWTON, LEICESTER.

YE plodding bards! explore, I pray,
This ſtrange, myſterious thing;
How meadows, in December, may
Turn green, as though at ſpring?

SOLUTIONS.

SOLUTIONS.

ENIGMAS.

1. Aprons.
2. A Kiſs.
3. Eloquence.
4. The Wind.
5. A Cuckold.
6. Wedlock.

REBUSES.

1. Wax.
2. Ixion.
3. Shoe, Hoſe.
4. Yeſterday.

PARADOXES.

1. C; i. e. Half O.
2. Juſt-ice.

SELECT ANSWERS TO THE PRIZE-ENIGMA.

1. BY X. Y. Z.

(IN A GENERAL ANSWER TO ALL THE ENIGMAS, REBUSES, AND PARADOXES.)

WHEN the youth, with his *Eloquent* tongue, has inclin'd
The maiden, for once, to become of his mind,
And the *Wax* has been fix'd the fair parchment unto,
And her finger's ſecur'd by the golden round *O*;
Ere the honey-moon's over, he finds, to his ſorrow,
That *Yeſterday*'s angel's the fiend of to-morrow.
Poor *Ixion* ſcarce heard the rude *Wind* howl ſo loud;
Who, inſtead of a goddeſs, caught hold of a cloud:
And, ere the year's finiſh'd, he fancies himſelf,
Let her do as ſhe may, a poor *hornified Elf*.
And then, like my *Hoſe* and my *Shoe*, they unite;
Who aſſociate by day, but are parted at night.
Yet, for *Juſt-ice* ſake, blame not our iſle, or our times;
Shrews and churls are the growth of all ages and climes:
And, ſince Eve wore an APRON, or Adam *Kiſs'd* Eve,
Things were, are, and will be the ſame, I believe.
What a fine thing were *Wedlock*, did each pair enjoy all
The conjugal bliſs of a certain Pair Royal!

2. BY SALLY BROCK, HONITON.

(INCLUDING ALL THE PRIZE ENIGMAS WHICH HAVE BEEN YET INSERTED IN THE WIT'S MAGAZINE.)

IN the Firſt Volume of this MAGAZINE,
To cheer the mind, are bright ENIGMAS ſeen.
One on a HALFPENNY diſplays his ſkill,
An ELBOW CHAIR obeys another's will;
A COFFIN, MAGIC LANTERN, poliſh'd CANE,
And TEA-KETTLE, are given to laſting fame.
One coins a SHILLING, (ſterling ſilver, too;)
This moulds a BULLET, perfect, round, and true.
A SEAL and LETTER, then, in turn appear;
And the flounc'd APRON finiſhes the year.

3. BY MR. WM. RUSHER, BANBURY.

WHEN Adam and Eve were in paradiſe plac'd,
How happy their ſtation! what innocence grac'd
Each word and each action! But ſoon our curs'd foe,
Tho' baniſh'd from Heaven, with dread overthrow,
Still bent on fell miſchief, in ſerpentile guiſe,
Deſtroy'd them, pretending to make Eve more wiſe!
Now APRONS of fig-leaves they quickly prepare;
Ere this, only innocence cover'd the fair.

4. BY QUILLETTUS.

'ADIEU, dear Jack,' fair Nancy cries,
And with her APRON wipes her eyes:
'My love unchang'd for you I'll keep,
'When you are ſailing on the deep.'

'Weep not, my girl,' replies the tar:
'Tho' honour calls me to the war,
'Succeſs awaits the ſailor bold;
'I'll bring you APRONS full of gold.'

5. BY MR. R. TATTAM.

JACK, the Muſes favourite ſervant,
From Parnaſſus mountain came,
With an APRON full of laurel,
To crown each youthful poet's fame.

6. BY MERCUTIO.

WITH ſuch a ſerious theme how can you ſport?
O cruel Jack, remember hapleſs Beck!
To bind her waiſt, her APRON-ſtring grew ſhort,
And the poor girl transferr'd it to her neck.

MISCELLANEOUS ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS TO THE SEVERAL ENIGMAS AND REBUSES.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE ENIGMAS, BY MERCUTIO.

HIS APRON thrown off, Thomas hurries to *Kiſs*
The girl who ſuch *Eloquence* ne'er takes amiſs;
But, when he would tell her 'a bit of his mind,'
She ſoon ſtops him ſhort with—'Your words 'are but *Wind!*'
She mentions the church, he of *Cuckolds* diſcourſes:
And ſhe talks of *Wedlock*, and he of divorces!

Till

Till finding, at length, he can't farther advance,
He ventures to marry—and e'en takes his chance.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA II.

BY JACK.

LADIES, if you anſwer this;
Know, it muſt be with a *Kiſs*.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA II.

BY MR. PHILIP HOFFE, COMPTON.

SOME, for the ſake of titles grand,
Oft *Kiſs* our Royal Sovereign's hand.
Others, in Rome, will ſtoop quite low,
To *Kiſs* the Holy Father's toe.
But I exceed them all in bliſs,
When Polly's balmy lips I *Kiſs*.

ANSWER TO ENIGMAS II. IV. VI.

BY JACK.

MARRIAGE I would wiſh to try,
Were Sally but inclin'd;
I find a bliſs, when her I *Kiſs*:
But, O her words are *Wind!*

ANSWER TO ALL THE REBUSES AND PARADOXES.

BY MR. PHILIP HOFFE, COMPTON.

WAX is collected from th' induſtrious bee'
Ixion ſuffers for his vanity.
A *Shoe* will make a pair of *Hoſe*—'tis plain
That *Yeſterday* can ne'er be ſeen again.
Juſt half of *O* will a fair *C* prove,
And freezing water, *Juſt-ice* is, by Jove!

ANSWER TO REBUS IV.

BY C. H.

I Have *Yeſterday* ſeen, I may very well ſay;
And, to-morrow, may likewiſe ſay ſo of to-day.

ANSWER TO PARADOXES I. II.

BY MR. CHISEM, BATH.

YOUR paradox is ſolv'd with eaſe;
Water's *Juſt-ice*, as it doth freeze,
Tho' not ſo eaſy, I agree,
As halving *O* to make a *C*.

☞ Very ingenious Anſwers to the PRIZE and other ENIGMAS, &c. have alſo been received, as expreſſed in the following LIST.

NAMES.	P.	Enigs. 1	Enigs. 2 3 4 5 6	Reb. 1 2 3 4	Par. 1 2
Auſtin, Mr. E. Highgate	P				
B. W.	P	2			
Batchelor, A	P	2 3 4 5 6	1	3 4	1 2
Beckett, Mr. J. Jun.	P	3	5 6	1 3 4	1 2
Beſt, Mr. W. Anſtey, Wilts.	P			1 3 4	
Bills, Mr. Robert, Jun. Chelſea	P				
Brayley, Maſter E. Layſtall Street, Holborn	P	2 3	5	1 2 3 4	1 2
Browne, Mr. Francis, Golden Lane	P	2 3 4 5 6		1 2 3 4	1 2
Butcher, Mr. T. Chelſea	P				
Cole, Mr. John	P		6	1 3 4	1 2
Correſpondent, a Young, Jermyn Street	P	2 3		1 3 4	1
Cory, Mr. W. Cranborn, Dorſet	P			3 4	1
Damon	P				
Darwin, Mr. Thomas, Chelſea	P				
Darwinſon, Mr. T.	P				
Decrepid	P				
Dolby, Mr. T.	P				
E. Mr. W. Iſlington	P	2	5 6	1 3 4	1
Elley, Mr. W.	P			1 2 3 4	
Foſter, Mr. John, Bloomſbury	P	2 3 4	6	1 3 4	1 2
Grenovicus	P	2 3 4	6	1 3 4	1
Grimbald	P				
H. C.	P	2		3 4	
Harris, Mr. W. C.	P	2 4 5 6			
Hutton, Mr. W.	P	2 3	5	1 3 4	1 2
Jones, Mr. John, Little Marybone Street	P	2 4 5 6		1 3 4	1 2
King, Mr. John	P				
Lackmedal	P	2 3	5 6	1 3 4	1 2
Lintonienſis	P			1 2	
M. Mr. J. Cranborn, Dorſet	P			3 4	1
Metcalfe, Mr. Charles, Great Dalby, Leiceſterſhire	P	2 3 4		1 2 3 4	1
Monkhouſe, Mr. J. Greenwich	P	2 3	6	1 3 4	1
N. Mr. J. Fiſh Street Hill	P				
P. J. W. Oxford	P				
P. S.	P	4			
Paſmore, Beer. Devon	P	2		2 3 4	2
Plowes, Lucy, Oxford Arms Paſſage	P				
Potter, James, Chelſea	P				
Puzzlebrain	P			1 2 3 4	
R. G. Chriſt's Hoſpital	P	2		3	2
Raggedhead	P	2 3		1 3	2
Smith, Mr. J. Roſemary Lane	P	2 3 4		1 3 4	1 2
Stock, Mr. J. Greenwich	P		3 4 6	1 2 3 4	
Stone, Mr. W. Beak Street	P	2 3	5	1 2 3 4	1 2
Tagrhime, Tim.	P	2 3			
Tagrhime, Tim. Jun. York	P		6	1 2 3 4	1 2
Tattam, Mr. R.	P	2 3 4 5 6		1 3 4	1 2
Waring, Mr. T. Leiceſter	P	2 3 4 5 6		1 3 4	1
Welch, Mrs.	P				
Weſt, Mr. William	P				
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THE

WIT'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY 1785.

With a Large Quarto Engraving of The LAWYER IN A PANIC; or, The DEVIL TURNED JUSTICE; deſigned and engraved purpoſely for this Work.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Editor has ſtill to regret that his numerous Correſpondents do not pay ſufficient attention to the Hints given in his laſt general addreſs to them, and in conſequence he has been unable to proceed with eaſe or expedition. They ſhould conſider that his trouble, even in the bare ſelection of what may be proper for the work, '*grows with it's growth*;' and the increaſe of original articles of real wit and humour, muſt not be expected to keep pace with a monthly publication containing ſuch a vaſt quantity of matter.

Number VIII. of the NIGHT-WALKER is obliged to be poſtponed till our next.

The Editor is much obliged to Mr. *Tattam*, for the very copious and judicious ſelection of Anecdotes, &c. which accompanied his packet of original compoſitions.

The hint for *An Elegy on Departed Correſpondents* to the Wit's Magazine, is an excellent idea; and we thank *An Unpoetical Correſpondent* for ſuggeſting it. But it is a ſubject of conſiderable delicacy, and requires a maſterly hand to treat it properly. However, all our Poetical Contributors are happily not yet defunct; and, if they were, it is a theme that might well raiſe the Ghoſts of ſome of them. We ſhall be happy to receive Verſes on this ſubject from any of our ingenious Correſpondents.

PRIZE MEDALS.

There not being, this Month, any *original* Proſe Article, the production of a Correſpondent, the *firſt* SILVER MEDAL is adjudged to Mr. T. CALDECOTT, May Fair, for his excellent Comic Tale of the BREECHES, received ſome time back, and intended to be accompanied with a Plate in our next; and which that gentleman has given us the moſt poſitive aſſurances is his own original compoſition—the *ſecond*, for the beſt Poetical Production, is adjudged to Mr. BARRETT, Author of the LAWYER in a PANIC; or, the DEVIL turned JUSTICE—and the *third* and *fourth*, given by lot to two out of the ſix beſt Anſwers to the PRIZE ENIGMA, fell to J. MATTHEWS, Eſq. and JACK—who are requeſted to tranſmit their orders for delivery to the Publiſhers by the 20th of March at fartheſt, in the ſame hand-writing as their reſpective Productions, ſigned with their real names and places of abode, that they may be printed in the next Number, for the ſatisfaction of Subſcribers in general.

☞ The FOUR MEDALS adjudged laſt Month have been forwarded to——

1. Mr. ROBERTS, Horkeſley Park, Eſſex.
2. Lieutenant CHARLES SPILLITO, of the Marines, Colcheſter, (Author of the Sea Fight, a Poem) for the Verſes written at Harwich, on launching the Inflexible.
3. SALLY BROCK, Honiton, Devon.
4. To the PUBLISHERS—for X. Y. Z. who has expreſſed a deſire to receive it 'IN 'MASQUERADE,' contrary to the rule eſtabliſhed, and which cannot on any account be diſpenſed with—PRIZE-MEDALS have been often *promiſed* with *other* Magazines, but there is too much reaſon to believe that the *actual delivery* of them was reſerved for the *preſent undertaking*; and the EDITOR will not conſent to withold from his readers the ſatisfaction of knowing by whom each is received, which would render his conduct equally ſuſpicious. If, therefore, X.Y.Z. who certainly poſſeſſes abilities of which no one need be aſhamed, neglects to make an honourable and explicit demand, free from every ſpecies of deception, on or before the 20th inſtant, the EDITOR will think it his duty to give Mr. W. RUSHER, QUILLETTUS, Mr. R. TATTAM, and MERCUTIO, the unſucceſsful Candidates laſt Month, another chance for that Medal, to be decided, as uſual, by lot.

THE

WIT's MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY 1785.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WIT's MAGAZINE.

DEAR BROTHER WIT,

YOU muſt know, I have been characterized as a wit, from my firſt dawn of reaſon; and, though I have more than once paid pretty ſeverely for this quality, it is nevertheleſs, with peculiar pleaſure I ſee you intend to render ſuch a ſcarce commodity more general: to which laudable view, I ſhall be happy occaſionally to contribute, if you think the following account of myſelf merits attention.

My parents were probably known to your honour; being both very public characters, and patronized by all men of wit and humour. My papa was an itinerant performer on the violin, which my mama accompanied with her voice. Indeed, it may be truly ſaid that they had a conſiderable *voice* in the politics of the times, and that oppoſition was under infinite obligations to them for the pains they took in reſounding through every ſtreet of this metropolis the errors and miſcarriages of the people in power. By this means, many a blundering ſtateſman has been expoſed to public deriſion, when perhaps he was ſnoring in bed at the Weſt end of the town, and little imagining what was going on among the wiſe and politic citizens of London. To ſum up all in a few words, my papa was only inferior in celebrity to the preſent Sir Jeffery Dunſtan, and was univerſally allowed to poſſeſs as great a ſhare of native humour as even Old Wigs himſelf, beſides the additional merit of being a ſkilful muſician: but my mama, thinking her abilities were underrated by ſinging a famous political ballad a whole day without collecting ſixpence, ſwore ſhe would never again ſerve an ungrateful public. She accordingly kept her word, by eloping the very next night with Levi Abrams, a Jew pedlar; while my father quickly ſupplied her place, by taking to his arms a ſhrill-toned oyſter-wench, who proved an able aſſiſtant in his daily vocation till the time of his deceaſe, which happened when I was only ten years old.

Having thus traced my genealogy, as all great men ought to do before they addreſs the public; I have the confidence to aſſert, that I have not degenerated from my noble progenitors, in wit, humour, and conſequence.

I was put to a charity ſchool, when very young, where I continued till I could read as well as my maſter, whom I duped on numerous occaſions, to the inexpreſſible ſatisfaction of my fellow-ſtudents. Proceeding, however, too far in my youthful pranks; ſuch as once filling my maſter's tobacco-pipe with gunpowder, and another time putting a ſquib in his way to light it with, I was flogged and expelled the ſchool; which affront I bore ſo ill, that I have never been fond of learning or pedants ever ſince.

Being thus fortunately, as I thought, freed from the ferula and the birch, I was apprenticed to a chimney-ſweeper; who conſented to take me without any premium, becauſe, as he

obſerved, I had got ſuch a damned ſhrill voice, that people would be glad to employ me, to prevent their being diſturbed in the morning.

This reverend profeſſion I followed with great pleaſure, it being exactly ſuited to my taſte; and never had any wit greater opportunities of diſplaying his pranks than I, when equipped in my ſable regimentals, by running againſt light-coloured beaux, and luteſtring ladies: the former of which often complimented me with a 'Damn 'ye!' and a ſtroke with his Jemmy; the latter, with a 'Lord have mercy upon 'me! there is no paſſing for theſe 'creatures.'

A French Count croſſing the ſtreet one day, who ſeemed immoderately addicted to the uſe of ſnuff, I ran up to him, and aſked him if I ſhould have the honour to ſweep his chimney; which Monſieur taking as an inſult, called me ſome ugly French name, on which, without any more to do, I tripped up his heels, and ſhewed Monſieur Fricaſſee the wit and liberty of an Engliſhman.

Indeed, it would be endleſs to enumerate all the witty things I have done and ſaid; ſometimes, by running down a chimney, where I knew only a few ſqueamiſh old maids were aſſembled; I have thrown them into the moſt dreadful panics, and given riſe to innumerable ſtories of devils, hobgoblins, and apparitions; and, at others, when my maſter wanted buſineſs, I uſed to ſtill up the vents of the chimnies, which, driving the ſmoke downward, was ſure to procure us a job.

But I muſt not omit to particularize on a trick which will ſhew at once the regard in which I was held for my wit, and the notice I was taken of by the great.

Paſſing one morning early by the door of a certain tavern in my uſual way of buſineſs, a celebrated Great Heir runs out, and familiarly accoſts me thus: 'D—n you, you little black 'rogue, if you'll put a trick on a French 'gentleman now in bed, according to 'my deſire, you ſhall be handſomely 'rewarded.' With all ſubmiſſion I agreed to follow his directions; when I was ushered into a room where a well-known Gallic duke lay faſt aſleep, after a drunken touch. I was ordered immediately to get into bed, and lie ſide by ſide with his grace; and, as ſoon as he began to ſtir, to ſeize him by the throat. For ſome time the duke continued ſnoring; but, at laſt, beginning to rub his eyes, I claſped him round the neck; on which he inſtantly jumped out of bed, roaring 'Diable! Diable!' My employer, who waited at the door to obſerve the effect of his project, burſt into the room; and, having entertained himſelf at the duke's expence, paid me the ſtipulated ſum, and procured me a ſafe paſſage out.

This I mention particularly, as it may ſome time appear in the annals of our country, when I hope to make a diſtinguiſhed figure, being the principal party in the plot.

To return, however, from digreſſions—the time of my ſervitude was now elapſed; and, being thus in the confidence, and under the patronage of the great, I flattered myſelf I ſhould ſoon be called to St. James's: when, lo! an unfortunate piece of clean wit,, which I muſt not now explain, hurried me to a place from whence wit cannot extricate me: and, though I am ſure to be liberated by the laws, after undergoing, perhaps, the ſlight ceremony of a public whipping, it will be ſome time before Juſtice Midas honours me with his aſſiſtance. I am, therefore, obliged to ſolicit your benevolent interpoſition, to keep wit and life alive; and, as ſoon as I am ſet at liberty, you may depend on hearing farther from your very humble ſervant and well-wiſher,

AN UNFORTUNATE WIT,

NEWGATE.

PROPOSALS

PROPOSALS FOR AN HOSPITAL

FOR DECAYED COMICAL FELLOWS.

FROM THE GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

BY ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

THERE is not a word, in the whole compaſs of the Engliſh language, more groſsly abuſed than the term Friendſhip, which, at preſent, means no more than that men eat together, walk together, game together, and are grave and merry, drunk and ſober together, without ever conceiving any real regard for each others happineſs and intereſt. I believe every day's experience will point out many, who are dupes to this ſpecious outſide of friendſhip. In the courſe of my obſervation I have marked out a particular character that falls more egregiouſly into this error than the reſt of mankind. The character I mean is that of the Comical Fellow, or the Agreeable Devil, or the Curſed High Fellow, or the Man of Infinite Humour, or the Genius, or by whatever name (for many names will ſuit him) you may pleaſe to diſtinguiſh the perſon, whom a chearful flow of ſpirits, and a quick circulation of the ideas that fall to his ſhare, conſpire to render an entertaining companion.

The Comical Fellow is in high requeſt among all his acquaintance; and different parties at the Shakeſpear, the Bedford Arms, the King's Arms, &c. are vying with each other to have him the maſter of the joke in their convivial parties, becauſe he is, without doubt, the fineſt creature in the world to kill an hour with, the merry droll has ſuch variety of chat, and ſuch a deal of humour in telling a ſtory. But while this ſon of gaiety and wit is thus happy in the careſſes of all the lovers of mirth, this ſecret misfortune attends him, that he has not any where procured himſelf the leaſt degree of eſteem, becauſe it is too well known that he has not a ſingle virtue under the ſun, that he would at any time, according to the common ſaying, rather loſe his friend than his joke, that no obligation can bind him, but that indiſcriminately he laſhes all alike, and is conſtantly upon the look-out for ſome incident, which, by a perverſion of circumſtances, or by a few touches of mimickry, or ſome other adventitious aid, may be worked up into a ſtory for the entertainment of the next company he goes into. On this account the Agreeable Devil is held in utter contempt; but the vivacity of his imagination will not afford him leiſure to attend to this; his vanity is fully gratified by the general applauſe he meets with, and he is conſtantly exhauſting his ſcanty finances in keeping company with a ſet of people who are good-humoured enough to be perpetually entertained with his jokes.

I will venture to affirm, that few evils are more epidemic than this rage of being a High-Fellow; and I am apt to think that many of thoſe bankruptcies which fill the columns of the Gazette, are not entirely owing to loſſes in trade, but to the pitiful ambition of diſcovering a fine vein of humour. When once the ſober cit becomes the ringleader in wit and frolic feſtivity, when once he has learned to elevate and ſurprize, his ſhop aſſumes a gloomy aſpect; book-keeping is but a dull employment, unfit for men of finer ſenſations, and inſtantly his fervid imagination conveys him to the Gentleman and Porter; then he cracks each joke over again, and thrice he enjoys the laugh, and thrice repeats the pun. But in a little time, his name is inſerted in the Gazette with a Whereas; his former companions ſhake their heads, and are very ſorry for it; 'He was a 'wag, a merry man, a Comical Fel-'low; but buſineſs is a ſerious thing.'

Poor Jack Spatter! he is at preſent

ſent the moſt remarkable of all the Agreeable Devils I have ever known. Jack does not want a ſhare of native humour, and he dreſſes up a ſtory at ſecond hand with ſuch additional touches, that a man is frequently as much entertained as if he had never heard it before, or if he himſelf had not told it to him the very day before. For it is often the diverting rogue's way unwittingly to faſten with ſomething curſed high upon the very perſon who at firſt ſupplied him with the ſubject, And then the Genius is ſuch a mimick!—well, to be ſure nothing can eſcape him. A cat, a dog, a monkey, a manager, a burletta-girl, a Woodward, a Garrick, all muſt undergo the touches of his humorous imitation; and, mean while, the company, whores, waiters, and all, do ſo laugh, and ſo ſhake their ſides, that life is quite flat and inſipid without Jack Spatter. But in this world, where, as Moliere ſays, '*on donne rien pour rien*,' Where every thing muſt be paid for, it cannot but prove very expenſive to be thus aſpiring in company. But Jack's vanity extends to expence, as well as wit and humour. How many ſhifts have I known him to make, that he might diſplay his vivacity at the tavern! A turtle-feaſt was ſometime ſince fixed at the King's Arms in Cornhill, and Spatter was invited to make one. 'A 'turtle-feaſt,' ſays Jack, 'very well! 'it can't be better; citizens laugh 'heartily when their bellies are full; 'I'll certainly go—but how to pay my 'reckoning!—There's Title-page, 'the bookſeller; he likes a touch of 'my humour; he'll tip me two guineas 'for an epilogue; I'll write him 'one—let me ſee what's here? Dry-'den's Miſcellany!—I'll tranſcribe 'one from this.' No ſooner ſaid than done, for Jack has quick parts, and away he ſets out towards Fleet Street, meets his friend Humdrum at Temple Bar, reads the piece to him, to ſhew what a Comical Devil he is; Humdrum admires it; Jack forgets that he ſtole it, and admires it more, touches two guineas from Title-page, and who but he at the turtle-feaſt? A maſquerade requires ſomewhat a larger capital. 'Egad!' ſays Jack, 'I'll write a pamphlet for that, and 'touch five guineas.' To work he falls, and finiſhes his piece in the ſpace of one morning, though it coſt the original authors from whom he compiled it many nocturnal vigils. A jaunt to Tunbridge, in the ſummer ſeaſon, with ſome lovers of wit and humour, could not but be agreeable to Mr. Spatter; and ſo inſtantly he ſits down and writes a farce; and becauſe Fielding's Coffee-Houſe Politician is not very likely to be acted again on either of our ſtages, what does the merry wag do, but he takes the character, gives it a new name, makes a little alteration in the ſcene where the Politician reads the newſpapers, and inſtantly 'Genial Jacob, 'and a warm third day,' as the poet has it, equips the Genius for Tunbridge. Thus is the Curſed High Fellow, the Amiable Fripon, perpetually ſpending the income of his brain, and torturing his invention in endeavours to live with thoſe who have fortunes to ſupply their expences, and who do not entertain the leaſt ſymptom of friendſhip towards their merry companion. What will become of him, when he has played all his tricks, I tremble to think; and, as if his misfortunes were now preſent, I cannot help crying out, 'Alas, 'poor Yorick! I knew him, a fel-'low of infinite jeſt—Where be your 'gibes now? your flaſhes of merri-'ment, that were wont to ſet the 'table on a roar? Quite chop-fallen!'

But my fancy has pictured this ſcene of diſtreſs ſo ſtrongly to me, that I could wiſh ſome means could be deviſed to avert the impending evil. An ingenious gentleman, whom I have the pleaſure of knowing, propoſed ſome time ſince a ſcheme for an Hoſpital for Decayed Poets. Suppoſe, in imitation of this laudable deſign, an Hoſpital were to be raiſed for Decayed Comical Fellows. For my part, I cannot but think the plan ſhould meet with general encouragement, and I will willingly

ſingly give the profits of this paper, N° 79, towards carrying it into execution. Mr. Garrick and Mr. Rich will, I dare ſay, contribute on their parts an annual benefit towards this charity, the objects of which may be admitted, as follows.

'It being certified to us, that the 'bearer, A. B. was an Agreeable Devil, and entirely ruined himſelf by 'endeavouring to keep company with 'men of fortune, who countenanced 'him merely as their jeſter, you are 'hereby directed to admit the ſaid 'unhappy pleaſant creature into the 'Hoſpital for Decayed Comical Fellows, London ——

'Signed by two directors.'

Should this propoſal take effect, I ſhall rejoice at being inſtrumental in the redemption of ſo many diverting creatures from utter miſery; for ſurely it would be melancholy to reflect, that he who often enlivened even the ſprightly champaign, might become miſerably witty in an alehouſe, or be a joking boot-catcher at an inn, and tell your honour a ſtory while he is diveſting your legs of their leathern incumbrances. I ſhall therefore hope that all true lovers of humour will promote the ſcheme juſt hinted for the ſake of thoſe who ruin themſelves for their pleaſure; and I ſhall be highly pleaſed that there will be a receptacle for poor Jack Spatter, and that the Agreeable Devil may, in his old days, find repoſe in the Hoſpital for Decayed Comical Fellows.

A WEEK's JOURNAL OF A WILTSHIRE CURATE.

MONDAY.--Received ten pounds from my rector, Dr. Snarl, being one half year's ſalary—obliged to wait a long time before my admittance to the doctor; and even when admitted, was never once aſked to ſit down or refreſh myſelf, though I had walked eleven miles. Item, the doctor hinted he could have the curacy filled for fifteen pounds a year.

Tueſday—Paid nine pounds to ſeven different people; but could not buy the ſecond-hand pair of black breeches offered me as a great bargain by Cabbage the taylor, my wife wanting a petticoat above all things, and neither Betſey nor Polly having a ſhoe to go to church.

Wedneſday—My wife bought a petticoat for herſelf, and ſhoes for her two daghters; but unluckily, in coming home, dropped half a guinea through a hole (which ſhe had never before perceived) in her pocket, and reduced all our caſh in the world to half-a-crown. Item, chid my poor woman for being afflicted at the misfortune, and tenderly adviſed her to rely upon the goodneſs of God.

Thurſday—Received a note from the ale-houſe at the top of the hill, informing me that a gentleman begged to ſpeak to me on preſſing buſineſs; went, and found it was an unfortunate member of a ſtrolling company of players, who was pledged for ſeven-pence halfpenny, in a ſtruggle what to do. The baker, though we had paid him but on Tueſday, quarrelled with us, to avoid giving any credit in future; and George Greaſy, the butcher, ſent us word that he heard it whiſpered how the rector intended to take a curate who would do the pariſh duty at an inferior price; and therefore, though he would do any thing to ſerve me, adviſed me to deal with Peter Paunch, at the upper end of the town. Mortifying reflections theſe! But in my opinion a want of humanity is a want of juſtice. The Father of the Univerſe lends his bleſſings to us with a view that we ſhould relieve a brother in diſtreſs; and we, conſequently, do no more than pay a debt when we perform an act of benevolence. Paid the ſtranger's reckoning out of the ſhilling in my pocket, and gave him the remainder of the money, to proſecute his journey.

Friday—A very ſcanty dinner, and pretended therefore to be ill, that, by avoiding

avoiding to eat, I might leave ſomething like enough for my poor wife and children. I told my wife what I had done with the ſhilling; the excellent creature, inſtead of blaming me for the action, bleſſed the goodneſs of my heart, and burſt into tears. Mem. Never to contradict her as long as I live; for the mind that can argue like her's, though it may deviate from the more rigid ſentiments of prudence, is even amiable for it's indiſcretion; and in every lapſe from the ſeverity of œconomy, performs an act of virtue ſuperior to the value of a kingdom.

Saturday--Wrote a ſermon, which on Sunday—I preached at four different pariſh-churches, and came home exceſſively wearied, and exceſſively hungry: no more than two-pence half-penny in the houſe. But ſee the goodneſs of God! The ſtrolling player, whom I had relieved, was a man of fortune, who accidentally heard that I was as humane as I was indigent, and from a generous excentricity of temper, wanted to do me an eſſential piece of ſervice: I had not been an hour at home when he came in, and declaring himſelf my friend, put a fifty pound note into my hand, and the next day preſented me with a living of three hundred pounds a year.

A MEDITATION UPON A BROOM-STICK.

THIS ſingle ſtick, which you now behold ingloriouſly lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flouriſhing ſtate in a foreſt: it was full of ſap, full of leaves, and full of boughs; but now in vain does the buſy art of man pretend to vie with nature, by tying that withered bundle of twigs to it's ſapleſs trunk: it is now at beſt but the reverſe of what it was, a tree turned upſide down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air; it is now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery, and, by a capricious kind of fate, deſtined to make her things clean, and be naſty itſelf; at length worn out to the ſtumps in the ſervice of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the laſt uſe, of kindling a fire. When I beheld this, I ſighed, and ſaid within myſelf, 'Surely mortal man is a 'Broom-ſtick!' Nature ſent him into the world ſtrong and luſty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reaſoning vegetable, until the axe of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk: he then flies to art, and puts on a perriwig, valuing himſelf upon an unnatural bundle of hairs, all covered with powder, that never grew on his head; but now ſhould this our Broom-ſtick pretend to enter the ſcene, proud of thoſe birchen ſpoils it never bore, and all covered with duſt, though the ſweepings of the fineſt lady's chamber, we ſhould be apt to ridicule and deſpiſe it's vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellencies, and other men's defaults!

But a Broom-ſtick, perhaps you will ſay, is an emblem of a tree ſtanding on it's head; and pray what is man, but a topſy-turvey creature, his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational, his head where his heels ſhould be, groveling on the earth! and yet, with all his faults, he ſets up to be an univerſal reformer and corrector of abuſes, a remover of grievances, rakes into every ſlut's corner of nature, bringing hidden corruptions to the light, and raiſes a mighty duſt where there was none before, ſharing deeply all the while in the very ſame pollutions he pretends to ſweep away: his laſt days are ſpent in ſlavery to women, and generally the leaſt deſerving; till worn to the ſtumps, like his brother Beſom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made uſe of to kindle flames for others to warm themſelves by.

THE TRAVELLER.

NUMBER II.

IN this ſtate of ſavage ſolitude I was prompted to lay violent hands on myſelf; I reſolved and refrained, I became intrepid and cowardly by turns, till at laſt the love of life prevailed, and I ſet about examining what proviſion my kingdom afforded for the ſupport of my wretched exiſtence. But as night was approaching, I was apprehenſive of beaſts of prey, which it was highly probable my iſland contained; I therefore aſcended a tree, in order to repoſe myſelf, and to loſe, for a few moments at leaſt, the remembrance of my fate.

Among the thick branches of this tree I luckily found a bird's-neſt, containing two eggs of ſuch extraordinary magnitude, that I could with difficulty claſp one of them with my extended arms. Hunger ſtimulated me to avail myſelf of this ovarious treaſure; I broke one of the eggs, though not without apprehenſion of the bird catching me in the fact, and fully ſatisfied the cravings of nature with this providential ſupply, which I conjectured would be ſufficient to ſupport me for a fortnight. Scarcely had I finiſhed my repaſt, when the ſound of the bird's wings reached my ears. The enormous fowl approached with a ſlow but ſteady motion; I now concluded myſelf loſt beyond redemption, as it might eaſily have ſwallowed me up at once; but with a preſence of mind which has ſeldom failed me, I ſtood upright in the neſt, whirled my hat round my head with a horrid yell as the bird was about to deſcend, and inſtantly had the pleaſure to perceive that every motion indicated terror, and that it fled away with the greateſt precipitation. Thinking myſelf ſafe from any farther alarms for the night, I committed myſelf to the arms of Morpheus, in a kind of diſcumbent poſture within the neſt; and nature being almoſt worn out with fatigue and anxiety, I quickly fell aſleep, and was a wretch no more. I had not, however, enjoyed this remiſſion more than four hours, before I was alarmed with a ſtroke on the face, and a confuſed noiſe in my ears, which broke the chains of ſleep, and preſented before my eyes a gang of monkies, who had been tempted by the hope of plunder to viſit my aſylum. I thought myſelf now in a more deplorable condition than ever, expecting to be torn to pieces by that horrid fraternity; but being determined to ſell my life as dear as poſſible, I drew a knife, the only weapon I was maſter of, and cut off one of their tails, with which I ſcourged the grinning crew, as they crouded round me, threatening vengeance. But this would not have protected me, as they appeared to be very ſtrong and malicious, had I not given ſeveral of them a pretty ſevere ſtab as they advanced, which ſo intimidated the reſt, that they adviſed a retreat, which was ſpeedily put in execution. Being again left in poſſeſſion of the neſt, I would have gladly cloſed my eyes a ſecond time; but terrors multiplying in my diſturbed imagination, I could not compoſe myſelf ſufficiently to fall aſleep: I therefore expected the approaching morn with pleaſure and ſolicitude; I was deſirous to ſee what advantages my ſituation afforded; but I was deterred from making an unguarded ſurvey by the dangers I had already undergone, and continued meditating projects till the ſun illumined the horizon, when I hailed his riſing beams with the rapture of a Perſian.

Having furniſhed myſelf with a ſtrong club cut from one of the branches of the tree in which I lodged, I deſcended, and proceeded to the ſea-ſhore, which was at a ſmall diſtance. Here I found oyſters of ſuch an excellent quality and ſize, that the ſhells were large enough for ſhields, and the contents of one ſufficient to ſatisfy ſix men at leaſt. Balancing advantages and diſadvantages, I thought myſelf pretty well off in having ſuch reſources in my power; I made a

hearty breakfaſt on part of an oyſter; and, tracing the ſea-coaſt, endeavoured to determine the extent of my territory. However, as I proceeded with great caution, it was night before I had ſeen it's circumference, which I concluded was about twelve miles. I now returned to my neſt, in order to ſpend the night; and when I awaked had recourſe to the egg on which I had made a former repaſt. In the morning I reſolved to proſecute my diſcoveries, and to examine the internal produce of my kingdom, to ſee what animals or vegetables it ſupplied, and what advantages I might derive from them to better my ſituation; for, being encircled by the ſea, and the continent appearing at a conſiderable diſtance, I could ſcarcely entertain a hope of being liberated from this iſland, unleſs by ſome very providential intervention. I had not advanced far from my lodging, before I diſcovered a tree loaded with a kind of apples, each about three feet in diameter, which glorious ſight was very pleaſing to my eyes; but not knowing the nature of the fruit, I eat very little, leſt it ſhould poſſeſs a deleterious quality. Finding, however, no ill effects from it, I began to examine the tree more carefully: I taſted the leaves, which had the flavour and taſte of lettuces; I removed a piece of the bark, and found it poſſeſſed a farinaceous quality; and obſerving a liquid ooze out of a joint in the trunk, I applied it to my tongue, and thought it equal to the moſt delicious wine. This tree, ſo ſalutary, and ſo amply fitted to ſupply all my wants, I called the TREE of LIFE; and as I intend, in a ſhort time, to publiſh a large collection of drawings which I made in the courſe of my travels, the public may felicitate themſelves on one day ſeeing this extraordinary plant. I ſpent the whole day in exploring this magazine of good things, and at night took up my abode as before.

[To be continued.]

THE WAY TO WEALTH.

FROM AN OLD PENNSYLVANIA ALMANACK, ENTITLED POOR RICHARD IMPROVED.

COURTEOUS READER,

I Have heard that nothing gives an author ſo much pleaſure, as to find his works reſpectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I muſt have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I ſtopped my horſe lately, where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants goods. The hour of the ſale not being come, they were converſing on the [illegible]neſs of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks—'Pray, Father Abraham, what 'think you of the times? Will not 'theſe heavy taxes quite ruin the 'country? How ſhall we be ever able 'to pay them? What would you ad'viſe us to?' Father Abraham ſtood up, and replied—'If you would have 'my advice, I will give it you in ſhort; 'for, A word to the wiſe is enough, 'as poor Richard ſays.' They joined in deſiring him to ſpeak his mind; and, gathering round him, he proceeded as follows.

'Friends,' ſays he, 'the taxes are 'indeed very heavy; and if thoſe 'laid on by the government were the 'only ones we had to pay, we might 'more eaſily diſcharge them. But 'we have many others, and much 'more grievous to ſome of us. We 'are taxed twice as much by our idle'neſs, three times as much by our 'pride, and four times as much by 'our folly; and from theſe taxes the 'commiſſioners cannot eaſe or deli'ver us by allowing an abatement. 'However, let us hearken to good 'advice, and ſomething may be done 'for us; God helps them that help 'themſelves, as poor Richard ſays.

'It would be thought a hard govern'ment that ſhould tax it's people 'one-tenth part of their time, to be

'employed

'employed in it's ſervice: but idleneſs 'taxes many of us much more; ſloth, 'by bringing on diſeaſes, abſolutely 'ſhortens life. Sloth, like ruſt, con-'ſumes faſter than labour wears, 'while the uſed key is always bright, 'as poor Richard ſays. But doſt thou 'love life, then do not ſquander time, 'for that is the ſtuff life is made of, 'as Poor Richard ſays. How much 'more than is neceſſary do we ſpend 'in ſleep! forgetting, That the ſleep-'ing fox catches no poultry, and that 'there will be ſleeping enough in the 'grave, as poor Richard ſays. If 'time be of all things the moſt pre-'cious, waſting time muſt be, as Poor 'Richard ſays, the greateſt prodiga-'lity; ſince, as he elſewhere tells us, 'Loſt time is never found again; and 'what we call time enough always 'proves little enough: let us then up 'and be doing, and doing to the pur-'poſe; ſo by diligence we ſhall do more 'with leſs perplexity. Sloth makes 'all things difficult, but induſtry all 'eaſy; and, He that riſeth late, muſt 'trot all day, and ſhall ſcarcely over-'take his buſineſs at night; while la-'zineſs travels ſo ſlowly, that poverty 'ſoon overtakes him. Drive thy bu-'ſineſs, let not that drive thee; and 'Early to bed, and early to riſe, 'makes a man healthy, wealthy, and 'wiſe, as Poor Richard ſays.

'So what ſignifies wiſhing and hop-'ing for better times? We may make 'theſe times better if we beſtir our-'ſelves. Induſtry need not wiſh; and 'he that lives upon hope will die 'faſting. There are no gains with-'out pains; then Help, hands, for I 'have no lands; or, if I have, they are 'ſmartly taxed. He that hath a trade, 'hath an eſtate; and he that hath a 'calling, hath an office of profit and 'honour, as Poor Richard ſays; but 'then the trade muſt be worked at, 'and the calling well followed, or 'neither the eſtate nor the office will 'enable us to pay our taxes. If we 'are induſtrious we ſhall never ſtarve, 'for, At the working man's houſe 'hunger looks in, but dares not en-'ter. Nor will the bailiff or the con-'ſtable enter, for induſtry pays debts, 'while deſpair increaſeth them. 'What though you have found no 'treaſure, nor has any rich relation 'left you a legacy, diligence is the 'mother of good luck, and God gives 'all things to induſtry. Then plow 'deep, while ſluggards ſleep, and you 'ſhall have corn to ſell and to keep. 'Work while it is called to-day, for 'you know not how much you may 'be hindered to-morrow. One to-day 'is worth two to-morrows, as Poor 'Richard ſays; and, farther, Never 'leave that till to-morrow which you 'can do to-day. If you were a ſer-'vant, would you not be aſhamed that 'a good maſter ſhould catch you idle? 'Are you then your own maſter, be 'aſhamed to catch yourſelf idle, when 'there is ſo much to be done for 'yourſelf, your family, your country, 'and your king. Handle your tools 'without mittens; remember that 'The cat in gloves catches no mice, 'as Poor Richard ſays. It is true, 'there is much to be done, and per-'haps you are weak-handed; but 'ſtick to it ſteadily, and you will ſee 'great effects: for Conſtant dropping 'wears away ſtones; and by diligence 'and patience the mouſe eat in two 'the cable; and Little ſtrokes fell 'great oaks.

'Methinks I hear ſome of you ſay, "Muſt a man afford himſelf no lei-"ſure?" I will tell thee, my friend, 'what Poor Richard ſays: Employ 'thy time well, if thou meaneſt to 'gain leiſure; and ſince thou art not 'ſure of a minute, throw not away an 'hour. Leiſure is time for doing 'ſomething uſeful; this leiſure the 'diligent man will obtain, but the 'lazy man never; for, A life of lei-'ſure and a life of lazineſs are two 'things. Many, without labour, 'would live by their wits only, but 'they break for want of ſtock; where-'as induſtry gives comfort, plenty, 'and reſpect. Fly pleaſures, and they 'will follow you. The diligent ſpin-'ner has a large ſhift; and now I have

' a ſheep and a cow, every body bids
' me good-morrow.

' But with our induſtry we muſt
' likewiſe be ſteady, ſettled, and
' careful, and overſee our own affairs
' with our own eyes, and not truſt
' too much to others; for, as Poor
' Richard ſays—

" I never ſaw an oft-removed tree,
" Nor yet an oft-removed family,
" That throve ſo well as thoſe that ſettled be."

' And again, Three removes are as
' bad as a fire; and again, Keep thy
' ſhop, and thy ſhop will keep thee;
' and, again, If you would have your
' buſineſs done, go; if not, ſend. And
' again,

" He that by the plow would thrive,
" Himſelf muſt either hold or drive."

' And again, The eye of a maſter will
' do more work than both his hands;
' and, again, Want of care does us
' more damage than want of know-
' ledge; and, again, Not to overſee
' workmen, is to leave them your
' purſe open. Truſting too much to
' others care is the ruin of many; for,
' in the affairs of this world, men are
' ſaved, not by faith, but by the want
' of it: but a man's own care is pro-
' fitable; for, If you would have a
' faithful ſervant, and one that you
' like, ſerve yourſelf. A little neg-
' lect may breed great miſchief; for
' want of a nail the ſhoe was loſt;
' for want of a ſhoe the horſe was loſt;
' and for want of a horſe the rider
' was loſt, being overtaken and ſlain
' by the enemy; all for want of a lit-
' tle care about a horſe-ſhoe nail.

' So much for induſtry, my friends,
' and attention to one's own buſineſs;
' but to theſe we muſt add frugality,
' if we would make our induſtry
' more certainly ſucceſsful. A man
' may, if he knows not how to ſave as
' he gets, keep his noſe all his life at
' the grindſtone, and die not worth
' a groat at laſt. A fat kitchen makes
' a lean will; and—

" Many eſtates are ſpent in the getting,
" Since women for tea forſook ſpinning and
" knitting,
" And men for punch forſook hewing and
" ſplitting."

' If you would be wealthy, think of
' ſaving as well as of getting. The
' Indies have not made Spain rich,
' becauſe her outgoes are greater than
' her incomes.

' Away, then, with your expenſive
' follies, and you will not then have
' ſo much cauſe to complain of hard
' times, heavy taxes, and chargeable
' families; for—

" Women and wine, game and deceit,
" Make the wealth ſmall, and the want great."

' And, farther, What maintains one
' vice, would bring up two children.
' You may think, perhaps, that a lit-
' tle tea or a little punch now and
' then, diet a little more coſtly,
' cloaths a little finer, and a little en-
' tertainment now and then, can be
' no great matter; but remember,
' Many a little makes a mickle. Be-
' ware of little expences; A ſmall
' leak will ſink a great ſhip, as Poor
' Richard ſays; and, again, Who
' dainties love, ſhall beggars prove;
' and moreover, Fools make feaſts,
' and wiſe men eat them.

' Here you are all got together to this
' ſale of fineries and knick-knacks.
' You call them goods; but, if you do
' not take care, they will prove evils
' to ſome of you. You expect they will
' be ſold cheap; and perhaps they
' may, for leſs than they coſt: but if
' you have no occaſion for them, they
' muſt be dear to you. Remember
' what Poor Richard ſays: Buy what
' thou haſt no need of, and ere long
' thou ſhalt ſell thy neceſſaries. And
' again, At a great pennyworth pauſe
' a while. He means, that perhaps
' the cheapneſs is apparent only,
' and not real; or the bargain, by
' ſtraitening thee in thy buſineſs,
' may do thee more harm than good.
' For in another place he ſays, Ma-
' ny have been ruined by buying
' good pennyworths. Again, It is
' fooliſh to lay out money in a pur-
' chaſe of repentance; and yet this
' folly is practiſed every day at auc-
' tions, for want of minding the Al-
' manack. Many a one, for the ſake
' of finery on the back, have gone

' with

'with a hungry belly, and half ſtarved their families; Silks and ſattins, ſcarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen-fire, as poor Richard ſays. 'Theſe are not the neceſſaries of life; they can ſcarcely be called the conveniences; and yet only becauſe they look pretty, how many want to have them? By theſe and other extravagances, the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of thoſe whom they formerly deſpiſed, but who, through induſtry and frugality, have maintained their ſtanding; in which caſe it plainly appears, that A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees, as Poor Richard ſays. 'Perhaps they have had a ſmall eſtate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think, 'It is day, and will never be night; that a little to be ſpent out of ſo much is not worth minding; but 'Always taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, ſoon comes to the bottom, as Poor Richard ſays; and then, When the well is dry, they know the worth of water. 'But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice: 'If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow ſome; for He that goes a borrowing goes a ſorrowing, as Poor Richard ſays; and indeed ſo does he that lends to ſuch people, when he goes to get it again. Poor Dick farther adviſes, and ſays—

"Fond pride of dreſs is ſure a very curſe;
"Ere fancy you conſult, conſult your purſe."

'And again, Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more ſaucy. When you have bought one fine thing, you muſt buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick ſays, It is eaſier to ſuppreſs the firſt deſire, than to ſatisfy all that follow it: and it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to ſwell in order to equal the ox.

"Veſſels large may venture more,
"But little boats ſhould keep near ſhore."

'It is, however, a folly ſoon puniſhed; for, as Poor Richard ſays, Pride that dines on vanity, ſups on contempt; Pride breakfaſted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and ſupped with Infamy. And, after all, of what uſe is this pride of appearance, for which ſo much is riſked, ſo much is ſuffered? It cannot promote health, nor eaſe pain; it makes no increaſe of merit in the perſon, it creates envy, it haſtens misfortune.

'But what madneſs muſt it be to run in debt for theſe ſuperfluities? We are offered, by the terms of this ſale, ſix months credit; and that, perhaps, has induced ſome of us to attend it, becauſe we cannot ſpare the ready-money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah! think what you do when you run in debt; you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be aſhamed to ſee your creditor; you will be in fear when you ſpeak to him, you will make poor pitiful ſneaking excuſes, and, by degrees, come to loſe your veracity, and ſink into baſe, downright lying; for, The ſecond vice is lying, the firſt is running in debt, as poor Richard ſays: and, again, to the ſame purpoſe, Lying rides upon Debt's back; whereas a free-born Engliſhman ought not to be aſhamed nor afraid to ſee or ſpeak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all ſpirit and virtue. It is hard for an empty bag to ſtand upright. What would you think of that prince, or that government, who ſhould iſſue an edict forbidding you to dreſs like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of impriſonment or ſervitude? Would you not ſay that you were free, have a right to dreſs as you pleaſe, and that ſuch an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and ſuch a government tyrannical? And yet you are about to put yourſelf under that tyranny when you run in debt for ſuch dreſs! Your creditor has authority, at his

'pleaſure,

'pleaſure, to deprive you of your li-
'berty, by confining you in gaol
'for life, or by ſelling you for a ſer-
'vant, if you ſhould not be able to
'pay him. When you have got your
'bargain, you may, perhaps, think
'little of payment; but, as Poor Ri-
'chard ſays, Creditors have better
'memories than debtors; creditors
'are a ſuperſtitious ſect, great ob-
'ſervers of ſet days and times. The
'day comes round before you are a-
'ware, and the demand is made be-
'fore you are prepared to ſatisfy it;
'or, if you bear your debt in mind,
'the term, which at firſt ſeemed ſo
'long, will, as it leſſens, appear ex-
'tremely ſhort: Time will ſeem to
'have added wings to his heels as well
'as his ſhoulders. Thoſe have a ſhort
'Lent who owe money to be paid
'at Eaſter. At preſent, perhaps, you
'may think yourſelves in thriving
'circumſtances, and that you can
'bear a little extravagance without
'injury; but—

"For age and want ſave while you may,
"No morning ſun laſts a whole day!"

'Gain may be temporary and uncer-
'tain, but ever, while you live, ex-
'pence is conſtant and certain; and
'It is eaſier to build two chimnies
'than to keep one in fuel, as Poor
'Richard ſays: ſo, Rather go to bed
'ſupperleſs, than riſe in debt.

"Get what you can, and what you get hold;
"'Tis the ſtone that will turn all your lead
"into gold."

'And when you have got the philoſo-
'pher's ſtone, ſure you will no longer
'complain of bad times, or the diffi-
'culty of paying taxes.

'This doctrine, my friends, is rea-
'ſon and wiſdom: but, after all, do
'not depend too much upon your own
'induſtry, and frugality, and pru-
'dence, though excellent things, for
'they may all be blaſted, without the
'bleſſing of Heaven; and therefore
'aſk that bleſſing humbly, and be not
'uncharitable to thoſe that at preſent
'ſeem to want it, but comfort and
'help them. Remember, Job ſuffered,
'and was afterwards proſperous.

'And now, to conclude, Experi-
'ence keeps a dear ſchool, but fools
'will learn in no other, (as Poor Ri-
'chard ſays) and ſcarce in that; for
'it is true, We may give advice, but
'we cannot give conduct: however,
'remember this, They that will not
'be counſelled, cannot be helped;
'and farther, that, If you will not
'hear Reaſon, ſhe will ſurely rap your
'knuckles, as Poor Richard ſays.'

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it, and approved the doctrine—and immediately practiſed the contrary, juſt as if it had been a common ſermon; for the auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly. I found the good man had thoroughly ſtudied my Almanacks, and digeſted all I had dropt on theſe topics during the courſe of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me muſt have tired any one elſe; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conſcious that not a tenth part of the wiſdom was my own which he aſcribed to me, but rather the gleanings that I had made of the ſenſe of all ages and nations. However, I reſolved to be the better for the echo of it; and, though I had at firſt determined to buy ſtuff for a new coat, I went away, reſolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the ſame, thy profit will be as great as mine. I am, as ever, thine to ſerve thee,

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

CHARACTERS.

CHARACTERS,

WRITTEN BY MR. SAMUEL BUTLER,

AUTHOR OF HUDIBRAS.

XL.

A JEALOUS MAN

IS very unſettled in his mind, and full of doubts, whether he ſhould take his wife for better, or for worſe. He knows not what to make of himſelf, but fears his wife does, and that ſhe made him and his heir at a heat: his horns grow inward, and are very uneaſy and painful to his brain. He breaks his ſleep in watching opportunities to catch himſelf cuckold in the manner. He fancies himſelf regenerate in the body of his wife, and deſires nothing more than, with Cardan and Guſman, to know all the particulars and circumſtances of his own begetting. He beats his brains perpetually to try the hardneſs of his head, and find out how the callus improves from time to time. He breeds horns, as children do teeth, with much pain and unquietneſs; and (as ſome huſbands are ſaid to be) is ſick at the ſtomach, and pukes when his wife breeds. Her pleaſures become his pains, and, by an odd kind of ſympathy, the bobs ſhe receives below break out on his forehead, like a tobacco-pipe, that being knocked at one end breaks at the other. He ſeeks after his honour and ſatisfaction with the ſame ſucceſs as thoſe do that are robbed, who may, perhaps, find the thief, but ſeldom or never get their goods again. He throws croſs and pile, to prove himſelf a cuckold or not; and as the world is always apt to ſide with the worſt ſenſe, let his chance prove what it will, he plays at croſs you loſe, and pile I win. The remedies he takes to cure his jealouſy are worſe than the diſeaſe; for if his ſuſpicion be true, it is paſt cure; if falſe, he gives his wife juſt cauſe to make it true; for it is not the part of a virtuous woman to ſuffer her huſband knowingly to continue in an error.

XLI.

AN INSOLENT MAN

DOES miſchief, like a perſon of quality, merely for his ſport, and affronts a man voluntarily of his own free inclination, without any merit of his, or advantage of his own, or expectation of return, merely to pleaſe himſelf. The meaner his condition is, the more barbarous his inſolence appears; for vices in the rabble are like weeds, that grow rankeſt on a dunghill. He has no way to advance his own pride, or worth, as he takes it, but by treading with contempt and ſcorn upon others. If he is in authority, he does it not by the virtue, but vice of his place; and the more odious his carriage is, the more he ſuppoſes it becomes him and his authority. It is more notorious in baſe perſons than others, and moſt in ſlaves, as dogs, that uſed to be tied up, are fiercer when they are let looſe. He raiſes himſelf as high as his pride and vain-glory will bear him, that he may light the heavier upon thoſe that are under him; for he never meddles with others, unleſs he is ſure of the advantage, and knows how to come off. He treats men more rudely than the hangman, and wants his civility to aſk them pardon for the ill accommodation they are like to have from him. He uſes men the beſt way that he underſtands, and the worſt that they do; for when he thinks to appear braveſt, they eſteem him the veriеſt wretch in the world. He is a ſmall petty tyrant; and in that is ſo much the worſe; for the meaneſt tyrannies are always the moſt inſufferable, as the thinner the air is, the more it pierces. He is a diſſenting brother to humanity, and as zealouſly barbarous in civil affairs, as others are made by their churches. His compoſition is nothing but pride and choler, and he is hot in the fourth degree,

degree, which is the next door but one, on the left-hand as you go, to poiſon. The only way to deal with him is to deſpiſe him; for no wiſe man will be mad, if he can help it, becauſe he is bitten by a mad-dog.

XLII.

THE RASH MAN

HAS a fever in his brain, and therefore is rightly ſaid to be hot-headed. His reaſon and his actions run down hill, borne headlong by his unſtaid will. He has not patience to conſider, and perhaps it would not be the better for him if he had; for he is ſo poſſeſſed with the firſt apprehenſion of any thing, that whatſoever comes after loſes the race, and is prejudged. All his actions, like ſins, lead him perpetually to repentance, and from thence to the place from whence they came, to make more work for repentance; for though he be corrected never ſo often, he is never amended, nor will his haſte give him time to call to mind where it made him ſtumble before; for he is always upon full ſpeed, and the quickneſs of his motions takes away and dazzles the eyes of his underſtanding. All his deſigns are like diſeaſes, with which he is taken ſuddenly before he is aware, and whatſoever he does is extempore, without premeditation; for he believes a ſudden life to be the beſt of all, as ſome do a ſudden death. He purſues things, as men do an enemy upon a retreat, until he is drawn into an ambuſh for want of heed and circumſpection. He falls upon things as they lie in his way, as if he ſtumbled at them, or his foot ſlipped and caſt him upon them; for he is commonly foiled, and comes off with bruiſes. He engages in buſineſs, as men do in duels, the ſooner the better, that, if any evil come of it, they may not be found to have ſlept upon it, or conſulted with an effeminate pillow in point of honour and courage. He ſtrikes when he is hot himſelf, not when the iron is ſo, which he deſigns to work upon. His tongue has no retentive faculty, but is always running like a fool's drivel. He cannot keep it within compaſs, but it will be always upon the ramble, and playing of tricks upon a frolick, fancying of paſſes upon religion, ſtate, and the perſons of thoſe that are in preſent authority, no matter how, to whom, or where; for his diſcretion is always out of the way when he has occaſion to make uſe of it.

ANECDOTES OF DORION,

A CELEBRATED MUSICIAN.

DORION is mentioned by Plutarch as a flute-player, who had made ſeveral changes in the muſic of his time, and who was head of a ſect of performers, that militated againſt another ſect of practical muſicians, of which Antigenides was the chief; a proof that theſe two maſters were cotemporaries and rivals. Dorion, though much celebrated as a great muſician and poet by Athenæus, is better known to poſterity as a voluptuary. Both his muſic and poetry are loſt; however, many of his pleaſantries are preſerved. Being at Milo, a city of Egypt, and not able to procure a lodging, he enquired of a prieſt, who was ſacrificing in a chapel, to what divinity it was dedicated; who anſwered—'To Jupiter 'and Neptune.'—'How ſhould I be 'able,' ſays Dorion, 'to get a lodg-'ing in a place where even the gods 'are obliged to lie double?' Supping one night with Nicoereon, in the iſland of Cyprus, and admiring a rich gold cup that was placed on the ſide-board —'The goldſmith will make you juſt 'ſuch another,' replied the prince, 'whenever you pleaſe!'—'He will 'obey your orders much better than 'mine,

'mine, Sir,' ſays Dorion; 'ſo let me 'have that, and do you beſpeak ano-'ther!'

The remark of Athenæus upon this reply is, that Dorion acted againſt the proverb, which ſays that—

'To flute-players Nature gave brains, there's 'no doubt;
'But, alas! 'tis in vain, for they ſoon blow them 'out.'

On hearing the deſcription of a tempeſt, in the Nauplius of Timotheus, Dorion ſaid he had ſeen a much better in a boiling cauldron.

Having loſt a large ſhoe at a banquet, which he wore on account of his foot being violently ſwelled by the gout —'The only harm I wiſh the thief,' ſaid he, 'is, that my ſhoe may fit him.' This, it may be obſerved, would be a ſtrange accident at a modern feaſt; but will not appear extraordinary, when we conſider that it was then the cuſtom to eat in a reclining poſture; and that all the gueſts pulled off their ſhoes, that the couches might not be dirtied.

The wit and talents of Dorion made amends for his gluttony, and he was a welcome gueſt wherever he went. Philip of Macedon, in order to enliven his parties of pleaſure, and enſure mirth and conviviality, uſed frequently to invite him, with Ariſtonicus the citharift.

THE ADVENTURES OF A PEN.

AS biography is a branch of ſcience that has always claimed the regard of the ſenſible and diſcerning in the moſt enlightened ages; on account of it's being both inſtructing and pleaſing, I hope to be excuſed in laying before the public a ſeries of adventures, which will be found at leaſt uncommon, if not intereſting. I ſhall therefore, without farther apology, enter on my own hiſtory, and relate the moſt material events that have befallen me, from the earlieſt part of my exiſtence to this day.

The firſt thing I can remember, is my being, a long time ſince, ſituated on the wing of my parent, with four of my brethren, on a large common in Lincolnſhire. Here we lived in great amity with each other for ſeveral months, being carefully placed by my mother's ſide continually, and invigorated by the warmth of her body, till we ripened into full growth and firmneſs, and were capable of aſſiſting her in the various employments of her ſtation.

We frequently enabled her to eſcape her purſuers, by running when ſlightly attacked; and carried her aloft in the air, when any imminent danger threatened.

At length, however, a dreadful cataſtrophe happened to my mother, and about thirty more of her companions. She was caught, with the reſt, in ſpite of the utmoſt efforts we could make for her reſcue, inhumanly ſtripped, while alive, of us her offſpring, and then turned out, almoſt naked and defenceleſs, with her fellow-ſufferers, on the ſame common which had been the place of her birth.

This account may, perhaps, be looked on as fictitious by many of my readers; but I can aſſure them that it is the general practice in that humane and polite country; and that many of our ſpecies have been claimed as tythes by ſome of the pious tribe of Aaron, to reward the pains they are at in implanting the principles of humanity and benevolence in the tender-hearted inhabitants.

But to return. Myſelf and brethren were violently torn from her bleeding ſides, (without the leaſt regard to her moving cries and writhing anguiſh) and put into a baſket by an old woman, where we found a number of our ſpecies in the ſame ſtate of ſlavery. Here we condoled with each other on our hard fate, in the hands of unpitying enemies, and expoſed defenceleſs to the unknown inſults of unfeeling barbarity. In a ſhort time we were ſhut up in cloſe durance, and deprived of air, light, and water, for many

many days. At length we were huddled promiſcuouſly together in a large hamper, and put into the Stilton waggon for London.

On our arrival there, we were carried to a large dealer in our ſpecies, who purchaſed us at a low price, and turned us into a room amongſt thouſands of companions, who had arrived there before us. Here we paſſed the night under various apprehenſions of our fate, till the approach of morning, which put an end to our conjectures, by the experience of ſuch horrid tortures as could not have been exceeded by a Nero or Caligula.

Soon after ſun-riſing, the tyrant who had bought us came into our apartment with a fierce countenance, accompanied with two or three of his myrmidons at his heels. He ſoon laid hold of ſeveral companies of us, which were ſeparately bound up with cords, and conveyed us into another room, where was a large fire, and a cauldron over it filled with boiling liquor.

I apprehended we were going to ſuffer ſome new calamity; but how great was my horror, when my cruel maſter, with me, and about five hundred of my companions in his arms, approached the reeking vaſe, and threw us into the boiling fluid that filled it! The act was ſo ſudden, that, had it been in our power, we had no time to reſiſt; therefore, as ſoon as we felt the piercing heat, we endeavoured to keep above the ſurface.

But even this poor ſolace was denied us by our cruel maſter, who preſſed us down in the liquor till it had penetrated every part of our frame, and nearly deſtroyed our texture. Words are too faint to expreſs the anguiſh we felt in this Tartarian gulph, wherein we were almoſt reduced to a jelly. At length, however, we were releaſed from our torment, and thrown by to cool at leiſure. But this was only a temporary reſpite from one ſuffering to another; for in a ſhort ſpace of time we were ſeized, and condemned to paſs the night in a hot oven. Soon as we approached the dreadful mouth, our fine filaments began to ſhrink; but when we were incloſed in the horrid cavity, our tender bodies were ſcorched to that degree, that our texture was again almoſt deſtroyed. Our ſkins were ſhrunk, parched, and ſhrivelled, like thoſe of the inhabitants of Madagaſcar, or the ſwarthy inhabitants who dwell under the torrid zone. Here we ſuffered the moſt intolerable anguiſh, while the piercing heat dried up all our fluids, and melted our very marrow; yet we found no end of our being, but ſtill ſurvived to undergo new torments from another maſter. By degrees the heat abated; and in the morning, being releaſed from our confinement, myſelf, and ninety-nine more of my companions, were diſpoſed of, as a ſample of our colony, to an eminent ſtationer in Fleet Street. On our arrival there, we were mixed with a vaſt number of our ſpecies in a back room, where we enjoyed a longer reſpite from miſery than we had known ſince our firſt captivity.

At length, however, a ſtrange kind of a being, called an Author, came; and, with an odd mien and geſture, looked us over, and purchaſed a ſcore of us, whom he took home with him to his lodgings. Our new maſter lived in an unfrequented court, in an exalted region, vulgarly called an uncieled garret.

Here we were exempt from the terrors of heat, and enjoyed every advantage that a free circulation of air could ſupply; there being a great many fiſſures in the dome, through which 'Favonius breath'd his gentle 'gales,' and cooling rains deſcended. A window towards the eaſt (whoſe fractured quarries proclaimed the ravages of time) admitted a dim, ſhadowy light, over the whole manſion. Here our maſter entering, threw us down in a kind of extaſy, muttering hard ſentences, which we knew not, with a vociferous accent, while his eyes and hands were rolled and thrown about in the moſt extravagant attitudes and geſtures. We ſoon perceived on the floor the ſcattered fragments of many of our ſpecies, cut, hacked,

hacked, and torn into piece-meal. This greatly alarmed me, and gave me the firſt ſuſpicion of thoſe unheard-of tortures we were ſhortly to undergo.

But we had not long to reflect on the ſcene; for our maſter ſoon unbound us, and ſqueezed our bodies alternately, without pity; till, finding one of my companions more robuſt than the reſt, he laid him on the table before him. Then with uplifted eyes, and in a tone of exultation, he exclaimed—'Thou ſhalt be the inſtru-'ment of raiſing me to the pinnacle 'of fame, and of encircling my brows 'with unfading laurels.'

Inſtantly taking a ſmall knife out of his pocket, (being the only thing he had now left in it) he catched up my companion, and ſcraped his body till no part of the ſkin was left on him, and the very ſinews lay bare. Then making a dreadful inciſion in the lower part of his belly, he drew out his entrails entire; after which he ſplit him up the back, and ſharpened him to a point. But it happening that the fiſſure in his back was a little jagged, he threw him aſide in a rage, and immediately catched up me. I then ſuffered the like excoriating and mutilating operations, notwithſtanding all my endeavours to evade the edge of his cruel knife. Now having loſt my lower parts, I was metamorphoſed into a new being, although not deprived of my exiſtence, and ſtuck erect in a broken phial of black liquor before him, to be 'the inſtru-'ment of raiſing him to the pinnacle 'of fame.' As the delicacy of my frame and pliant diſpoſition pleaſed him, I was carefully preſerved as his favourite ſervant, and employed by him in numerous offices, though ſeldom to any good purpoſe.

But, notwithſtanding this, I was ſtill far from being happy; for ſometimes, in the midſt of his lucubrations, he would hold me ſo near the fire, that I was almoſt ſcorched; and at other times, when he had racked his brains ineffectually for a new thought, or a poignant remark, he would gripe me between his teeth till I was near periſhing. However, on the whole, I enjoyed more eaſe than formerly, although I was generally employed on hard duty, which ſo injured my lower parts, that the operation of the knife was frequently wanting.

As my maſter was a manufacturer of paragraphs to fill up barren newſpapers, I have often related robberies and murders that were never committed; brought many perſons to the altar of Hymen, who perhaps had never ſeen each other; conſigned numbers to the tomb, who, for aught I knew, were in perfect health; and related many private tranſactions, intrigues, gallantries, and *tête-à-tête* converſations, which had no exiſtence but in the addled brains of my maſter.

I have alſo been of ſingular uſe to him in artfully endeavouring to render vice pleaſing, and folly venerable; in making virtue the object of ridicule, or at leaſt to enforce her precepts with ſuch languor and coolneſs, as evinced my maſter not to have been her real friend.

Sometimes, indeed, I have promoted vice without hypocriſy, in deſcribing the moſt picturеſque ſcenes of lewdneſs and debauchery tranſacted in ſtews, brothels, night-cellars, and bagnios, in terms beſt calculated to awaken licentious paſſions in mankind. At other times, in the character of a learned divine, I have made commentaries on the ſacred text for hire, and puffed off my erudite performances with the dignified title of a doctor of divinity. In ſhort, I have been a perfect Proteus in my employment ever ſince I became the ſlave of this mercenary hireling, whoſe daily bread I was the means of procuring, at the expence of every honourable conſideration.

However, being by continual duty reduced to a ſtate of incapacity for delicate ſervice, I one day chanced to diſgorge a conſiderable quantity of the black virulent fluid of his ink-

horn on the fair copy of a petition to a certain great man for political employment. This put him in ſuch a rage, that he threw me inſtantly out of the caſement that ſtood open before him. My natural levity occaſioned me to make a ſlow deſcent; and a young lady paſſing by at that inſtant, I ſafely lodged myſelf in the hood of her capuchin.

This lady was the daughter of an old citizen, a perfect miſer; and had a ſecret correſpondence with a young officer in the guards, whoſe perſonal accompliſhments, though they gained the affections of the daughter, were not beheld in the ſame amiable light by the old gentleman; for this plain reaſon, becauſe they were oppoſite to his own. He was deſcended from a good family, was very genteel in his perſon, extremely affable in his converſation, a man of ſtrict honour, and who deteſted a mean action. He had, however, the misfortune to be the younger brother of a numerous family, and was to ſeek his fortune in the field of honour.

Dorus (for ſo I ſhall call him) had frequently ſeen the lady in one of the green-boxes of Covent Garden theatre, and between the acts had employed his time ſo effectually, as to gain an entire poſſeſſion of her heart. Her father having received intelligence of the affair, took it into his head that ſhe might probably elope; therefore, on her return from the milliner's, where ſhe had been that morning, he thought proper to confine her to her room, and to deprive her of the uſe of all my ſpecies. In this ſolitude ſhe ſpent the day, without the poſſibility of informing her dear Dorus of her impriſonment; but in the evening, when ſhe was folding up her capuchin, I fell out on the table before her, and my unexpected preſence filled her with the greateſt tranſport. She inſtantly catched me up, regarding me as a valuable treaſure, and preſſing me to her lips with extaſy, carefully lodged me in a private drawer for future uſe. Next day ſhe requeſted ſome black cherries, which being ſent up to her, ſhe employed me, in conjunction with the juice, to inform her dear charmer where ſhe was confined. But as ſhe was folding up the letter, her father unexpectedly entering, ſaw me lying on the table, and in a fit of paſſion, vented in ſevere exclamations, catched me up, and put me in his coat-pocket.

The firſt uſe I was put to after I fell into the hands of Gripus, (my new maſter) was to diſinherit my fair miſtreſs. This was a taſk greatly againſt my will to perform; but I was a mere machine, and incapable of reſiſting. But I had ſoon after the ſatisfaction to find, that the old gentleman's revenge recoiled upon himſelf; for having both wills before him, he in the heat of his paſſion threw that in which his daughter was diſinherited into the fire, and carefully lodged the former, in which ſhe was appointed ſole legatee, in his ſtrong box. After this I was employed in making contracts, and ſigning receipts for intereſt on bonds to young tradeſmen, at the rate of twenty per cent, till I became unfit for uſe, and was thrown by, totally neglected.

At laſt, however, one day, ſome coals happening to fall into the dripping-pan, while the meat was roaſting, the cook catched me up as I lay in the corner, to ſweep them out, and placed me on the ſide of the fender. A kitten being in the room, and attracted by the gravy that hung about me, catched me up in her jaws, and with hideous roaring ran into the dining-room, and conveyed me under a bureau. Here ſhe mumbled me till my upper parts were almoſt deſtroyed; but ſtill I ſurvived, and remained there neglected many months, till at length the death of my maſter occaſioned a general removal of the furniture. It was then that I was found by the ſcullion, who being engaged in an amour with an Iriſh chairman, wanted to ſend him an aſſignation that very evening. After ſhe had wrote her billet-doux, ſhe left me in her chamber

chamber by a parcel of paper; and while ſhe was abſent in the morning, I employed myſelf, for the firſt time, in writing this narrative of my own adventures, which you will pleaſe to inſert in your Magazine of Wit. I am your friend and benefactor at command,

A PEN.

SPEECH OF LAWYER BRIEF.

MY LORD, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY,

THERE are a ſet of men in the world, of ſuch a tedious, tireſome, trifling, troubleſome habitude, temper, and diſpoſition of mind, that they perplex, confound, entangle, and puzzle, every circumſtance in every cauſe which they undertake, protect, defend, and juſtify. Inſtead of coming to the point, matter, buſineſs, or debate, they deviate, vary, waver, and fly off therefrom. When we expect truth, ſatisfaction, conviction, and deciſion, we find, perceive, obſerve, and remark, nothing but uncertainty, ambiguity, doubtfulneſs, and difficulty. This, my lord, I humbly apprehend, conceive, think, preſume, and ſurmiſe, is owing to tediouſneſs and prolixity; the nature, genius, and extent of which, I ſhall conſider, weigh, examine, expiſcate, and ſcrutinize. In the firſt place, then, I ſhall ſhew, prove, and demonſtrate, the nature of tediouſneſs and prolixity, by ſhewing, proving, and demonſtrating, that there is nothing ſo unnatural; for the buſineſs of a tongue, utterance, ſpeech, or language, is to come to the point, argument, contemplation, or queſtion, at once, point-blank, ſlap-daſh, and conciſely, without any prevarication, equivocation, retardation, or circumbendibus whatſoever. And now, in the ſecond, ſucceeding, following place, point, and preliminary, I come to promulgate the genius of tediouſneſs and prolixity; which is done, effected, performed, and brought about, by manifeſting that they have no genius at all: and ſo far from any men of genius making uſe of them, none but your egregious, abſurd, ridiculous dolts, dunderheads, and blockheads, ever admit, acknowledge, receive, or embrace, any ſuch notions, ideas, maxims, principles, or tenets. Thirdly, my lord, I beg leave, according to order, form, ſeries, and ſucceſſion, to animadvert upon the extent of tediouſneſs and prolixity; and this is managed by demonſtrating that it is infinite and without bounds, and conſequently can have no extent at all. And now, my lord, I will open the cauſe, ſpring, origin, fountain, riſe, and foundation, of theſe vices, which is Tautology; which is the ſpeaking, ſaying, delivering, uttering, pronouncing, divulging, declaring, remarking, obſerving, repeating, or expreſſing, the ſame identical, individual thing, an hundred, and an hundred, and an hundred, and an hundred, and an hundred, and an hundred hundred hundred times over. And now, my lord, I beg leave, pardon, permiſſion, and ſufferance, to lay down only ſix and fifty particulars: every particular, my lord, ſhall conſiſt of only ſeventy-two diviſions; every diviſion ſhall comprehend, contain, and conſiſt of only eighty-two ſubdiviſions; every ſub-diviſion ſhall be concluded with the ſix and fortieth article; and every article ſhall conſume, expend, and coſt, no more than an hour and a half.

Here the court was out of all manner of patience; and the judge, with great indignation, put a period to a diſcourſe, which, if the lawyer's tongue had been immortal, might have laſted to all eternity.

STORY

STORY OF A GHOST.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

THE illuſtrious houſe of Hohenloe has many branches, each of which are ſovereigns in their own eſtates. A young count of that family, being ſent by his father to Paris, with a view of giving him an opportunity of improving his manners by obtaining the poliſh of France, arrived there with a number of domeſtics. He had a bill of credit for ten thouſand crowns drawn on a banker, who had enriched himſelf in the ſervice of that houſe, probably in the poſt of a ſteward. This complaiſant and reſpectful perſon being informed by letter of the arrival of the ſon of his old maſter, waited with impatience to give him an apartment in his own houſe, which was a very magnificent edifice. But the young count, knowing that he was old, and from thence judging that his diſpoſition could not be very agreeable to one of his age, did not think proper to alight at the banker's; but took a furniſhed apartment, as a place in which, without minding any body, he might freely enjoy his liberty in the moſt agreeable manner. A young officer of a noble family had alſo taken lodgings in the ſame houſe; but his ordinary reſidence was in any part of the town where he knew there were pretty girls. He was briſk, ſprightly, and had an inexhauſtible ſource of humour; and, in one word, filled up with great dignity the ſtation of a muſqueteer. He ſoon took notice of our German count; and remarking he had ſtill the ruſt of his ancient Teutonic caſtle, he reſolved to give him ſome leſſons of debauchery.

The young Hohenloe, on becoming the muſqueteer's pupil, made a rapid progreſs in a little time. What an edifying ſchool! The muſqueteer initiated him into the myſteries of what he called true ſcience, by teaching him the manner of anſwering to ſome purpoſe the calls of indulgent nature. Muſic, ſhews, plays, excellent wine, and handſome women, could not fail of rendering theſe calls more frequent and more agreeable to perſons of ſuch exalted intellects. The young count, who admired the muſqueteer as one of the greateſt men that had ever appeared upon earth, (for the Germans are in love with thoſe of an exalted genius;) the young count, I ſay, who advanced in the courſe which his maſter had ſet before him with the ſtrides of a giant, had no other than the ſame taſtes and the ſame inclinations. The preceptor, after a ſerious application on the theſes of what is eſſentially beautiful, invented a coat in a new taſte, and the diſciple had like to have thrown his taylor out of the window becauſe he brought him one home which was not exactly like that of his illuſtrious pedagogue. The muſqueteer had a miſtreſs of about nineteen years old, brown, of a ſmall ſtature, briſk and lively. The German preparing himſelf to love with all his might, ſearched the middle and all the four corners of Paris, to obtain a miſtreſs who perfectly reſembled her; but not being able to find one, his regard for his maſter increaſed to ſuch a degree, as rendered them inſeparable. But, alas! it became neceſſary for them to part; he died, and the muſqueteer had not the ſmalleſt inclination to follow him.

The Count Hohenloe, on his death-bed, gave the muſqueteer his letter-caſe, and the keys of his cheſts, to deliver them to his banker, whom the infatuation of his pleaſures had prevented him from ſeeing. He had made no uſe of his bills of credit, as death had not given him time to ſpend the ready-money he had brought with him. The poor young man having given his laſt ſigh, the muſqueteer made the neceſſary preparations for his funeral. While things were in this ſituation, there arrived two Engliſh noblemen at the

the ſame houſe. They were placed in a chamber adjoining to that in which the dead body was laid, and out of which it had been removed. They could only allow one bed for them both, all the others being engaged; but as the weather was cold, and they were friends, they made no difficulty of lying together.

In the middle of the night, one of the two not being able to ſleep, and, growing weary of his bed, aroſe in order to amuſe himſelf in the kitchen, where he heard ſome people talking. He had diverted himſelf there for ſome time, when being willing to return from whence he came, he again went up ſtairs; but, inſtead of entering his own chamber, went into that of the deceaſed count, over whoſe face they had only thrown a cloth. There is not ſo much ceremony uſed in France, in the management of their dead, as in England and Germany; for they are there ſatisfied with ſhewing their affection to the living. The Engliſh nobleman having put out his candle, laid down boldly by the defunct: when creeping as cloſe to him as poſſible, in order to warm himſelf, and finding his bedfellow colder than himſelf, he began to mutter—'What the devil's the 'matter, my friend? you are as cold 'as ice. I will lay a wager, numbed 'as you are, you would have been 'warm enough if you had but ſeen 'the pretty girl that is below ſtairs. 'Come, you may take my word for 'it,' added he, pulling him by the arm; 'come, zounds! ſtir; I'll engage 'you ſhall have her for a guinea.' While he was holding this fine converſation with the dead, who, detached from the things of this world, did not even give himſelf the trouble of making him a reply, his chamber-door was opened, which made him raiſe his head from the pillow to ſee who was coming in. But judge what muſt be his ſurpriſe, when he ſaw a ſervant lighting in a joiner, who carried a coffin on his ſhoulders! He thought at firſt that he had been in a dream; but looking about him, and ſeeing the viſage of one who had not ſpoke a word, a viſage overſpread with a mortal paleneſs, he made but one jump from the bed into the middle of the chamber. The joiner and the maid were immediately perſuaded that it was the corpſe; who, being unwilling to be ſhut up in the coffin, was now playing his gambols. Their legs were unable to move with a ſwiftneſs proportionable to their fear; and the joiner, maid, coffin, and candleſtick, rolled one over another from the top of the ſtairs down into the kitchen. 'Zoons! what are you all about?' cried the landlord. 'What, is the devil 'flying away with the dead man?'—'Mercy on us!' cried the maid, quite chap-fallen, 'it is rather the dead 'man that would run away with us.'—'I am the ſon of a bitch,' ſaid the joiner, 'if that dead man there has 'any more occaſion for a coffin than 'I have! Why he is got into the mid-'dle of the room, and has juſt ſtruck 'up a hornpipe.'—'The devil he 'has!' cried the landlord, taking a light; 'faith, we will ſoon ſee that.'

While all the family were trembling and getting ready to follow the maſter of the houſe, the Engliſh nobleman, who had found again his chamber, had ſlipped into bed, quite out of breath; and his friend having aſked him where he had been, he told him that he had juſt been lying with a dead body. ''Sblood! a 'dead body! It had, perhaps, the 'plague!' cried he, jumping in his turn out of bed, and running to the door to call for a light. The landlord, the landlady, and ſervants, who were paſſing through the gallery, no ſooner ſaw him, than they imagined that it was the dead who appeared again. What confuſion! what ſhrieks! what clamours! The Engliſhman, terrified at the hideous noiſe, ran into his room, and ſlipped into bed to his companion, without the leaſt fear of catching the plague. In the mean time, an honeſt country prieſt, who lodged in the inn, got up, and appeared armed with holy water, and a long broom inſtead of a little bruſh.

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He made his aſperſions, and the conjurations preſcribed by the Romiſh Church, and conducted, by way of proceſſion, the terrified, trembling people, into the chamber of the defunct; who, thinking no harm, lay quietly in bed. The prieſt was inſtantly regarded as a ſaint, who had bound the corpſe to it's good behaviour, and prevented it's being refractory.

The muſqueteer arrived at the time appointed for the funeral. Twenty voices at a time related to him the dead man's behaviour in the night; and he was of too humorous a diſpoſition not to ſtrengthen ſtill more the frightful ideas they had imbibed.

The funeral being performed, and the prieſt, ſexton, ſervants, and landlord, paid, the muſqueteer went two days after to pay a viſit to the banker. He ſent in word that he came by the deſire of the Count de Hohenloe, as it was natural he ſhould, to deliver up his effects; but the good man underſtood that this was that young lord himſelf. He had been extremely impatient to ſee him, and we may eaſily imagine with what tender eagerneſs he ran to the perſon he took for him, as well as the aſtoniſhment of the muſqueteer to find himſelf ſtifled in the arms of the old man, whom he ſuſpected of being arrived at his years of dotage. What a ſtrange incident! He at laſt diſcovered the banker was under a miſtake, and had taken him for the count: on which he reſolved to perſonate him, and to form his behaviour on the error of the people of the inn, as to his return from the other world. 'Quick,' cried the banker, 'a ſeat 'for my lord the count. Adſbud! 'how old you make me!' added he: 'when I left my lord your father's 'court, you was but juſt ſo high. 'Pray, dear my lord, ſit in that eaſy-'chair.'—'It is no matter,' ſaid the muſqueteer, 'for I muſt return back 'into the other world.'—'What do 'you mean?' ſaid the good old man; 'have you a mind to joke with me?— 'My dear, have you given orders for 'the bringing a bottle of champaign, 'for us to be drinking while we wait 'for ſupper?'—'Sir,' ſaid the muſqueteer, interrupting him in a dejected air, 'the dead do not drink; and I 'have drank ſo much while I was a-'live, that I am to ſuffer the penance 'of not drinking now I am dead!'— 'Ods-heart!' cried the good man, 'I 'ſee very well that my lord the count 'is a wag, for he has a mind to perſuade me that he is dead, and then 'to railly me for believing it. Come, 'come,' continued he, 'let me ſhew 'you the apartment I have prepared 'for you.'—'Alas, Sir,' replied the pretended count, 'I have one in St. Euſtache's church-yard, where I am buried.'—'But really, now,' ſaid the 'banker,—'what does all this mean? 'Pray put an end to this diſagreeable 'raillery, and taſte the wine.'—'Upon 'my conſcience, I cannot!' replied the falſe Hohenloe; 'the dead, as I have 'told you, have loſt all reliſh for it.'

The banker's wife, who had laid by her work, and through her ſpectacles was examining with fear and trembling the pretended ſpirit, ſaid in a low voice—'I have heard a great deal 'about apparitions; if this ſhould be 'one!'—'My dear, I know better,' replied the old man, with a good deal of confuſion. 'Yes, Sir,' reſumed the muſqueteer, 'I died in the city of 'Rouen, at a houſe near the new 'bridge; and am buried in St. Euſtache's church-yard. If you de-'ſire a fuller proof of it, here is my 'letter-caſe, which I have brought 'with me, with a bill of credit for 'ten thouſand crowns. Here is alſo 'a purſe, in which are thirty louis 'd'ors. You muſt be ſenſible that a 'young man, if he was not dead, 'would not tender you this money, 'ſince that is a thing he can never 'have too much of: but at preſent, 'inſtead of money, wine, and women, '(who are very handſome at Paris) 'I have occaſion for nothing but 'prayers.'

At theſe words the pretended deceaſed made his eſcape from the banker, who almoſt reſolved to run after him, and was left in very great aſtoniſhment

niſhment at ſuch a viſit. As to the wife, ſhe was extremely terrified; ſhe maintained that they had been talking with a ſpirit, and confirmed this opinion by aſſerting that when he went out he had eyes of fire. The banker, on his ſide, inſiſted upon it that his wife was a fool; and that by ſome accident or other, unknown to him, the count had loſt his ſenſes: and therefore, to ſatisfy himſelf in this point, went to get better information at the city of Rouen.

As ſoon as he arrived at the place, he aſked the miſtreſs of the houſe to tell him where he might ſee the Count de Hohenloe. 'Alas!' replied ſhe, in a doleful tone, 'he is dead, and is buried in St. Euſtache.' At the word Euſtache, the banker ſtarted, and continued ſhrunk all of a heap; but at laſt recovering himſelf, he followed the good woman into the chamber where the deceaſed had been laid, when the firſt thing that ſtruck his ſight was a coat like that in which the muſqueteer had appeared at his houſe, and which the young count had ordered to be made in imitation of it. There needed no more to convince the banker that the count was really dead. 'Bleſs me, Madam!' ſaid he to the landlady, 'look! ſee! there's 'the coat he had on when he came 'to bring me this letter-caſe, and 'theſe keys.'—'O Lord ha'mercy!' cried ſhe, joining her hands, 'he walks 'ſtill then. The poor young man 'ſuffers ſorely; aye, and I will warrant 'has great need of prayers. It is 'theſe curſed ladies of Paris that 'have thruſt him into purgatory.'—'Explain yourſelf, Madam,' ſaid the old man; 'did he appear in your houſe 'as well as in mine?'—'Appear! aye 'marry did he!' replied the hoſteſs: 'why we really thought that, the 'evening before he was buried, he 'would have turned the houſe upſide 'down, and that we ſhould never have 'been able to get him into his grave.'

The banker no ſooner returned home, than ſinking into an arm-chair, he continued looking wildly at his wife. She was terrified, and did not ceaſe importuning him with her queſtions. At laſt he cried out—'There is nothing more true than 'that he is dead, and walks about 'every where. I have ſeen the coat 'he had on when he came here.'—'Oh! oh!' cried the banker's wife, ſeeking for her gloves and her muff, 'no longer will I ſtay in this houſe. 'I ſtay in a houſe that is haunted 'by dead ghoſts! No, Sir, do not 'think any ſuch matter: theſe are 'the viſits that your fine acquaint-'ance with the lords of Hohenloe 'have brought upon you!'

This ſaid, ſhe ran to communicate her fears and apprehenſions to a neighbour. The miſtreſs of the lodging, on her ſide, ſet up her throat againſt her huſband, telling him that ſhe would ſtay no longer in a houſe where ſhe was expoſed to the inſults of the dead and that all their cuſtomers would go and lodge elſewhere; for as how they would not care to have a ghoſt live amongſt them, or make a jeſt of them by his frolicks. As to the muſqueteer, he hugged himſelf; and it was comical enough to ſee him enquire coolly into the circumſtances of an affair of which he was the hero; taking care, however, not to appear before the banker.

THE PICTURE OF WHIMSICAL WORTHY, ESQ.

AN ORIGINAL.

HE does not by his height appear to have ſprung from a race of giants, and yet is tall enough to be better than Alexander the Great. His body is made like another man's; but then his head is ſo replete with maggots, that if he had not had the happineſs of having a ſkull that is extremely thick, they had certainly eat their way through it long ago. He

is a compleat maſter of the art of being ill in a ſtate of health, and ſent twice for a phyſician that lived at thirty miles diſtance from him to cure him of a great weakneſs in his little-toe. He loves thoſe people dearly who think juſt as he does; and, in matters of eating, drinking, ſtudy, and diverſion, no man in England likes better to have his own humour. He is vaſtly ſingular in his conduct on ſeveral accounts; and ſo exceſſively addicted to paſſion, that when he has been angry at another perſon, he cannot be content with that, but will likewiſe be angry at himſelf afterwards. He has been at the univerſity, and yet has ſo little wit—at London, too, and yet has ſo much ill-breeding—as to think that ſwearing and talking tawdry in converſation are great faults. Nay, he is ſo remarkably clowniſh and deficient in thoſe elegances and and rhetorical flouriſhes, that he has been known to take three pinches of ſnuff, and talk a dozen ſentences to a handſome young lady who ſmiled upon him, without curſing himſelf once. He dances on a proper occaſion with as much pleaſure as any beau in the kingdom; and yet is ſo very, very good, that it is thought, if he was tried, he would certainly ſay his prayers twice even upon the wedding-day. He is ſo weak, as ſometimes, in a manner, to aſk pardon of his own ſervant; and yet at other times ſo rude and reſolute as, merely becauſe he thinks there is reaſon for it, to contradict a lady. He loves money dearly, but mortally hates all the ways of geting it; and, it is believed, would never have been the man he is, if his anceſtors had not been born before him. The fellow, in the opinion of ſome queer people, does not want ſenſe, and yet is ſo utterly void of complaiſance, that many queſtion whether he would tell a lye, though to excuſe his miſtreſs. He keeps company with women as if he was in love with the whole ſex; and yet is ſo much famed for modeſty, that he might be caught in a bed-chamber with twenty ladies at a time, and not loſe his reputation; nay, his character has been ſo ſuperlatively great that way, that ſome have been almoſt ready to ſuſpect he has not dared to marry becauſe he could never be thoroughly perſuaded in his own breaſt that it is not an impudent thing for a man to go to bed to his own wife; and yet, upon other occaſions, the man for an aſſurance might have been bred at one of the inns of court, it being ſeldom known that he is out of countenance, except when his friend or himſelf utters a blunder or commits a fault. He frowns at an ill-natured jeſt, though it comes from a handſome lady; and is poſſeſſed of ſo ſurprizing a ſtrength of reſolution, that he has been heard to ſing pſalms on a Sunday, though he had got a new ſong but the day before. He has courage enough not to turn pale at the thoughts of death; and yet is ſo terribly afraid of thieves, that he dares not truſt all his money in his own cheſt, but lodges a conſiderable part of it in the pockets of the poor. He is naturally, when in health, of a lively and chearful temper; notwithſtanding which diſpoſition to gaiety, he is ſometimes (poor gentleman!) ſubject to ſo deep a melancholy, that he has been known to go alone to the church to pray when he might have had pretty Miſs Titter's company to laugh at the Quaker's Meeting. He has ſeen enough of the world to have refined and poliſhed any man of a tolerable capacity; and yet (O incredible ſtrength of innate dulneſs!) has to this day ſo mean a taſte for converſation, that he frequently goes into company with clergymen even when he has not buſineſs with them. Notwithſtanding his great pretended ſcrupuloſity, he is often guilty of perverting the meaning of particular words, and has been diſingenuous enough to call a very fine lady gameſter, for no other reaſon in the world but becauſe he once caught her playing at cards on Sunday. He has contracted ſtrange notions with reſpect to honeſty, and has been known to maintain this paradox in public companies—that kings

and

and parſons have as much right to what is lawfully their own as other men; and, conſequently, that to cheat them, or any of them, of what is due to them by law, is neither better nor worſe than downright injuſtice. He is ſo undaunted, as even in this age of ſcepticiſm to profeſs himſelf a Chriſtian; and yet ſhews ſuch egregious cowardice with reſpect to honour, as (contrary to the cuſtom of our modern heroes) without demanding ſatisfaction to forgive his enemies: nay, he is good-natured to ſo exorbitant a degree, that he preſents them with his love; and has by long cuſtom been ſo extremely cautious leſt he ſhould give offence, that he is now afraid even to offend his Maker. He catches eagerly at truth, when it comes within the reach of his capacity, but has not hitherto been able to embrace the opinion of ſome fine gentlemen, who acknowledge God's juſtice to be infinite, but believe his goodneſs does yet far exceed it. It is impoſſible that his body ſhould be grown ſtiff with age, and yet his mind is already ſo obſtinate and inflexible even in trifles, that the moſt blooming young lady in the kingdom could not, for inſtance, engage him to aſſent to this inconſiderable article of faſhionable faith—that Time is preferable to Eternity. He has ſo much judgment in ſounds as to be ſenſible of the harmony of Mr. Pope's poetry, and yet ſo wretched an ear for muſic, that he very much doubts whether he could be pleaſed with a bawdy ſong, though Cuzzoni ſung it. Then his underſtanding is ſo exceedingly darkened and corrupted with poring, ſince he became a man, upon a certain book called the Bible, (which is often to be found in the hands of old women, and indeed is alſo in very great eſteem even among gentlemen's children while they continue at petticoat-ſchools) that he has frequently of late years miſtaken wit for prophaneneſs, and jeſts which have been admired by the beau-monde, for ribaldry; and is now at laſt arrived at ſo ſuperlative a degree of oddity in thinking, as generally to fancy a witty ſaying half ſilly, for no other reaſon in nature than becauſe it is ſatirical. Nay, he ſo doats on theſe old records, and is ſo violently enamoured of one Jeſus Chriſt, who is much celebrated therein, as to declare that, in matters even of the greateſt importance, he would ſooner take his word than a free-thinker's bond. I ſhall only add a few more of his unfaſhionable extravagances and whimſies, as it would be endleſs to enumerate all. He is fantaſtical enough to prefer honour to money, and talks of a good conſcience as if it was a real happineſs! Religion and charity dwell much upon his tongue, and yet he makes no ſcruple of ſpeaking prophanely againſt ſuch ſacred authors as Meurſius and the Earl of Rocheſter; yea, and has been wicked enough to wiſh that moſt of Dryden's and Congreve's comedies had been burnt by the common hangman. He is ſo unfortunately circumſtanced in reſpect of real or imaginary diſorders, that even a healthful beggar would ſcarce change conditions with him, and yet himſelf is happy and vain enough to pity kings: indeed, he affects to ſhrink when he conſiders the infinite obligations which a king lies under, and durſt not (if you will believe him) accept of being prime-miniſter of ſtate without fear and trembling. But, in a word, and to finiſh this piece, he is too ſcrupulous for a politician, too impartial for a free-thinker, too devout for a pretty fellow, too good-natured for a wit, too gay for a man of buſineſs, too modeſt for a fine gentleman, too incredulous* for an atheiſt, too ſly to own himſelf a madman, and too cun-

* The word *incredulous*, when oppoſed to *atheiſt*, is not a miſtake; Mr. Worthy's thoughts entirely concurring with the ſentiments of an ingenious author, that 'They who believe there is no 'God, upon ſuch ſlender reaſons as can be produced in defence of that opinion, are the moſt cre-'dulous perſons in the world.'

ning, even in the opinion of his relations, for a downright idiot: being therefore ſo much too much of every thing to come properly under the denomination of any thing, I ſhall perplex myſelf no longer with ſeeking out a title for him, but content myſelf at preſent with concluding this his picture, by calling him an Original.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WIT's MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE following extracts from the Antiquarian Repertory, on the perverſion of words, may perhaps give information as well as entertainment to many of your readers. I am, Sir, your, &c.

FRANCIS BROWNE.

BULL AND MOUTH.

HENRY VIII. having taken the town of Bullogne, in France, the gates of which he brought to Hardes, in Kent, where they are ſtill remaining, the flatterers of that reign highly magnified this action, which, Porto Bell like, became a popular ſubject for ſigns; and the port or harbour of Bullogne, called Bullogne Mouth, was accordingly ſet up at a noted inn in Holbourn. The name of the inn long out-living the ſign and fame of the conqueſt, an ignorant painter, employed by a no leſs ignorant landlord, to paint a new one, repreſented it by a Bull and a large gaping human Mouth, anſwering to the vulgar pronunciation of Bull and Mouth. Perhaps the conceit of it's alluſion to the roarings and vociferations of a Quaker's meeting held there might not a little tend to make it maintain it's uſurped poſt.

BULL AND GATE.

The ſame piece of hiſtory gave being to the Bull and Gate, originally meant for Bullogne-Gate, and repreſented by an embattled gate, or entrance into a fortified town.

THE BARBER'S POLE.

The Barber's Pole has been the ſubject of many conjectures, ſome conceiving it to have originated from the word Poll, or Head, with ſeveral other conceits, as far-fetched, and as unmeaning; but the true intention of that party-coloured ſtaff was to ſhew that the maſter of the ſhop practiſed ſurgery, and could breathe a vein as well as mow a beard; ſuch a ſtaff being to this day, by every village practitioner, put into the hand of a patient undergoing the operation of phlebotomy. The white band which encompaſſes the ſtaff was meant to repreſent the fillet, thus elegantly entwined about it.

THE CHEQUERS.

Nor were the Chequers (at this time a common ſign for a public-houſe) leſs expreſſive; being the repreſentation of a kind of draft-board, called Tables, and ſhewed that there that game might be played. From their colour, which was red, and the ſimilarity to a lattice, it was corruptly called a Red-lettuce; which word is frequently uſed by ancient writers to ſignify an ale-houſe.

THE BELL SAVAGE INN

The Spectator has explained the ſign of the Bell Savage Inn plauſibly enough, in ſuppoſing it to have been originally the figure of a beautiful female found in the woods, called in French La Belle Sauvage. But another reaſon has been ſince aſſigned for that appellation; namely, that the inn was once the property of a lady Arabella Savage, and familiarly called Bell Savage's inn, probably repreſented, as at preſent, by a Bell and a Savage, or wild-man, which was a rebus for her name, rebuſes being much in faſhion in the ſixteenth century; of which the Bolt and Ton is an inſtance, for the name of Bolton.

THE

THE THREE BLUE BALLS.

The Three Blue Balls prefixed to the doors and windows of pawnbrokers ſhops, by the vulgar humorouſly enough ſaid to indicate that it is two to one that the things pledged are never redeemed, were in reality the arms of a ſet of merchants from Lombardy, who were the firſt that publicly lent money on pledges. They dwelt together in a ſtreet, from them named Lombard Street, in London; and alſo gave their name to another at Paris.

The appellation of Lombard was formerly, all over Europe, conſidered as ſynonimous to that of Uſurer.

THE BEEF-EATERS.

At the inſtitution of the Yeomen of the Guards, they uſed to wait at table on all great ſolemnities, and were ranged near the buffets: this procured them the name of Buffetteers, not very unlike in ſound to the jocular appellation of Beef-Eaters, now given them; though probably it was rather the voluntary miſnomer of ſome wicked wit, than an accidental corruption ariſing from ignorance of the French language.

BUM-BAILIFF.

The opprobrious title of Bum-Bailiff, ſo conſtantly beſtowed on the ſheriff's officers, is, according to Judge Blackſtone, only the corruption of Bound Bailiff, every ſheriff's officer being obliged to enter into bonds, and to find ſecurity for his good-behaviour, previous to his appointment.

A CORDWAINER.

A Cordwainer ſeems to have no relation to the occupation it is meant to expreſs, which is that of a ſhoemaker. But Cordonnier, originally ſpelt Corduainer, is the French word for that trade, the beſt leather uſed for ſhoes coming originally from Cordua in Spain. Spaniſh-leather ſhoes were once famous in England.

THE WEAKEST TO THE WALL.

A TALE.

THE ſun was ſhining in his meridian luſtre, when Gilliflower Spruce, Eſq. a young gentleman of ample fortune, awaked from his gentle ſlumber; and, withdrawing the fringed curtains of his eyes, perceived that it was time to diſengage himſelf from the downy arms of Morpheus: he therefore rung for his valet de chambre; and having impoſed upon his pretty, delicate fingers, the rude, the cruel taſk, of putting on and buttoning his own breeches, conſigned himſelf over to the care of his dry-nurſe, who put on his ſtockings, ſhoes, and cloaths for him, while this effeminate young gentleman ſat as helpleſs as a child of two months old. His valet having dreſſed him compleatly, pared his nails, and powdered his pericranium as white as ſugar, this delicate young creature ſpent at leaſt an hour ſurveying his phizz in the looking-glaſs, making obſervations where a patch might be placed with the moſt graceful effect, and practiſing ſmiles, ogles, leers, and ſimpers; then ſent for a chair, (judging that the motion of a coach would be too violent for the delicacy of his frame) and having taken ſpecial care to have it well duſted, and the cuſhion aired at the fire, he hopped into it, and ordered the chairman to carry him to Sir Fribbledum Frigget's, whom he intended to honour with a viſit.

I cannot for the ſoul of me proceed any farther with my narration, until I have firſt entered into a ſhort digreſſion, to expreſs my wonder and aſtoniſhment, that my fair countrywomen can find any amuſement in the company of theſe puny gentry, whoſe ideas are totally engroſſed by their own ſweet perſons, and whoſe inſipid

inſipid converſation ſeldom paſſes the topic of top-knots, lavender-water, and chicken-gloves. I ſhould not, indeed, wonder were the ladies only to employ them in the capacity of ſpaniels; make them fetch and carry; pick up a fan, fill out a diſh of tea, and ſo-forth: but when I behold them enter into the ſtate of wedlock with ſuch inſignificant creatures, I am unable to conceal my indignation. Yet, if the fair are ſo infatuated with theſe monkies in human ſhape, let them at leaſt attend to this judicious piece of advice, with which I ſhall preſent them gratis, and cauſe a jury of matrons to be impanelled for the future, before they ſtep between two ſheets with beaux of the doubtful gender.

The chairmen had ſcarce proceeded with their precious load the length of two ſtreets, when a butcher met them full butt, with two calves ſlung round his neck. 'By your leave!' cries the chairmen. 'Remember the proverb,' replies Cleaver—'The weakeſt to 'the wall!' and claps his ſhoulders to the rails. This obſtinacy of the butcher was productive of ſome little altercation, too groſs for repetition, which terminated in a battle; in which the chairmen were worſted, the chair overſet, Mr. Spruce frightened out of his ſeven ſenſes, his little-finger excoriated, his tender frame quite diſjointed by the violent concuſſion of the fall, and his powdered pericranium ſo diſcompoſed, that he could not think of proceeding in his viſit that day. The chairmen having by this time called others to their aſſiſtance, ſecured the butcher; and having ſent for a conſtable, and given him charge of the delinquent, they all proceeded together to the houſe of Juſtice Funnigig, in order to have Cleaver puniſhed according to his demerits.

The juſtice having heard what the plaintiffs had to alledge againſt the defendant Cleaver, aſked him, in his turn, whether he had any thing to offer in his own juſtification. 'Will 'your worſhip's worſhip be pleaſed to 'grant me leave to aſk your worſhip 'one queſtion,' quoth Cleaver; 'by 'which, an't pleaſe your worſhip, I 'truſt I ſhall be able to convince your 'worſhip's worſhip, that my accuſers 'have got the wrong ſow by the 'ear?'—'Aſk,' replied the juſtice; 'but be brief.'—'Suppoſe,' reſumed Cleaver, 'that I ſhould be carrying 'two calves, as I was to-day, an't 'pleaſe your worſhip, and I happen 'to meet two other butchers carrying 'each a calf; am I to give way to 'them, or are they to give way to 'me?'—'They to you, certainly,' replies the juſtice; 'for their load be-'ing lighter than yours, it is but rea-'ſonable that they ſhould make way 'for you, who cannot ſo readily get 'out of their way.'—'Why, then,' cries the butcher, 'ſurely, if theſe 'two butchers, with a calf apiece 'ought to make way for me, who am 'laden with two; by a much ſtronger 'reaſon, thoſe two chairmen ought to 'have done ſo, who were carrying but 'one calf between them, and that a 'poor conſumptive thing not worth 'ten ſhillings.' Funnigig, who was a man of humour himſelf, and loved to cheriſh it in others, burſt into a loud laugh, in which his clerk joined him heartily, nor could the chairmen refrain from following their example. Poor Spruce was put quite out of countenance, and thought it more eligible to hop down ſtairs, and expoſe his delicate perſon to the inclemency of the weather, than to bear the brunt of their raillery. Funnigig, who was a free, open-hearted ſoul, ordered a cann of his beſt ale to be brought up, in which he adviſed the butcher and chairmen to drown all animoſities.

SELECT

SELECT ANECDOTES, REPARTEES, AND BON-MOTS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

NUMBER XIV.

I.

A COURTIER of Queen Elizabeth's, whom ſhe had long encouraged to hope for ſome favour, vexed at repeated diſappointments, was one morning walking penſively in her garden; when her Majeſty, calling to him from a window, ſaid—'Sir 'Edward, what does a man think of 'when he thinks of nothing?' The knight, after a little pauſe, with a very low bow, anſwered—'Of a woman's 'promiſe, Madam!' when the Queen, who was moved at this reply, drawing inſtantly back, ſaid to thoſe about her, 'I muſt not confute him; anger makes 'dull men witty, but it keeps them 'poor.'

II.

SCOTUS, (or, as we ſhould now ſtile him, Scot) one of the Schoolmen, a man greatly renowned for his learning, in the dark age when he flouriſhed, dining at the table of Charles the Bald, the Emperor, and King of France, and behaving in a ſlovenly way, ſuch as he uſually did in his cell at college, the Emperor, ſitting oppoſite, jocoſely aſked him what difference there was between a Scot, and a Sot. To which the latter very bluntly replied—'Only the breadth 'of the table.'

III.

AN indifferent poet bringing the Prince of Conde an epitaph on the celebrated Moliere—'I would to God,' 'cried the prince, 'that Moliere had 'brought me thine!'

IV.

ONE Fulk, a Frenchman, of high repute for ſanctity, told King Richard the Firſt, that he kept Three Daughters who would certainly bring on him the wrath of God, if he did not part with them. 'Why, you hypocrite,' exclaimed Richard, 'all the world 'knows I never had a child in my life.' —'Yes,' replied the monk, 'you have, 'as I aſſerted, three; and their names 'are, Pride, Covetouſneſs, and Lewd-'neſs.'—'Well,' retorted the king, 'ſince it is ſo, I will ſoon diſpoſe of 'them: the Knights Templars ſhall 'have the firſt, the White Friars the 'ſecond, and the third ſhall be given 'to the ſecular Clergy.'

V.

A FRENCH ambaſſador, at the court of the famous Queen Chriſtiana, after having ſeen the beſt parts of her kingdom, being aſked by her Majeſty how he liked poor Sweden; he replied—'Aye, poor Sweden! indeed, 'Madam; for, by the maſs, if the 'whole country were mine, I would 'give every inch of it for a farm in 'France or England.'

VI.

THE Marchioneſs de Sevigne was one of the fineſt women in France. One day the celebrated Menage had hold of one of this lady's hands between his; and, on her drawing it away, M. Pelletier, who ſtood by, ſaid to Menage—'That is the fineſt 'work that ever came from your 'hands.'

VII.

AN old French gentleman once complained that he had been cheated by a monk, when Santeuil, who was himſelf of that order, being preſent, ſaid to him—'I am ſurprized, Sir, 'that a perſon of your years and diſ-'cretion ſhould not yet know a monk! 'It is, however, never too late to 'learn; and, for the future, let me 'adviſe you to beware of four things: 'of a woman before, of a mule be-'hind, of a cart ſideways, and of a 'monk every way.'

VIII.

'AN Iriſhman meeting one with whom he had made a ſlight acquaintance a long time before, accoſted him with—'Arrah, by my ſhoul, my dear 'honey! I am very glad to ſee you, 'now;

'now; but, by my faith, joy, I have 'forgotten whether it be you or your 'brother!'

IX.

AN apothecary who uſed to value himſelf on his ſkill in the nature of drugs, aſſerted in a company of phyſicians, that all bitter things were hot. 'No,' ſaid a gentleman preſent, 'there is one of a very different qua-'lity, I am ſure; and that is a bitter 'cold day.'

X.

ERASMUS, who was of a ſickly conſtitution, and had therefore obtained a diſpenſation for eating of fleſh in times of abſtinence, being reproached by the Pope for not obſerving Lent—'I aſſure your holineſs,' ſaid he, 'that my heart is a Catholic one; but 'I muſt confeſs I have a Lutheran 'ſtomach.'

XI.

AN officer of a diſbanded regiment applying to the paymaſter of the forces for his arrears, told him that he was in the moſt extreme want, and on the point of dying with hunger. The treaſurer, ſeeing him of a jovial and ruddy aſpect, told him that his countenance belied his complaint. 'Good, 'my lord,' replied the officer, 'for 'Heaven's ſake, do not miſtake: the 'viſage you ſee, is not mine, but my 'landlady's; for ſhe has fed me on 'credit for above a twelvemonth.'

XII.

DRYDEN's tranſlation of Virgil being commended by a right-reverend biſhop, in the preſence of a very witty earl—'The original, is, indeed, ex-'cellent,' ſaid his lordſhip; 'but every 'thing ſuffers by a tranſlation—ex-'cept a biſhop.'

XIII.

IT was cuſtomary with Marſhal Baſſompierre, when any of his ſoldiers were brought before him for heinous offences, to ſay to them—'By God, 'brother, you or I will certainly be 'hanged!' which was a ſufficient denunciation of their fate. A ſpy being diſcovered in his camp, was addreſſed in this language; and next day, as the provoſt was carrying the wretch to the gallows, he preſſed earneſtly to ſpeak with the Marſhal, alledging that he had ſomewhat of importance to communicate. The Marſhal, being made acquainted with this requeſt, exclaimed, in his rough and haſty manner—'It is the way of 'all theſe raſcals; when ordered for 'execution, they pretend ſome frivo-'lous ſtory, merely to reprieve them-'ſelves for a few moments: however, 'bring the dog hither.' Being introduced, the Marſhal aſked him what he had to ſay? 'Why, my lord,' ſaid the culprit, 'when firſt I had the 'honour of your converſation, you 'was obliging enough to ſay, that 'either you or I ſhould be hanged: 'now I am come to know, whether 'it is your pleaſure to be ſo; becauſe, 'if you won't, I muſt, that's all.' The Marſhal was ſo pleaſed with the fellow's humour, that he ordered him to be releaſed.

XIV.

A GENTLEMAN being at dinner at a friend's houſe, the firſt thing that came upon the table was a diſh of whitings; and, one being put on his plate, he found it ſtink ſo much that he could not touch it. However, he laid his mouth down to the fiſh as if he were whiſpering to it; and then took up the plate and put it to his own ear. The gentleman at whoſe table he was ſeated, enquiring into the meaning of this extraordinary behaviour, he told him that he had loſt a brother at ſea about a fortnight ago, and was aſking that fiſh if he knew any thing of him. 'Well,' ſaid the gentleman, pleaſantly, 'and what anſwer did he 'make you?'—'Why,' replied the other, very gravely, 'he told me 'that he could not poſſibly give me 'any account of my deceaſed bro-'ther, as he had not been at ſea 'theſe three weeks.'

POETRY

The DEVIL *and*

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and the LAWYER.

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POETRY.

THE LAWYER IN A PANIC;

OR, THE DEVIL TURNED JUSTICE.

BY MR. BARRETT.

HARPY, the baneful foe of reſt,
Society's unceaſing peſt,
Long exercis'd his helliſh trade,
And, juggler-like, eſtates convey'd;
His clients dup'd, cajol'd his friends,
And ſold them for his private ends:
To right and juſtice bade defiance—
'Twixt law, and them, who finds alliance?
His front embronz'd, his conſcience ſear'd,
He neither God nor devil fear'd;
He joys to hear the widow's woe,
The orphan's helpleſs ſtate to know:
'Gainſt love and friendſhip double proof,
Each kindred virtue ſhuns his roof;
While Avarice, regent of his breaſt,
Locks up from uſe the good poſſeſs'd.
But Heaven, in juſtice, has decreed,
To every vice it's proper meed;
That either fame, or fortune, flies
The worthleſs wretch call'd wordly-wiſe;
And, though no human laws can bind,
Conſcience ſits umpire in the mind.
Detected in his arts, and ſcouted,
Struck off the rolls, and fairly routed;
Denied the means of future gain,
Afraid to murmur, or complain;
Harpy thought fit to yield to fate,
And wiſely meditates retreat:
Converts his ill-got lands to gold,
His houſes, goods, and chattels, ſold;
And, eager to conceal his crimes,
Reſolves to viſit foreign climes;
Where, all his baneful arts unknown,
He ſtill might make ſome friends his own.
Embark'd, with villain-gold in ſtore,
He ſought New England's level ſhore:
The riſing winds inflate the ſails;
The ſhip proceeds with proſperous gales.
Thus Fortune ſtill her favourite ſaves,
Firſt from a halter, then the waves.
Settled in Boſton's ſtately town,
He ſees no foe, and fears no frown:
Nor ever dreams that juſt diſgrace
Will dare to ſtare him in the face;
That former crimes will riſe to light,
Or conſcience awe him into right.
Thus Harpy hop'd, but hop'd in vain:
Vengeance o'ertakes the culprit train.
Bonoſus, in his early years,
An orphan left, and drown'd in tears,
To Harpy told his plaintive tale,
For friends and foes alike aſſail;
And not a guardian own'd his cauſe,
To ſhield him from oppreſſion's claws.
Perfidious Harpy, worſt of foes,
To plead his injur'd cauſe aroſe;
The leſſer villains own his might,
This yields his claim, and that his right;
The cauſe was gain'd; but, lo! the cheat
Brought the dup'd client in his debt;
Lands, houſes, ſink to pay the bill,
And Harpy triumphs in his ſkill.
Depriv'd of all, in humble ſtile,
Bonoſus left his native iſle;
And, years of ceaſeleſs toil now paſt,
Had gain'd a ſettlement at laſt:
In Boſton liv'd, by all rever'd,
To all by virtuous deeds endear'd.
Well he remembers Harpy's name;
And, ſatisfied he is the ſame,
Contrives a ſcheme with matchleſs art,
To wring the guilty wretch's heart.
The night was dark; no ſtar was ſeen;
And Phœbe veil'd her ſilver mien.
The clock ſtrikes twelve, the rude winds howl,
And fright the unpurg'd villain's ſoul;
When, in the devil's fancied form,
As cracks the roof beneath the ſtorm,
Bonoſus hies to Harpy's door,
And burſts the bolts with horrid roar.
The bolts give way; the phoſphor gleams;
And Harpy, now, no longer dreams;
He ſees the fiend—he ſwoons with fear—
And feels the furies at each ear.
Recover'd from his death-like trance,
Bonoſus makes the firſt advance,
With hollow voice, and aſpect fierce,
That well a better heart might pierce;
He roars out—'Harpy, come away;
'Hell can no longer brook your ſtay!
'With me you go to regions dire,
'To ſulphur-ſtreams of liquid fire;
'Where ſpirits damn'd ſhall hail your name,
'And hell reſound your guilty fame!'
For mercy Harpy calls on Heaven,
And loudly ſues to be forgiven;
With deep contrition owns each crime,
And begs a longer ſpace of time,
That for his wrongs he may atone,
Ere vengeance marks him for her own.
'Quick, then, three thouſand pounds reſtore,'
Bonoſus cries, with hideous roar;
'That ſum you from an orphan drew,
'And left him beggary in view;
'Expos'd him to each varied ill,
'That could the cup of ſorrow fill;
'While you ſtill fatten on his ſtore,
'Nor once his hapleſs fate deplore.'
Trembling thro' all his vital frame,
Harpy convicted ſtood of ſhame;
And, pointing to his ill-got pelf,
Bade Satan ſatisfy himſelf.
Bonoſus with the caſh retreated,
Harpy reform'd—and hell was cheated;
His future life aton'd the paſt,
And age and honour crown'd his laſt.

Seek ye a moral from this tale?
Let honour, right, and truth prevail:
No bugbears then can e'er moleſt
The quiet of your guiltleſs breaſt;
At the leaſt gleam from Virtue's ray,
Devils and ſpectres ſhrink away.

MATRIMONIAL EXPERIENCE.

FOUR wives I have had; and, believe me, my friend,
I dreaded my troubles would never have end.
The firſt I eſpous'd was a girl of my love,
Who ſeem'd to be faſhion'd like Venus above:
She was tall and genteel, had read Grandiſon o'er,
And wrote ſuch a hand as I ne'er ſaw before;
Could dance like an opera-girl; and could play
On the ſpinnet, and rival the nightingale's lay.
She could flouriſh and work the tambour to a hair;
No nun, for mock-flowers, with her could compare:
But all kitchen-buſineſs was let run to ruin;
She minded not waſhing, nor baking, nor brewing.
She dreſs'd for good company: then, for her hair,
It advanc'd in the van, and fell back in the rear;
It varied like all other things in the world,
It was ſmooth, it was frizz'd, it was twiſted, and curl'd;
Now with pins it was tight, now it wav'd with the wind;
It was padded before, it was cuſhion'd behind.
What my father by thrift and induſtry ſav'd,
She ſpent, and would whimper as oft as I rav'd;
But one night at a ball, where her utmoſt ſhe tried,
She caught a great cold, took a fever, and died.
As ſoon as one year was run out, I forgot
This delicate wife; and, to better my lot,
I married another more grave and more ſteady,
Who jellies and ſauce at a pitch could get ready.
But ſhe, with a taſte and a paſſion for jaunting,
For ever to Bath or to Tunbridge was flaunting;
Was fond of a chair, took a coach for the play,
And ſwoon'd if the horſes were not dapple-grey.
At laſt, for religion ſhe got ſuch a notion,
She gave to all beggars who begg'd with devotion;
And, miſconſtruing the Bible, which better would teach her,
She ſav'd all ſhe could for a methodiſt preacher.
When Chriſtmas came round, and bills were brought in,
I found myſelf ruin'd, and ſcarce worth a pin:
By ſipping the creature, a dropſy ſhe got;
She died, and was buried, and then was forgot.
Before all my mourning wax'd old, I look'd round,
And ſoon an old maid to my fancy I found;
One who always exclaim'd againſt fig'ring away,
Yet powder'd her hair, as it rather grew grey;
In cheſts ſhe had hoarded much cloaths and ſome plate,
Tho' the plate was obſcure, and the cloaths out of date.
Her boxes contain'd ſome deſirable things;
Old buttons, old ſeals, old watches, old rings:
Money, too, ſhe had ſav'd, by witholding good cheer,
But injur'd her ſtomach by drinking ſmall beer.
'Thank Fortune,' I cried, 'here's a wife to my mind;
'Who is prudent and chaſte, ſentimental, and kind:
'To recover the world I ſhall now ſoon be able,
'I never ſhall ſee ſuch profuſeneſs at table!'
But mark how the devil oppos'd all my ſchemes;
She was troubled with vapours, and haunted with dreams;
She always had wind in her ſtomach, and took
Such drugs as ſhe ſaw in a cookery-book.
A doctor was ever attending the room;
My bed ſmell'd of ointment, my drawers of perfume.
In dozens the phials and gallipots came;
Now the lap-dog was ſick, now the monkey was lame.
By every old woman ſhe would be adviſ'd,
And ſent for each med'cine ſhe ſaw advertis'd.
But the quacks, with their powerful medicines, fill'd her
So much, that, tho' tough as a thong, they ſoon kill'd her.
Till I married again, fooliſh I had no reſt;
So I went to a lady who liv'd in the weſt,
Whoſe anceſtors once figur'd high in the field,
As appear'd by a helmet and ruſty old ſhield.
But time, which all things here below will decay,
Had fritter'd her rag of a fortune away;
And, weary of ſerving a fickle relation,
She married—but hardly could brook with my ſtation.
That pride which her poverty long had kept under,
Broke out, and ſhe rattl'd like hail, or like thunder.
My family failings ſhe heighten'd, and told—
'Should a woman of pedigree e'er be controul'd?'
She call'd me a ſcrub, and took it quite ill
When I chid her for loſing large ſums at quadrille.
A general rummage ſhe made of my things;
My plate was old-faſhion'd, how trumpery my rings!
Yet my houſe with ſome things as ſuperfluous was ſtock'd;
With bargains the Jews and the jewellers flock'd.
She order'd my furniture all to be ſold;
My chairs were too clumſy, the beds were too old.
Such whimſies ſurpriz'd me, till once, to her face,
A friend gave a hint, 'twas a family caſe;
That her mother, for madneſs, Monro had long tried;
That ſhe languiſh'd ſome years, then in Bedlam ſhe died.
One morning I found, with a cord from the ſhelf,
She ventur'd to make a long T of herſelf.
I ſent for a doctor, who liv'd at a diſtance,
To come with all ſpeed, and give her aſſiſtance:
He came; and with much ſolemn gravity, told,
He could do her no good, for her body was cold.
The ſhock was ſo great, that I inſtantly ſwore,
After ſo much ill luck, I would marry no more.

CHAMONT.

ADVICE

ADVICE TO BACCHANALIANS.

BY MR. BARRETT.

ALL you who in drinking would wiſh to excel,
And amid jolly topers would bear off the bell;
Attend, and I'll ſhew you the high road to fame,
To laugh at the ſober, and ſanctify ſhame.

Be reaſon, religion, worth, fortune, and wealth,
The peace of your conſcience, the pleaſures of health,
Kick'd out of the balance; for who can be gay,
While ſuch gloomy reflections dare come in the way!

If one tender emotion finds place in your heart,
If you e'er was ſo weak as to die with love's dart;
Quick baniſh theſe foibles, or do not draw near,
With aukward pretenſions to riſe to the chair.

If a wife or a child ſhould look up for ſupport,
And depend on your aid as their only reſort,
Renounce thoſe weak ties ere you viſit the ſhrine
Of Bacchus, the bounteous diſpenſer of wine.

Be curs'd all the arts that ſociety bind,
Warm friendſhip, pure honour, and love of mankind;
Can theſe merits praiſe 'mong the heroes of drink?
As well may the bottle aſſiſt you to think!

Thus, diveſted of virtue, of all that the wiſe,
The good, or the moral, e'er ſtudied to prize;
Let each vice enter in, and the void be fill'd up,
Before you preſume to drink deep of the cup.

Be your mem'ry well ſtor'd with vile Rocheſter's verſe,
Unbluſhing obſcenity's ballad rehearſe;
Lay in ſtock of ſtrange oaths, with ſtale jeſts coin'd anew,
And ſuch balderdaſh ſtuff, as true wit never knew.

Above all, ſtudy toaſts myſterious and dark;
And alluſions impure that ſtill point to the mark;
Songs baſe, low, and vulgar, as words will permit;
Then may you, with credit, as preſident ſit.

Once rais'd to this rank, and can mortals riſe higher!
Refine in each vice, and exceed each deſire;
Exact from your ſubjects ſubmiſſion to law,
Or, if drunk and forgetful, ſtill bumper the flaw.

Let noiſe and contention be ſet down for joy;
To lewdneſs give range, and reflection deſtroy;
Let the ſober be lur'd, and the ſqueamiſh drawn in,
And pronounce water-drinking a damnable ſin.

But ſhould hoary Wiſdom e'er dare to intrude,
And Conſcience find out a pretence to be rude;
From the bottle ſeek comfort, your ſyſtem purſue,
And, believe me, theſe bugbears will fly from your view.

Think life but a jeſt, all it's bleſſings but air,
And drinking the ſureſt aſylum from care;
Thus, heedleſs of fate, keep inceſſantly mellow,
And at laſt you will die—a damn'd hearty fellow.

ORIGIN OF AN ALDERMAN.

IN ancient times, a god of wood
In every public garden ſtood:
A Priapus to guard the ground,
And fright the vagrant birds around;
To check the thief at midnight hour,
And watch the path to ſocial bower.
Of Alder was this ſcarecrow made,
To carpenters a thriving trade;
And hence, if true the voice of Fame,
The term of Alder-man firſt came.
Long did the deity maintain
O'er birds and thieves a dreaded reign:
But thieves grew daring, birds grew bold,
Nor could the god their thefts withold;
In vain he ſhow'd his ruddy face,
His obſcene front, his naked arſe;
Nor boys, nor birds, were ſtruck with fear,
Altho' the Alderman was near.
Hence, uſeleſs in the garden grown,
Men took the Alderman to town;
By ſkill Promethean gave him eyes,
And made him—every thing but wiſe;
O'er towns and cities plac'd him chief,
A terror to each whore and thief:
Thus, bugbear ſtill, he keeps his ſtation,
And ſagely ſways the corporation.
But tho' dreſs'd up in human ſhape,
And form'd to act the owl or ape;
Tho' free to gormandize and ſwear,
And bear a magiſterial air;
He ſtill retains his ancient name,
For ſtill his wooden head's the ſame.

UTOPIENSIS.

A SATIRE ON WEDLOCK.

NO more, O Rome, thy wrong belief defend;
No more for Seven Sacraments contend:
Each wedded wretch can readily confute
Thy boaſted arguments in this diſpute;
For all, by ſad experience taught, proclaim—
Penance, and Matrimony, are the ſame.

THE DULL JOKER.

NED talk'd—and laugh'd at every word he ſpoke;
And we laugh'd, too, but at a better joke.

E.

PROGRESS OF A GREAT ESTATE.

THE father takes it of the devil; and then
Gives it his ſon—to ſend it back again.

E.

THE CONTRADICTION.

BY MR. W. STONE.

TOM Poſitive ſwears, we're a nation of fools,
And proves it by Reaſon's moſt plauſible rules;
Yet poſitive Tom full as freely admits,
Two-thirds of this nation now live by their wits.

VERSES

ON LORD PEMBROKE'S WHITE-WASHING THE BACK OF HIS HOUSE AT WHITE-HALL, NEXT THE THAMES.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A WATERMAN.

UPON the Thames I daily row'd,
Some twenty years, or thirty;
When Pembroke's Earl his back-side shew'd,
Black, yellow, brown, and dirty.

But, lately as I pass'd, I cried,
(So white and clean it made is)
'This cannot be my lord's back-side,
'It surely is my lady's.'

A CURE FOR IRISH DISTURBANCES.

BY MR. R. TATTAM.

IF biles on poor Britannia's bum
From wild Hibernian tumours rise,
Her case is dreadful deem'd by some,
For there the seat of honour lies.

This my advice, then, gratis take:
'Those evil tumours quick disperse;
'For if they once gain head, and break,
'Britannia's sure to lose her arse.'

STARCH GREEN.

IMPROMPTU,

ON BURNING THE PAPER CALLED THE NORTH-BRITON.

AS at th' Exchange, beside the pile of wood,
With Forty-five the common hangman stood;
While all around the mob—'Don't burn it!' cried,
Thus to the shouting mob Jack Ketch replied—
'Rather I would, and that I've often done,
'Twenty North Britons hang, than thus burn 'one.'

C. C.

A MATRIMONIAL CASE.

MY lord and his lady scold, wrangle, and fight,
Yet are both of one mind, and are both in the right:
She calls him a fool—he knows he's not wise;
He calls her a whore—and she can't say he lies.

EPIGRAM I.

BY MR. ROBERTS.

'HASTE, trusty John! the country-house 'prepare,
'This horrid smoke and noise I cannot bear!'
Cried Clara, flying to the rural air.
Her whim's now chang'd—'I'm tir'd,' she cries, 'of ease:
'Oh, odious solitudes! Oh, dismal trees!
'Ye once were pleasing; ah, no longer so!'
—Clara's stout footman died three days ago.

EPIGRAM II.

BY MR. R. TATTAM.

TO some stage-quack you give a shilling,
For drugs not worth a curse;
To Doctor Sl-p you give a guinea,
His med'cines make you worse.

EPIGRAM III.

BY THE SAME.

SINCE Chastity's compar'd to ice,
In wint'ry garments dress'd;
In every virtuous lover's eyes,
A frozen beauty's best.

EPIGRAM IV.

WHILE Adam slept, from him his Eve arose:
Strange! his first sleep should be his last repose.

EPITAPH I.

ON MR. RICHARD QUICK.

BY MR. R. TATTAM.

QUICK living, and Quick dead; lo! here lies Dick,
Who was, and is, and ever shall be, Quick.
Nor Quick nor dead, from Death we now can save,
Since Quick and Dead lie buried in one grave.

EPITAPH II.

ON A POLITICIAN.

BY THE SAME.

'A set of politic worms are e'en at him.'
SHAKESPEARE.

FREE from all broils of opposition,
Here lies an able Politician;
One who was skilful in debate:
But death at last has chang'd his state.
His skull, a senate made by worms,
Each Politician grub reforms:
Like ministers, they have their dishes;
And, in their kind, get loaves and fishes.
They change his state, for better gains;
To eat his flesh, and pick his brains.

EPITAPH III.

ON A COWARDLY OFFICER.

BY MR. W. HOLLAND.

READER, a soldier here lies dead,
Who oft from fields of battle fled;
And, should he hear the trumpet's sound,
Tho' dead, he'll rise and quit the ground.

EPITAPH IV.

ON A SUMPTUOUS LIVER.

'FLESH is but grass,' the Scripture says,
'tis true;
But, trust me, worms, I'm more than grass to you.

G. G.

THE

NUMBER XIV.

ENIGMAS.

ENIGMA I.

FOR THE PRIZE MEDALS.

BY MR. J. MARTIN, MITCHAM.

A Meagre figure, tall and thin,
Without a noſe, or eyes, or chin,
Moſt humbly begs you will admit
His name within your book of wit.
Yet, tho' no eyes or chin I boaſt,
I've got a head oft rules the roaſt.
'Tis true, indeed, I have no brains,
Yet much you'll find my pate contains.
I in my office work ſo faſt,
No running-footman makes more haſte;
Nor is his body in more heat,
Nor bears it larger drops of ſweat;
And tho' as good a ſervant I
As ever maſter yet came nigh,
If my ſwift pace I ever ſlack,
He's ſuch a huffing, ſaucy Jack,
That, with ſome dirty huſſey's aid,
He drives me faſter—Truth, indeed!
But tho' theſe hardſhips I endure,
I'm fed moſt nobly, to be ſure:
Sometimes with good fat gooſe, or fowl,
You'll ſee your ſervant cheek by jole.
At other times I taſte a chine,
A pig, or eke a rich ſirloin;
Often, indeed, I fancy hare,
But very ſeldom pudding ſhare.
So much already's ſaid, no doubt
Your wit ſo keen will find me out;
But, leſt you ſhould miſtake the clue,
One hint, and then I'll bid adieu.
A female tyrant, once, 'tis ſaid,
(With horrid thought and miſchief led)
Tho' hard I labour'd for her gains,
Took me, and bound me faſt in chains:
The reaſon why ſhe us'd me ſo,
When you know me, full well you'll know.

ENIGMA II.

BY JACK.

LADIES and gentlemen, pray don't deſpiſe us,
Yourſelves, believe me, oftentimes diſguiſe us:
Red, black, brown, white, we are, ſome ſhort, ſome long;
We're thick and thin, ſome weak, and others ſtrong:
With male and female, with the king and queen,
With rich and poor, with dead and living ſeen:
Yet we (as monarchs well as peaſants muſt)
Crumble at length to undiſtinguiſh'd duſt;
Though ſome of us, who ages paſt have been
Forc'd from a royal crown, may ſtill be ſeen.
By pride, that tyrant of the human breaſt,
Oft we're transform'd, diſcolour'd, and oppreſs'd:
Sometimes tied double, cut, ſcratch'd, ſtretch'd, and tore,
Our wonted ſtation we can hold no more;
While ladies fair in our diſtreſs partake,
And grieve to find we muſt our poſt forſake:
But, tho' we're valued by the rich and gay,
The poor caſt us ungrudgingly away.
To what is ſaid, let this one hint ſuffice:
Above Lunardi we've been known to riſe;
Nearer than Blanchard, too, approach'd the ſkies.

ENIGMA III.

BY MR. J. BECKETT, JUN.

THO' man may boaſt unbounded pow'r,
Know, I, in leſs than one ſhort hour,
Can make the ſtubborn mortal bow,
And the moſt haughty humble low:
And yet, which doubtleſs will ſurprize,
I never was beheld by eyes;
Nor can the moſt attentive ear
My never-ceaſing motion hear.
Hence take another hint or two,
And then 'tis meet I bid adieu.
Not one 'twixt here and the world's end,
Or man or beaſt, can I call friend;
But ever doom'd to bear the weight
Of every living creature's hate:
What wonder is it, then, that I
Am every creature's enemy;
And, all-revengeful, in my turn,
Make all of every ſex oft mourn?
But as it is man's conſtant prayer
To be deliver'd from my care,
That you may know I'm not all ſpite,
For once I'll humour you—Good night.

ENIGMA IV.

BY CELIA.

MEN to the ſpecious ſacrifice,
The real diſregard;
Each glittering toy attracts their eyes,
And gains a falſe reward.

But

But is there none whoſe mental ſight,
Can diſſipate the ſhade;
O'er error's miſt induce the light,
And leave the trifler's trade!

Yes—ſome there are, and theſe will own,
How bright my merit ſhines;
In wiſdom's eyes I'm purer ſhewn
Than all Golconda's mines.

By me extended commerce reigns,
And rolls from ſhore to ſhore;
I mark the pole in azure plains,
Nor dread the tempeſt's roar.

Relying on my friendly aid,
The ſailor ſmiles ſerene;
When clouds the blue expanſe o'erſpread,
And ſuns ariſe in vain.

Yet ſmall my form, and low my birth;
No gaudy tints I ſhew;
Drawn from my fertile mother earth,
Thro' purging fires I go.

Till, faſhion'd by the artiſt's ſkill,
He ties the marriage chain;
When I my deſtin'd ends fulfil,
And ſtill my love retain.

ENIGMA V.

BY PEREGRINE.

YE wits, who at the myſtic ſhrine
Each month ſubmiſſive ſue,
This riddle gueſs; the prize, in time,
May be decreed to you.

Know, then, I was by ſkilful art
Work'd into form and ſhape;
And ſent to act my deſtin'd part,
Nor let a foe eſcape.

I'm ſcarcely ſeen when Phœbus reigns,
Have ſeldom much to do;
But when he hides his ſplendid beams,
My labours ſtraight enſue.

Full oft, array'd in glittering creſt,
You'll find me on the table;
And ſometimes, in my native dreſs,
With Hodge I'm in the ſtable.

Two monſtrous eyes I have; tho', ſtrange,
They're void of human ſight:
Fix'd on my thighs, they never range,
Yet open to the light.

A head of monſtrous ſize I wear;
A mouth, almoſt as large,
Opes, and imbogues proviſion there,
Which ſoon demands diſcharge.

My noſe appears projecting out,
With picked-pointed top;
But, though I have ſo long a ſnout,
No chin have I to prop.

Black as the ſhades of night my food;
I eat it but at night;
And, what's moſt ſtrange, I'm underſtood
The ſpring of joyful light.

Head, mouth, and noſe, but ne'er a tongue,
Believe the wond'rous ſcene,
At diſtance from my eyes are hung,
With only thighs between.

Hideous compoſure, call'd a pair,
Tho' in my frame but one:
Ye Oedipean Wits, declare
My name, as yet unknown.

ENIGMA VI.

BY BENVOLIO.

THO' in ſilence I reign, I the ſceptre ne'er ſway'd,
Yet, whene'er I command, I am quickly obey'd:
By nature I'm ſtrong, yet my body is ſmall;
I'm hurtful to ſome, tho' I'm uſeful to all:
War and peace I proclaim; yet I am ſo nice,
That the leaſt touch offends me, and troubles my bliſs.
I ſometimes am mournful, and ſometimes am gay;
My general cloathings, are black, brown, or gray;
I'm fix'd in a hole, yet each moment I rove,
And travel with pleaſure below and above.
In all my appearance I'm dazzling and bright;
I riſe with the day, and I ſet with the night.

REBUSES AND PARADOXES.

REBUS I.

BY QUILLETTUS.

FIND a term oft applied to a youth that is ſmart,
To which of the vicar's demand add a part;
And you'll have what a coward with courage can fire,
What women all prize, and what moſt men admire.

REBUS II.

BY W. E. ISLINGTON.

IF you reverſe a woman's name,
Or if aright tranſpoſe the ſame,
It ſtill will be a woman's name.

PARADOX I.

BY MR. FRANCIS BROWNE.

TO make their verſe flow eaſy, ſmooth, and ſweet,
Bards oft require an equal run of feet;
But I this trifling favour only beg,
To make a mournful ſong with but one leg.

PARADOX II.

MY myſtic name, ye wits, reveal;
And, ſans conſideration, ſay—
What 'tis which every day we feel,
Yet cannot ſee by night or day.

SOLUTIONS.

ENIGMAS.

1. A Hand.
2. Variety.
3. Peace.
4. A Toaſt.
5. A Riddle.
6. A Pair of Dice.

REBUSES.

1. Eat—Tea.
2. File—Life.
3. Mark Noble.
4. Madam.

PARADOXES.

1. A Poſt-Chaiſe and Pair, with the Driver.
2. Miſs Meadows, married to Mr. Green, in December.

SELECT ANSWERS TO THE PRIZE-ENIGMA.

1. BY J. MATTHEWS, ESQ. INSCRIBED TO A YOUNG LADY.

O Did you, my Delia, but know half the pain,
That abſence inflicts on my breaſt;
No longer you'd ſmile to hear me complain,
Or deem my fond tales but a jeſt.

Ere morn with his radiance illumines the ſkies,
Ere the larks and the linnets awake,
For you, my dear charmer, I pour forth my ſighs,
And wiſh the day bleſt for your ſake.

When night ſpreads it's mantle, beſtudded with gems,
And Phœbe aſcends on her throne;
To the rocks and the foreſts I whiſper my flames,
While echo repeats every moan.

No more at the dance, or the ruſtics gay ſport,
The frolic or mirth of the green,
Where the nymphs and the ſwains at evening reſort,
Is Daphnis, your Daphnis, e'er ſeen.

Were the nymphs far more fair than the beams of the morn,
And more ſweet than the hawthorn's perfume;
Did the goddeſs of beauty each feature adorn,
And the roſe yield it's tints to their bloom:

While, Delia, my deareſt! thy abſence I wail,
Not a charm in the faireſt I ſee;
Compar'd with thy luſtre, I think they look pale,
And their converſe is taſteleſs to me.

The winding deep vale, or the gloom of the grove,
The penſive and murmuring ſtream,
Delight moſt my heart, the fond ſlave of love,
For there on my Delia I dream.

If the turtle, pure emblem of paſſion ſincere,
But coo her ſoft tale to her mate;
If the nightingale pour her ſweet notes on my ear,
I join, and the accents repeat.

Dear warblers, be ſtill! your wiſh flutters near,
And well ſhall repay all your love;
While I to the abſent muſt pour out my care,
Nor hope that my ſorrows can move.

O Delia! thy preſence with tranſports can fill,
Thy ſmiles are more dear than the day;
In thy converſe alone I forget every ill,
And feel it return when away!

If this heart forms a wiſh, if this breaſt heaves a ſigh,
Believe me, my fair, 'tis for you;
If the tear of regard often ſtarts in mine eye,
'Tis becauſe you are loſt to my view.

No longer, then, doubt the warm truth of my heart,
Since, by Love's mighty monarch I ſwear,
Your HAND would more permanent pleaſures impart,
Than the crowns which rich potentates wear!

2. BY JACK.

A HAND! a HAND! if I have rightly hit;
A HAND it is, made by the HAND of Wit!
May the HAND of Plenty freely give her ſtore!
Relieve the ſick, the aged, and the poor:
And O may Induſtry's moſt precious HAND,
Drive poverty for ever from the land!
Grant Nancy's HAND and heart be ſhortly mine,
No other HAND in wedlock will I join.
But now I'll ſtop my HAND; and make a ſtand,
Since leaſt is beſt—from an unſkilful HAND.

3. BY A TICKLER.

LET others, who tickle the ears with fine ſounds,
Tell the profit that often in flattery abounds;
But if you the matter would well underſtand,
The beſt place to tickle's the palm of the HAND.
Derry down, &c.

If you ſend for a doctor, and open your caſe,
He firſt feels your pulſe, and then ſhews a long face;
But e'er you his learned preſcription can ſee,
You muſt tickle the palm of his HAND with a fee.
If you're injur'd, and ſeek for redreſs in the laws,
Tho' juſt is your plea, and tho' honeſt your cauſe;
You ſoon will perceive that your ſuit's at a ſtand,
Unleſs you can tickle a counſellor's HAND.
When at court you would ſeek for preferment, or place,
And the levee attend of my lord, or his grace;
Unnotic'd you ſtill will remain by the grand,
Unleſs with a premium you tickle the HAND.
The clergy, unleſs they're belied much by ſcandal,
Are always moſt happy when tithes they can handle;
Then, to all who would tickle, this ſecret be told,
That the palm is the place, and the tickle is gold.

4. BY

4. BY DOLLOLABELLA.

A HAND your dark Enigma penn'd;
A HAND the anſwer now ſhall ſend;
Awaiting your award I ſtand,
Then drop a Medal in my HAND.

5. BY PEREGRINE.

ELIZA once was wond'rous fair,
A quick bewitching eye ſhe had!
Moſt neatly look'd her braided hair,
Her bloomy cheeks would make one mad:
Upon her lips did all the Graces play,
And on her breaſts a thouſand Cupids lay.

Then many doating lovers came,
From eighte en until thirty-one;
Each told his tale, and begg'd her HAND,
But ſhe, forſooth, affected none:
One's not genteel, the other is not fine;
This of tobacco ſmells, and that of wine.

The other day, it was my fate
To walk along that way alone;
I ſaw no coach before her gate,
But at the door I heard her moan.
Sighing, ſhe dropp'd a tear; and ſeem'd to ſay—
'Young laſſes, marry!—Marry while you may!

6. BY BENVOLIO.

THE faithful HAND can, unobſerv'd, impart
The ſecret feelings of a tender heart:
And, O what bliſs, when each alike is pleas'd;
The HAND that ſqueezes, and the HAND that's ſqueez'd!

MISCELLANEOUS ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS TO THE SEVERAL ENIGMAS AND REBUSES.

ANSWER TO ENIGMAS I. III. IV. V. VI. AND REBUSES I. II. III. IV.

BY MR. R. TATTAM.

FLIRTILLA's bleſt with every outward grace,
A lovely form, and ſoft bewitching face;
Her eyes as black as jet, as diamonds bright;
Her HANDS are fair, and as the lilly white.
But, ah! theſe beauties were by nature made;
Flirtilla's charms, then, like the leaf will fade.
How can her tender boſom reſt in *Peace*,
When brilliant beaux their wonted praiſe ſhall ceaſe;
How ſnarling Envy then will make her boaſt,
That fair Flirtilla is no more the *Toaſt!*
The *Paradox* is ſolv'd, the maſk is off,
Flirtilla's then of every wit the ſcoff.
In vain at cards ſhe plays, or *Dice*-box rattles;
Unnotic'd at the *Tea*-table ſhe prattles.
Life's bloom is ſtole, the *Mark* of age is left;
Yet will not *Noble* minds regret the theft.
Ye lovely fair, then learn to rule each paſſion,
Nor follow the caprice of *Madam* Faſhion:
External beauties blaſt with every wind,
While in full bloom remains the virtuous mind.

ANSWER TO REBUS IV.

BY MR. T. DARWIN, CHELSEA.

THE ſacred Scripture plainly ſpeaks,
One rib compos'd a wife for Adam;
But now, beſides himſelf, it takes
A thouſand full, to make one *Madam*.

ANSWER TO PARADOX II.

BY MR. T. WARING, LEICESTER.

DIANA *Meadows*, I remember,
Turn'd *Green*, by marriage, laſt December.

☞ Very ingenious Anſwers to the PRIZE and other ENIGMAS, &c. have alſo been received, as expreſſed in the following LIST.

NAMES.	P.	Enigs. 1	2	3	4	5	6	Reb. 1	2	3	4	Par. 12
Brayley, Maſter E. Layſtall Street, Holborn	P			3		6		1	2	3	4	1
Brock, Sally	P			3	4	5	6	1	2	3	4	12
Browne, Mr. Francis	P		2	3	4	5	6	1	2	3	4	12
C. C.	P			3		6		1	2	3	4	12
Charlton, Mr. J. Andover	P			3				1	2		4	
Cory, Mr. W. Cranborn, Dorſet	P			3				1		3	4	
Crawter, Mr. T.								1			4	
C. Y. Cranborn, Dorſet	P											
D. Mr. N. Hackney	P			3		5		1	2		4	1
Darwin, Mr. T. Chelſea	P							1	2	3	4	1
Feignill, Colonel	P											
Florio, Marybone	P											
Foſter, Mr. J. Bloomſbury	P			3	4			1	2	3	4	
Harris, Mr. W. C.				3	4	6						
Hendy, Mr. Robert, jun. Andover	P											
Hoffe, Mr. Philip, Compton	P		2	3		6		1	2	3	4	12
Holland, Mr. W. St. John's Street				3		5		1	2		4	
Hutton, Mr. W.				3		6		1	2	3	4	
Juba	P											
Jones, Mr. John, Little Marybone Street	P			3		5	6	1	2	3	4	1
Martin, Mr. J. Mitcham	P			3		5	6					
Maſon, Mr. J. Liverpool	P			3		6		1	2	3		
Mico, Cranborn, Dorſet	P			3		5		1	2	3	4	
Minor, Atlas						3	6		3	4		
Newton, Mr. E. Leiceſter	P			3	4	5	6	1	2	3	4	12
Noble, Mark	P			3				2	4	1		
Noſamanaid	P			3		5	6	1	2	4		12
Pugh, Mr. Tho. Somerſet Street	P			3		6		1	2	3		
Ridley, Mr. John	P			3		6		1	2	3	4	
Ruſher, Mr. W. Banbury	P		2	3	4	5	6	1	2	4		
S. Mr. J. Greenwich	P	1	2			6		1	2	3	4	1
Solve'em, Simon								1				2
Southall, S.	P											
S. S.	P											
Stone, Mr. W. Beak Street	P			3		5	6	1	2	3	4	12
Tryſor't, Toby	P											
Waring, Mr. T. Leiceſter	P			3		6		1	2	4		12
X. X.	P											

THE

WIT's MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1785.

With a Large Quarto Engraving, repreſenting a ludicrous Scene from the Comic Tale of the BREECHES; deſigned and engraved purpoſely for this Work.

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ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Editor has conſented, at the inſtance of ſome reſpectable friends, as well as of his publiſhers, to keep back the Publication one Month in arrear; which, as the work has no temporary articles of intelligence, will not have any real impropriety. Correſpondents, however, muſt ſend their contributions early, as it will otherwiſe be impoſſible to preſerve the advantage thus gained. As the WIT'S MAGAZINE, when finiſhed, (which it will be in Two Volumes, or Twenty-four Numbers) is intended to form the moſt copious and compleat ſelection of Wit, Humour, and Entertainment, ever brought together, in any Book or Set of Books, nothing can hereafter be accepted, either in Proſe or Verſe, that does not poſſeſs very conſiderable merit. In the mean time, the Editor begs a continuance of the original favours of his really ingenious Correſpondents, to aſſiſt him in the completion of his deſign; and he will be happy to receive any Collections of, or References to, ſuch articles of Wit and Humour, as may be met with in ſcarce, expenſive, or voluminous works, and are proper to be inſerted in the LIBRARY of MOMUS. Theſe aſſiſtances will at once leſſen the labour of the Editor, and enhance the value of a publication which he is reſolved to make as perfect as he poſſibly can, and which he flatters himſelf will, for many ages to come, find an honourable place in the Libraries of the curious. He is conſcious that, whatever may be it's imperfections, it abounds with intrinſic worth, and he knows that poſterity will do it juſtice.

The Editor has ſome ſlight recollection of the articles mentioned by *X. Y. Z.* but he has unfortunately miſlaid them; and, he fears, irrecoverably.

The pieces about which *Verax* enquires, as having been ſent many months ago, are exactly in the ſame predicament.

The Ode to Love is not calculated for the Wit's Magazine.

Imus is requeſted to inform the Editor if he ſends his valuable favour as an original.

The Editor thanks *Mr. L.* for the Book which he was ſo obliging as to tranſmit.

PRIZE MEDALS.

The *firſt* SILVER MEDAL, for the beſt *original* Proſe Eſſay by a Correſpondent, is adjudged to Mr. SAMUEL BROOKS, for his ESSAY on SUSPICION—the *ſecond*, for the beſt Poetical Production, is decreed to Lieutenant SHILLITO, of the Marines, Colcheſter, for his SATIRE on FASHION—and the *third* and *fourth*, diſtributed by lot to two out of the ſix beſt Anſwerers of the PRIZE ENIGMA, fall to Mr. S. ASHBY, and Mr. FRANCIS BROWNE—who are requeſted to tranſmit their orders for delivery to the Publiſhers by the 20th of the month at fartheſt, in the ſame hand-writing as their reſpective productions, ſigned with their real names and places of abode, that they may be printed in the next Number, for the ſatisfaction of Subſcribers in general.

☞ The FOUR MEDALS adjudged laſt Month have been forwarded to——

1. The PUBLISHERS——on whom Mr. CALDECOTT is requeſted to call, *for the reward he ſo well merits*; as his reſidence could not be diſcovered in Cheſterfield Street, May-Fair, where he deſired the MEDAL might be ſent.
2. Mr. BARRETT, Aſſiſtant at the Rev. Mr. Mavor's Academy, Woodſtock.
3. J. MATTHEWS, Eſq. Cheltenham.
4. Mr. JOHN HARRIS, Eltham, Kent.

The ingenious X. Y. Z. having unaccountably neglected to make the uſual claim of the MEDAL adjudged to that ſignature in Number XIII. it has fallen by lot to Mr. W. RUSHER, of Banbury, to whoſe order it will at any time be delivered.

THE

WIT's MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1785.

THE NIGHT-WALKER.

NUMBER VIII.

HARRY had no ſooner quitted the room, than, turning to my amiable little charge, I preſented her with bills to the amount of four thouſand pounds; for, notwithſtanding what I had ſaid to Harry, I had all along intended to appropriate at leaſt eight hundred to his ſervice, and the remaining two hundred were deſtined for the uſe of Michael the coachman, who having loſt his ſervice by the part he had taken in the affair, ought not to be forgot. Theſe ſums, I hoped, would be fully ſufficient to place the parties in very comfortable ſituations, and I was happy enough to ſee my idea realized.

'If money could make me bleſt,' ſaid the dear girl, with a ſigh, as I placed the bills before her, 'then, in-deed, would my felicity be com-pleat; ſince your generoſity has ob-tained me a ſum greater than my moſt ſanguine hopes have ever dared to expect. Still, however, am I doom-ed to feel the pangs of a remedileſs ſorrow. Alas!' cried ſhe, claſping her hands in agony, as the tears burſt from her eyes, 'I have not in the world a ſingle human creature whom I can call my friend!——

'O Sir!' continued ſhe, as I gently ſupported her in my arms, 'how ſhall one ſo young as I, without a Father's protecting care, without a Father's neceſſary advice, avoid the repeti-tion of thoſe ills in which his loſs has involved me!

'Spirit of my Father,' cried the dear ſaint, dropping with a moſt aweful enthuſiaſm on one knee, 'look down on thy wretched daughter; and, if it be permitted thee, ſnatch her from a world hoſtile to un-friended innocence!'

The crimſon which, during this animated apoſtrophe, had ſuddenly flu[ſ]hed her cheeks, now as inſtantaneouſly retired; and ſhe fell back, pale and motionleſs, on the carpet, before I had ſufficiently recovered myſelf from the aſtoniſhment in which this extraordinary ſcene had enveloped me, to afford her the neceſſary ſupport.

Though it was not long before ſhe revived from this temporary ſuſpenſion of life, the convulſive agitations her mind had undergone produced an immediate fever, which raged with increaſing violence for ſix days, in ſpite of every effort of the moſt ſkilful of the faculty. At length the criſis came on; and though it was for a conſiderable time doubted, even by her phyſicians, whether it would prove a fatal or favourable one, youth and a naturally good conſtitution at length prevailed, and I had the happineſs, on the ſeventh day, to be relieved from tortures inexpreſſible, by the moſt poſitive aſſurances that every degree of danger was paſt.

From this period, her health and ſtrength began every day to increaſe, though ſhe had, now and then, fainting fits for near two months afterwards.

During all this time I had attended her with an aſſiduity almoſt equal to that of her nurſe; and, in the frequent abſences from reaſon which ſhe experienced, often heard the name of Father in every different modulation of tone. This circumſtance, added

to other ſenſations which I had for ſome time felt, made me extremely anxious to know her hiſtory previous to my firſt meeting with her.

Accordingly, I one day took an opportunity of preſſing her with much ardour to diſcover every minute tranſaction in her paſt life; when, to my great aſtoniſhment, ſhe aſſured me, with all the candour of ingenuous innocence, it was what ſhe had long wiſhed to lay before me, and that the difficulty of obtruding it upon me had given her conſiderable pain.

'I have already begun,' ſaid ſhe, 'ſince my recovery, to trace a faint 'but faithful ſketch of my melancholy 'ſtory. Too much of goodneſs have 'I experienced in your heart, to doubt 'that it will affect you; and perhaps 'I have been ungrateful enough to 'wiſh that the recital of thoſe cala-'mities which you have in part ſo 'nobly relieved, might ſtill rob you 'of a tear. If they have deſerved to 'be ſo wept, ſhall I bluſh to ſay that 'I have not ſuffered in vain!'

Away! cold, cautious ſuſpicion; away! mean ſelf-intereſt—falſely ſo called—under the veil of prudence and reaſon!—To my boſom I preſſed one whom a cherubim might have adored; and, as I held her to my tranſported heart, I told her, in the energetic but imperfect language of genuine love, that I was reſolved, whatever might have been her paſt life, to ſhare the future with her.

Reader! I will no longer keep thee in ſuſpenſe: we were united a few days afterwards; and our loves at the preſent moment, though we have never been a month aſunder during at leaſt twenty years, are not in the ſmalleſt degree abated. Our children are numerous; our friends few, but reſpectable: and we live with ſome hoſpitality, though not without œconomy; ſince the fortune which might well ſupport our family, large as it is, muſt prove, if I expended the whole of my annual income, inſufficient to provide comfortably for the numerous ſubdiviſions into which I hope to ſee it expanded; and I love the offſpring of my dear Anna too much, to think with indifference of their ſupport when I ſhall be no more.

Having thus hinted at our preſent ſituation, if the curious reader wiſhes to go back into our hiſtory, he may probably, at a future day, be gratified with 'The Story of Anna,' as it was put into my hands compleat, a few months after our union.

H——.

DISTRESSES OF AN AUTHOR,

WHO WAS INVITED TO READ HIS OWN TRAGEDY.

FROM DR. HAWKESWORTH'S ADVENTURER.

THOUGH there are many calamities to which all men are equally expoſed, yet ſome ſpecies of intellectual diſtreſs are thought to be peculiar to the vicious. The various evils of diſeaſe and poverty, pain and ſorrow, are frequently derived from others; but ſhame and confuſion are ſuppoſed to proceed from ourſelves, and to be incurred only by the miſconduct which they puniſh. This ſuppoſition is indeed ſpecious; but I am convinced by the ſtrongeſt evidence that it is not true: I can oppoſe experience to theory; and as it will appear that I ſuffer conſiderable loſs by my teſtimony, it muſt be allowed to have the moſt diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of ſincerity.

That every man is happy in proportion as he is virtuous, was once my favourite principle: I advanced and defended it in all companies; and, as the laſt effort of my genius in it's behalf, I contrived a ſeries of events by which it was illuſtrated and eſtabliſhed; and that I might ſubſtitute action for narrative, and decorate ſentiment with the

the beauties of poetry, I regulated my ſtory by the rules of the drama, and with great application and labour wrought it into a tragedy.

When it was finiſhed, I ſat down, like Hercules after his labours, exulting in the paſt, and enjoying the future by anticipation. I read it to every friend who favoured me with a viſit, and when I went abroad I always put it into my pocket. Thus it became known to a circle that was always increaſing; and was at length mentioned with ſuch commendation to a very great lady, that ſhe was pleaſed to favour me with a meſſage, by which I was invited to breakfaſt at nine the next morning, and acquainted that a ſelect company would then expect the pleaſure of hearing me read my play.

The delight that I received from the contemplation of my performance, the encomium of my friends, and eſpecially this meſſage, was in my opinion an experimental proof of my principles, and a reward of my merit. I reflected, with great ſelf-complacence, upon the general complaint that genius was without patronage; and concluded, that all who had been neglected were unworthy of notice. I believed that my own elevation was not only certain but near; and that the repreſentation of my play would be ſecured by a meſſage to the manager, which would render the mortifying drudgery of ſolicitation and attendance unneceſſary.

Elated with theſe expectations, I roſe early in the morning; and, being dreſſed long before it was time to ſet out, I amuſed myſelf by repeating the favourite paſſages of my tragedy aloud, forming polite anſwers to the compliments that ſhould be made me, and adjuſting the ceremony of my viſit.

I obſerved the time appointed with ſuch punctuality, that I knocked at the door while the clock was ſtriking. Orders had been given for my admittance; and the porter being otherwiſe engaged, it happened that the ſervant whoſe place it was to introduce me, opened the door in his ſtead, and upon hearing my name, advanced directly before me into the room; ſo that no diſcovery was made of an enormous queue of brown paper, which ſome miſchievous brat had with a crooked pin hung between the two locks of my major-periwig. I followed the valet into a magnificent apartment, where, after I had got within a very large Indian ſcreen, I found five ladies and a gentleman.

I was a little diſconcerted in my firſt addreſs, by the reſpect that was ſhewn me, and the curioſity with which I was regarded: however, I made my general obeiſance; and, addreſſing myſelf in particular to the elder of the ladies, whom I conſidered as my patroneſs, I expreſſed my ſenſe of the honour ſhe had done me, in a ſhort ſpeech which I had preconceived for the purpoſe; but I was immediately informed, that the lady whoſe favour I had acknowledged was not yet come down: this miſtake increaſed my confuſion; for as I could not again repeat the ſame words, I reflected that I ſhould be at laſt unprepared for the occaſion on which they were to have been uſed. The company all this while continued ſtanding: I therefore haſtily turned about, to reconnoitre my chair; but the moment I was ſeated, I perceived every one labouring to ſtifle a laugh. I inſtantly ſuſpected that I had committed ſome ridiculous indecorum, and I attempted to apologize for I knew not what offence: but after ſome heſitation, my extreme ſenſibility ſtruck me ſpeechleſs. The gentleman, however, kindly diſcovered the cauſe of their merriment, by exclaiming againſt the rude licentiouſneſs of the vulgar, and at the ſame time taking from behind me the pendulous reproach to the honours of my head. This diſcovery afforded me inexpreſſible relief; my paper ramelie was thrown into the fire, and I joined in the laugh which it produced: but I was ſtill embarraſſed by the conſequences of my miſtake, and expected the lady by whom I had been invited, with ſolicitude and apprehenſion.

When ſhe came in, the deference with which ſhe was treated by perſons

ſons who were ſo much my ſuperiors, ſtruck me with awe; my powers of recollection were ſuſpended, and I reſolved to expreſs my ſentiments only by the lowneſs of my bow and the diſtance of my behaviour: I therefore haſtily retreated backward; and at the ſame time bowing with the moſt profound reverence, unhappily overturned the ſcreen, which in it's fall threw down the breakfaſt table, broke all the china, and crippled the lap-dog. In the midſt of this ruin I ſtood torpid in ſilence and amazement, ſtunned with the ſhrieks of the ladies, the yelling of the dog, and the clattering of the china: and while I conſidered myſelf as the author of ſuch complicated miſchief, I believe I felt as keen anguiſh as he who with a halter about his neck looks up while the other end of it is faſtened to a gibbet.

The ſcreen, however, was ſoon replaced, and the broken china removed: and though the dog was the principal object of attention, yet the lady ſometimes adverted to me; ſhe politely deſired that I would conſider the accident as of no conſequence; the china, ſhe ſaid, was a trifle, and ſhe hoped Pompey was more frighted than hurt. I made ſome apology, but with great confuſion and incoherence: at length, however, we were again ſeated, and breakfaſt was brought in.

I was extremely mortified to perceive, that the diſcourſe turned wholly upon the virtues of Pompey, and the conſequences of his hurt: it was examined with great attention and ſolicitude, and found to be a razure of the ſkin the whole length of one of his fore-legs. After ſome topical application, his cuſhion was placed in the corner by his lady, upon which he lay down, and indeed whined piteouſly.

I was beginning to recover from my perplexity, and had juſt made an attempt to introduce a new ſubject of converſation, when, caſting my eye downward, I was again thrown into extreme confuſion, by ſeeing ſomething hang from the fore-part of my chair, which I imagined to be a portion of my ſhirt; though indeed it was no other than the corner of a napkin on which I ſat, and which, during the confuſion produced by the fall of the ſcreen, had been left in the chair.

My embarraſſment was ſoon diſcovered, though the cauſe was miſtaken; and the lady hoping to remove it, by giving me an opportunity to diſplay my abilities without the reſtraint of ceremony, requeſted that I would now give her the pleaſure which ſhe had impatiently expected, and read my play.

My play, therefore, I was obliged to produce; and having found an opportunity haſtily to button up the corner of the napkin while the manuſcript lay open in my lap, I began to read: and though my voice was at firſt languid, tremulous, and irreſolute, yet my attention was at length drawn from my ſituation to my ſubject; I pronounced with great emphaſis and propriety, and I began to watch for the effects which I expected to produce upon my auditors; but I was extremely mortified to find, that whenever I pauſed to give room for a remark or an encomium, the interval was filled with an ejaculation of pity for the dog, who ſtill continued to whine upon his cuſhion, and was lamented in theſe affectionate and pathetic terms: 'Ah! poor, dear, pret-
'ty, little creature!'

It happened, however, that by ſome incidents in the fourth act the paſſions were apparently intereſted; and I was juſt exulting in my ſucceſs, when the lady who ſat next me unhappily opening her ſnuff-box, which was not effected without ſome difficulty, the duſt that flew up threw me into a fit of ſneezing, which inſtantly cauſed my upper-lip to put me again out of countenance: I therefore haſtily felt for my handkerchief, and it was not with leſs emotion than if I had ſeen a ghoſt, that I diſcovered it had been picked out of my pocket. In the mean time the opprobrious effuſion deſcended like an icicle to my chin; and the eyes of the company, which this acci-

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dent had drawn upon me, were now turned away, with looks which ſhewed that their pity was not proof againſt the ridicule of my diſtreſs. What I ſuffered at this moment, can neither be expreſſed nor conceived: I turned my head this way and that in the anguiſh of my mind, without knowing what I ſought; and at laſt, holding up my manuſcript before my face, I was compelled to make uſe of the end of my neck-cloth, which I again buttoned into my boſom. After many painful efforts I proceeded in my lecture, and again fixed the attention of my hearers. The fourth act was finiſhed, and they expreſſed great impatience to hear the cataſtrophe: I therefore began the fifth with freſh confidence and vigour; but before I had read a page, I was interrupted by two gentlemen of great quality, profeſſors of Buckiſm, who came with a deſign to wait upon the ladies to an auction.

I roſe up with the reſt of the company when they came in; but what was my aſtoniſhment to perceive the napkin, which I had unfortunately ſecured by one corner, hang down from my waiſt to the ground! From this dilemma, however, I was delivered by the noble Buck who ſtood neareſt to me; who ſwearing an oath of aſtoniſhment, twitched the napkin from me, and throwing it to the ſervant, told him that he had redeemed it from the rats, who were dragging it by degrees into a place where he would never have looked for it. The young ladies were ſcarce leſs confounded at this accident than I; and the noble matron herſelf was ſomewhat diſconcerted; ſhe ſaw my extreme confuſion, and thought fit to apologize for her couſin's behaviour; 'He is a wild boy, 'Sir,' ſays ſhe; 'he plays theſe tricks 'with every body: but it is his way, and 'nobody minds it.' When we were once more ſeated, the Bucks, upon the peremptory refuſal of the ladies to go out, declared they would ſtay and hear the laſt act of my tragedy; I was therefore requeſted to go on. But my ſpirits were quite exhauſted by the violent agitation of my mind; and I was intimidated by the preſence of two perſons, who appeared to conſider me and my performance as objects only of merriment and ſport. I would gladly have renounced all that in the morning had been the object of my hope, to recover the dignity which I had already loſt in my own eſtimation; and had ſcarce any wiſh but to return without farther diſgrace into the quiet ſhade of obſcurity. The ladies however would take no denial, and I was at length obliged to comply.

I was much pleaſed and ſurprized at the attention with which my new auditors ſeemed to liſten as I went on: the dog was now ſilent; I increaſed the pathos of my voice in proportion as I aſcended the climax of diſtreſs, and flattered myſelf that poetry and truth would be ſtill victorious: but juſt at this criſis, the gentleman who had diſengaged me from the napkin, deſired me to ſtop half a moment; ſomething, he ſaid, had juſt ſtarted into his mind, which if he did not communicate he might forget: then turning to his companion—'Jack,' ſays he, 'there was ſold in Smithfield 'no longer ago than laſt Saturday, the 'largeſt ox that ever I beheld in my 'life.' The ridicule of this malicious apoſtrophe was ſo ſtriking, that pity and decorum gave way, and my patroneſs herſelf burſt into laughter: upon me indeed it produced a very different effect; for if I had been detected in an unſucceſsful attempt to pick a pocket, I could not have felt more ſhame, confuſion, and anguiſh. The laughter into which the company had been ſurprized was, however, immediately ſuppreſſed, and a ſevere cenſure paſſed upon the perſon who produced it. To atone for the mortification which I had ſuffered, the ladies expreſſed the utmoſt impatience to hear the concluſion, and I was encouraged by repeated encomiums to proceed; but though I once more attempted to recollect myſelf, and again began the ſpeech in which I had been interrupted, yet my thoughts were ſtill diſtracted;

diſtracted; my voice faltered, and I had ſcarce breath to finiſh the firſt period.

This was remarked by my tormentor the Buck, who ſuddenly ſnatched the manuſcript out of my hands, declared that I did not do my play juſtice, and that he would finiſh it himſelf. He then began to read; but the affected gravity of his countenance, the unnatural tone of his voice, and the remembrance of his late anecdote of the ox, excited ſenſations that were incompatible both with pity and terror, and rendered me extremely wretched by keeping the company perpetually on the brink of laughter.

In the action of my play, Virtue had been ſuſtained by her own dignity, and exulted in the enjoyment of intellectual and independent happineſs, during a ſeries of external calamities that terminated in death; and Vice, by the ſucceſs of her own projects, had been betrayed into ſhame, perplexity, and confuſion. Theſe events were indeed natural; and therefore I poetically inferred, with all the confidence of demonſtration, that the torments of Tartarus, and the felicity of Elyſium, were not neceſſary to the juſtification of the gods; ſince whatever inequality might be pretended in the diſtribution of externals, peace is ſtill the prerogative of virtue, and intellectual miſery can be inflicted only by guilt.

But the intellectual miſery which I ſuffered at the very moment when this favourite ſentiment was read, produced an irreſiſtible conviction that it was falſe; becauſe, except the dread of that puniſhment which I had indirectly denied, I felt all the torment that could be inflicted by guilt. In the proſecution of an undertaking which I believed to be virtuous, peace had been driven from my heart, by the concurrence of accident with the vices of others; and the miſery that I ſuffered, ſuddenly propagated itſelf: for not only enjoyment but hope was now at an end; my play, upon which both had depended, was overturned from it's foundation; and I was ſo much affected, that I took my leave with the abrupt haſte of diſtreſs and perplexity. I had no concern about what ſhould be ſaid of me when I was departed; and, perhaps, at the moment when I went out of the houſe, there was not in the world any human being more wretched than myſelf. The next morning, when I reflected coolly upon theſe events, I would willingly have reconciled my experience with my principles, even at the expence of my morals. I would have ſuppoſed that my deſire of approbation was inordinate, and that a virtuous indifference about the opinion of others would have prevented all my diſtreſs; but I was compelled to acknowledge, that to acquire this indifference was not poſſible, and that no man becomes vicious by not effecting impoſſibilities: there may be heights of virtue beyond our reach; but, to be vicious, we muſt either do ſomething from which we have power to abſtain, or neglect ſomething which we have power to do. There remained, therefore, no expedient to recover any part of the credit I had loſt, but ſetting a truth, which I had newly diſcovered by means ſo extraordinary, in a new light; and with this view I am a candidate for a place in the Adventurer.

DRAMATICUS.

THE VANITY AND AMBITION OF THE HUMAN MIND.

CICERO, in the firſt book of his Tuſculan Queſtions, ſhews ingeniouſly the falſity of the judgments we form concerning the duration of human life, compared with eternity: to give the more force to his reaſoning, he quotes a paſſage from the natural hiſtory of Ariſtotle, touching a kind of inſects, that are common upon the banks of the Hypanis, (a river of Scythia, at preſent called the Bog) who never live beyond the day on which they are born.

'Ariſtotle,' ſays he, 'tells us, that 'there

'there are ſmall animals upon the River Hypanis, which live but a day. 'He that dies at eight in the morning, 'dies in his youth; he that dies at five 'in the evening, dies in decrepid old 'age. Who among us does not laugh 'to ſee the happineſs or miſery of this 'moment of exiſtence brought into 'conſideration? The ſhorteſt and longeſt life among us, if we compare it 'with eternity, or only with the durations of mountains, ſtars, trees, or 'even of ſome animals, is not leſs ridiculous.' Montaigne's Eſſays.

To purſue the idea of this elegant writer, let us ſuppoſe that one of the moſt robuſt of theſe Hypanians was, according to his own notions, as ancient as time itſelf; that he had begun to exiſt at break of day, and, by the extraordinary force of his conſtitution, had been able to ſupport the fatigues of an active life, through the infinite number of ſeconds in ten or twelve hours. During ſuch a long courſe of inſtants, by experience and reflection on all he had ſeen, he muſt have acquired very ſublime wiſdom. He looks upon his fellow-creatures, who died about noon, as happily delivered from the great number of inconveniences to which old age is ſubject. He has aſtoniſhing traditions to deliver to his grandchildren, concerning facts that were prior to all the memorials of their nation. The young ſwarm, compoſed of beings who may have already lived a full hour, approach, with reſpect, this venerable ſire, and hear his inſtructive diſcourſes with admiration. Every thing that he relates to them will appear a prodigy to that generation whoſe life is ſo ſhort. The ſpace of a day will ſeem the entire duration of time; and day-break, in their chronology, will be called the great æra of the creation.

Let us now ſuppoſe this venerable inſect, this Neſtor of the Hypanis, a little before his death, and about the hour of ſun-ſet, to aſſemble all his deſcendants, friends, and acquaintance, to impart to them, at dying, his laſt thoughts, and give them his laſt advice. They repair from all parts under the vaſt ſhelter of a muſhroom, and the departing ſage addreſſes himſelf to them in the following manner.

'FRIENDS AND COUNTRYMEN,

'I perceive that the longeſt life 'muſt have an end. The run of 'mine is arrived; and I do not regret 'my fate, ſince my age was become 'a burden to me, and to me there 'was no longer any thing new under 'the ſun. The revolutions and calamities that have deſolated my 'country, the great number of particular accidents to which we are 'all ſubject, the infirmities that afflict our race, and the misfortunes 'that have happened to me in my 'own family, all that I have ſeen in 'the courſe of a long life, has but too 'well taught me this great truth, that 'no happineſs, placed on things that 'do not depend on us, can be ſure 'and durable. The uncertainty of 'life is great; one whole generation 'periſhed by a ſharp wind; a multitude of our youth were ſwept off by 'an unexpected freſh gale; what terrible deluge have I ſeen happen by 'a ſudden ſhower! Our moſt ſolid 'coverings are not proof againſt a 'ſtorm of hail; a dark cloud makes 'the moſt courageous heart to tremble. I lived in the firſt ages, and 'converſed with inſects of a taller 'ſtature, a ſtronger conſtitution, and, 'I may add, of more profound wiſdom, than any of thoſe in the preſent generation. I beſeech you to 'give credit to my laſt words, when 'I aſſure you, that the ſame ſun 'which now appears beyond the water, and ſeems to be not far diſtant 'from the earth, I have formerly ſeen 'in the middle of heaven, darting 'down his rays directly upon us. 'The earth was much more enlightened in thoſe paſt ages, the air much 'warmer, and your anceſtors were 'more ſober and more virtuous. 'Though my ſenſes are impaired, 'my memory is not; and I can aſſure 'you,

'you, that glorious being has motion. 'I saw his firſt riſing to the ſummit of 'that mountain, and I began my life 'about the ſame time that he began 'his immenſe career. For a great 'many ages he advanced along the 'heavens with a prodigious heat, 'and a brightneſs of which you can 'have no idea, a brightneſs that 'would certainly be to you inſup-'portable. But now by his decline, 'and a ſenſible diminution of his vi-'gour, I foreſee that all nature will 'ſoon be at an end, and that the 'world will be buried in darkneſs in 'leſs than a hundred minutes.

'Alas! my friends, how did I for-'merly flatter myſelf with the deceit-'ful hope of living for ever upon 'this earth! how magnificent were 'the cells which I dug for my habi-'tation! what confidence did I not 'put in the firmneſs of my members, 'the ſprings of my joints, and the 'ſtrength of my wings! But I have 'lived long enough for nature and 'for glory; none of thoſe whom I 'leave behind me will have the ſame 'ſatisfaction in this age of darkneſs 'and decay, which I ſee is already 'begun.'

CHARACTER OF MEN OF SPIRIT.

I Am reputed by ſome of my acquaintance to want Spirit, and it is for no other reaſon but that I do not live above my income. I have Spirit enough to keep out of debt, and endeavour to make all my friends welcome when they viſit me; but, when I make an entertainment, they cry, it is not done with Spirit, though it is always as elegant as my circumſtances will allow. I know ſeveral of theſe Men of Spirit, who are mean-ſpirited enough to borrow money of me. Our gaols ſwarm with Men of Spirit, and our ſtreets are crouded by children whoſe parents were perſons of Spirit. There are Men of Spirit of all degrees, from the peer in his gilded chariot, to the porter with his ſilver-ticket, who ridicule frugality, and all œconomy which prevents ſuperfluous expence. By theſe perſons a man that is frugal is ſaid to be miſerable; and œconomy is deſpiſed as the want of Spirit. I am convinced that if Men of Spirit were to become a little leſs vain and oſtentatious, it would be of great advantage, not only to themſelves, but to the community, for it is notorious that they too often keep up their Spirit at the expence of the public; and it does not appear to me that they are influenced by a good Spirit, when they ruin a tradeſman by getting into his debt for ſuperfluities, or when they take in a friend for their ſurety, to keep up their credit. I know ſeveral Men of Spirit who wear the taylor's cloaths: I am often blamed by theſe people for not appearing oftener at public diverſions; but I can divert myſelf and family without going to the playhouſe every other evening in the winter, and to the gardens or wells, in the ſummer, four or five times a week. Though I am contemned by theſe gentlemen as a mean-ſpirited and unpoliſhed niggard, yet my conduct enables me to provide for my family all the neceſſaries of life, and for myſelf a perpetual ſucceſſion of peaceful pleaſures, without the riſque of my independence, my virtue, my health, or my fortune; all which are continually ſtaked, with the deſperation of a loſing gameſter, by our modern Men of Spirit.

THE

THE TRAVELLER.

NUMBER III.

BEING now freed from the gloomy reflection of periſhing with hunger, I had no other care than to provide for my ſecurity by erecting a kind of ſhed, which might at once ſhield me from ſcorching ſuns and daſhing rains; and, as I conſidered myſelf the undiſputed lord of the ſoil, I was deſirous of ſelecting the moſt agreeable ſpot which nature preſented for the ſite of my palace. In order to gratify my ambition in this reſpect, I reſolved on making a tranſverſe ſurvey of my kingdom, to which I now gave the name of Wonders Iſle, on account of the many extraordinary curioſities which I had already diſcovered in it; and, in conſequence of this reſolution, I proceeded with alacrity, but circumſpectly, eagerly looking around for ſome ſpot which I could honour with my imperial reſidence. I had not travelled more than four miles from my nocturnal retreat, before a kind of muttering noiſe aſſailed my ears. I liſtened, but could not diſcover whence it proceeded: I advanced, but anon ſtarted back; my reſolution totally forſook me; and I began to grow apprehenſive that I had plumed myſelf too early on being ſole regent of the country. However, as uncertainty is the moſt deplorable of all ſituations, after putting myſelf in the beſt poſture of defence I was able, I at laſt ſummoned up ſufficient courage to proceed, in order to diſcover from whence the voices originated, which ſtill became more and more diſtinct. A loud ſhriek ſoon led me to the identical ſpot; and I immediately concluded that I was got among a gang of ſavages, and that I ſhould be eaten up alive, if I did not retreat in time. But judge my ſurprize, when, from a cave overhung with evergreens and flowers, I ſaw an ape, at leaſt ten feet high, iſſue, and a whole train of kindred animals purſue it in a ſportive manner. I was now almoſt petrified; and, inſtead of conſoling myſelf with the idea of man being lord of the creation, I ſhould then have thought myſelf unſpeakably happy in exchanging my ſituation with that of an ape. The animals, however, ſeemed equally aſtoniſhed with myſelf; their gambols were intermitted; and they drew up in a body, chattering together as if in conſultation. I was well aware that any retreat would be vain; and that, by attempting it, I ſhould only invite them to a purſuit: recollecting, therefore, that I had ſome fruits in my pocket which I had plucked from the Tree of Life, I held them in my hands; and, advancing with all the deference and reſpect due to a monarch, I preſented them to this grinning fraternity; which, after eying me with a look of horrid ſatisfaction, they received, and ſeemed perfectly pleaſed with my attention. I now endeavoured, by every poſſible means, to inſinuate myſelf into the favour of one of them who appeared to be a kind of chieftain; and ſucceeded ſo well, that he ſhewed me every ſeeming mark of regard; and, taking me up in one of his paws, bore me to the cave with as much facility as I could have carried a pound of tobacco, while the reſt of the troop followed.

Notwithſtanding the good underſtanding which now ſeemed to ſubſiſt between both parties, I was under the moſt dreadful apprehenſions that they intended to deſtroy me; but I was agreeably diſappointed, when I found that, inſtead of offering any violence, they preſented me with nuts, leaves, and ſuch other dainties as their cell afforded. I cracked the nuts, and ate with the beſt grace I could, while my hoſts were buſied in examining my phyſiognomy, fingering my ragged dreſs, and twirling my queue, which they ſeemed to think improperly placed. Having finiſhed my repaſt, which, to confeſs the truth, was

neither very ſumptuous nor very long, I roſe up, and, after having acknowledged their kindneſs in the moſt intelligible manner of which I was capable, prepared to depart; but, to my unſpeakable terror and ſurprize, they appeared unanimouſly reſolved on my detention, and I was not ſuffered to ſtir one ſtep farther than they thought proper. Reſiſtance I knew would be impolitic; I therefore endeavoured to accommodate myſelf to my ſituation; and, in order to render myſelf ſerviceable to my new maſters, I made ſigns from whence I had procured the fruit which I had given them; and they appearing to underſtand my motions, accompanied me to the Tree of Life, from which I plucked fruit and leaves ſufficient to ſatisfy the whole tribe, as well as myſelf.

Though apes in general ſubſiſt on fruit, it appeared that they had never meddled with this tree; the enormous ſize of the apples, as well as the hardneſs of their exterior rinds, probably concealed their real value: but, as I was furniſhed with a knife, I eaſily divided them into portions; and this device at once filled my companions with aſtoniſhment and gratitude. I was now conducted back like a captive general to the cave, which I perceived was deſtined to be the place of my abode. I ſelected a particular corner, in which I made a couch compoſed of leaves; and, night coming on, I laid myſelf down, but durſt not ſleep, leſt an attack ſhould be made on me at a time when I was utterly unable to reſiſt it. Finding, however, that my hoſts entertained no hoſtile intentions againſt me, but that they only detained me for the ſake of my company, I became gradually reconciled to ſuch reſtrictions as they laid on me; and all reſerve being ſet aſide on their part, I had an opportunity of becoming perfectly acquainted with the manners, habits, and diſpoſitions of theſe animals, which ſo greatly reſemble the human race. They ſeem to be very mild in their diſpoſitions, and extremely affectionate to each other, at leaſt to thoſe of the ſame ſociety; fond of their young, and attached to their mates by the ſtrongeſt natural ties. They provide for their mutual wants; feed the helpleſs, the old, and the young, with aſſiduity and regard; and, in many inſtances, ſeem capable of inculcating leſſons of moral rectitude and natural affection on the redoubted lords of the creation. Every male has his mate, with whom he lives in the cloſeſt ſociety; and they renounce all promiſcuous intercourſe during their joint lives, employing their whole care in nouriſhing their young till they arrive at years of maturity, when they leave them to their own inclinations, without attempting to obtrude a ſingle object on their choice from ſelfiſh and intereſted views. They have a captain, who is generally much advanced in years, and to whoſe dictates they implicitly ſubmit. The chieftain in our corps (pardon me, reader, for ranking myſelf with apes, though many of the human ſpecies perhaps ſink far below them) had a numerous family, conſiſting of four ſons and five daughters, who were all arrived at years of maturity. The heir-apparent was matched with his eldeſt ſiſter, as it appeared to me; and the youngeſt ſons to thoſe of their ſiſters who correſponded moſt nearly with their ages. One only daughter remained undiſpoſed of; and, as the reſt of the ſociety were married, ſhe ſeemed devoted to that ſtate which is far from being deſirable or honourable either in man or beaſt. She was a fine tall figure, about nine feet and a half high, and as handſome as an ape is generally allowed to be. I ſoon diſcovered, to my utter confuſion and horror, in what light ſhe wiſhed to conſider me; and, indeed, the whole ſociety ſeemed moſt ardently to intereſt themſelves in the happineſs of this young princeſs, and to fix on me as her future ſpouſe.

M——.

REFLECTIONS,

REFLECTIONS,

HISTORICAL, CRITICAL, MORAL, AND PHILOSOPHICAL,

ON HUMAN HEADS.

IN the Human ſyſtem the Head is appointed as ſupreme governor of the other members; and, on examination, we ſhall find that few faults happen in this little government, when all the parts remain in due ſubordination to their lawful ſovereign. Thus, when the belly indulgeth itſelf in all manner of gluttony and intemperance, the fault is not to be charged on the Head, which plainly points out all the fatal conſequences attending exceſs.

I have often obſerved with regret, that a parent ſeldom examines whether his ſon will ſhine moſt at the bar, in the pulpit, or in the field; the queſtion is, whether his intereſt be greater with ſuch a general, ſuch a biſhop, or ſuch a judge; and his ſon's employment is determined accordingly. It ſometimes happens, indeed, that certain Heads are born under ſo kind an influence of the ſtars, that they are equally fit for every kind of office in the commonwealth: but it would be a falſe and dangerous concluſion to ſay ſo of all Heads; beſides, it is a matter of doubt with me, whether ſuch univerſal geniuſes be fit for any thing, according to a well-known and trite, but profound obſervation.

As, therefore, it is of the greateſt conſequence to the public, what kind of Heads are choſen into offices, ſome animadverſions in general upon them, it is hoped, will not be thought unneceſſary.

The firſt kind I ſhall mention, is the Mathematical Head, ſo called as having length, breadth, and thickneſs; which three dimenſions, taken together, conſtitute what mathematicians call a ſolid.

The Mathematical Head may be properly divided into two ſorts; the Hard Heads and the Soft Heads. Take notice, I do not mean Hard here in a philoſophical ſenſe, for I verily believe it may be poſſible to break ſuch a Head with the blow of a hammer; I only mean, that this Head being well fortified by nature, it will require more than ordinary force to make it yield inwards; it is my opinion, that the owners of ſuch Heads would make excellent plowmen, good common ſailors, and ſoldiers. I might mention, that theſe Heads, being already furniſhed with natural armour, would ſave the nation a conſiderable expence in ſteel caps; which circumſtance only may recommend them to the ſerious attention of the government.

This Head alſo can bear a large quantity of ſtrong liquor; an accompliſhment which has been thought neceſſary in ſwordſmen, time immemorial. It may therefore, in my opinion, become a teſt of the different degrees of proweſs reſiding in the pate, to try how much ſtrong drink it can endure: but this I ſubmit to wiſer judgments.

The ſecond diviſion of the mathematical or ſolid comes under the denomination of the Soft Head. Some, indeed, diſpute the juſtneſs and propriety of this diviſion, 'Becauſe,' ſay they, 'this ſpecies partakes only of 'breadth and length, not of thick-'neſs, and conſequently is only a ſu-'perficies, not a ſolid; whence it is 'ſometimes called paper-ſcull.' But all this is only a cavil; for I will be bold to ſay, there are no Heads in nature of ſo extraordinary a thickneſs. The only difference then between the Hard and the Soft, is, that the laſt is formed of matter more rare, and leſs denſe than the former; though it hath all the three dimenſions of length, breadth, and thickneſs, in as full perfection as the other.

I think it is obvious, that the ſubſtance of which this ſort of Head is compoſed, hath not ſtrength enough to reflect bullets; therefore I adviſe

it's

it's owner, by all means, not to take to the muſquet. If it be born to a fortune, it is my advice, that it turn all it's talents to the improvement of dreſs, and make up for it's natural infirmities by the ſize of the periwig, or the hat and feather, which may ſerve to defend it's tender conſtitution from the invaſions of the air and cold.

If the Soft Head has no advantages of health entailed on it at it's birth, it is my opinion that it may, in that caſe, make a very good taylor or haberdaſher. There is alſo an ample field open for it among ſtagers, tumblers, dancers, and merry-andrews; but let it never undertake any thing which requires a ſeries of reflection: from which uneaſineſs I pronounce the Soft Head to be as abſolutely free as the hard.

I alſo humbly offer it to the conſideration of the public, whether Soft Heads might not be brought up in ſuch a manner, as to ſerve the ladies inſtead of lap-dogs, monkies, ſquirrels, or parrots. I am fully perſuaded, that a Soft Head of any tolerable capacity might be brought to play as many tricks and frolics as any monkey or lap-dog whatever. And it is to be hoped, that the fair-ſex (on an equal fund of merit, or, to ſpeak in the ſcholaſtic ſtile, *cæteris paribus*) would receive into their ſervice a human animal. If this ſcheme be thought practicable, I would propoſe an academy for the education of poor Soft Heads, where the richer ſort (whom we ſuppoſe already accompliſhed in this kind of erudition, having employed their whole lives in the ſtudy of it) would certainly, in compaſſion to their poor brethren, inſtruct them in the arts of a ſure and comfortable ſubſiſtence.

I now beg leave to touch upon ſome of the intrinſical qualities of theſe two ſpecies of Heads: I could ſeldom obſerve in either of them any grains of diſcretion, modeſty, reaſon, or judgment; and I can affirm, from experience, that I have ſeen both ſorts read a page of Virgil, Horace, Swift, or Pope, with the ſame degree of taſte that they have at another time run over a page of Ogilby or Quarles. I ſhall endeavour to give a phyſical reaſon for this ſtrange phænomenon, which I hope will be thought by the candid reader as reaſonable as many hypotheſes advanced by naturaliſts for the ſolution of ſome other wonderful effects of nature: and, firſt, of the Hard Head.

If we ſuppoſe the internals of a Hard Head to be formed ſomething like thoſe ſubſtances which reflect all the rays of the ſun; it is plain, that all the fine and ſubtle rays of ſenſe darted from theſe authors, impinging againſt certain impenetrable laminæ in the cavity of the ſcull, (by ſome miſtaken for brains) muſt be repelled with a velocity equal to that wherewith they approached; or, in other words, that the angle of reflection muſt be equal to the angle of incidence.

As to the Soft Head, it's ſubject matter may likewiſe be conceived to have the ſame form in it's particles with thoſe bodies which tranſmit or give a free paſſage to all the rays of light, but reflect none. The nature of which bodies is to be of a dark, black, or obſcure colour; they are eclipſed, if I may uſe the expreſſion, by too much light. If theſe reaſons, as I expect, will be allowed ſatisfactory, inſtead of Hard and Soft, we may as properly ſay, Reflecting and Tranſmitting Heads.

I ſhall now, as briefly as poſſible, touch upon the Round Heads and Long Heads.

The ſpherical, or Round Heads, were greatly in vogue in Cromwel's time; for what reaſon I cannot take upon me poſitively to determine. It is probable, that this form of the Head was then admired, as it was moſt agreeable to the principles of government prevailing at that time, which reduced all perſons and things to an equality. Now as all lines drawn from the centre of this Head to the circumference are equal, no part of it has pre-eminence above the reſt; which perhaps furniſhed the owners of it with the hint of levelling in government.

ment. I know not whether there are any Round Heads now exiſting; but I am credibly informed that, on the anatomy of a Round Head in thoſe days, the brains were found depoſited in the very centre, which conſequently attracted all the groſs humours in the Head to them; ſo that no objects could paſs readily through ſo groſs a medium, but ſuch as were of a very heavy nature, and came with a prodigious quantity of motion.

The next ſpecies is the Long Head, which ought to be of an elliptical figure, and not of a conical, as ſome too raſhly maintain. The Long Head has met with great approbation and applauſe in the world. Some ſcruple not to affirm, that we are indebted to this Head for the invention and culture of all arts and ſciences: this may be too bold an aſſertion; but I think there is reaſon to rely on this, that the Long Head firſt proved the heavenly bodies to be of an oval, and not a ſpherical figure; and that their orbits were ellipſes, and not circles. I have not lately read Plato; and hope to be excuſed if, in quoting him, I miſtake his ſenſe: I think he ſays, 'That the 'patterns of all external objects exiſt 'firſt in the brain, which is a kind of 'repoſitory, where they all lie pent 'up, and at random, on the top of one 'another, like bales of goods in a mer-'chant's warehouſe. But when the 'proper object of any pattern ſtrikes 'on the ſenſe, then the correſpond-'ing idea ſteps forth from it's ſtore-'room, and ſtands at the door of it's 'cell, manifeſted in full dimenſions.' From which doctrine I think it demonſtrable, that the Long Heads muſt have firſt obſerved the ellipſes of the planets orbits, as the two focuſes exiſted firſt in it's own figure. From theſe two fountains, I alſo conceive, proceeds that double portion of ſenſe and learning which it hath above other Heads.

Thus have I run through ſome of the forms of Heads; and as it might be too troubleſome to examine the inward qualifications, I ſhould be glad to ſee ſome external ſhape of a Head fixed on a ſtandard, which ſhall determine it capable of executing this or the other employment. Such a proceeding would alſo have this advantage, that fewer murmurs and complaints would then be among the members of the commonwealth, who, if they did not ſucceed in their endeavours for preferment, muſt lay the whole blame upon nature, and not upon the imperial judgment of the diſpoſer.

PHANOR; OR, THE BUTTERFLY PURSUIT.

AN ALLEGORY.

CYNEAS, the father of Atalanta, reigned over the iſland of Scyrus, renowned for generous wine and ſnowy herds; he was high-prieſt, as well as monarch, of the iſland, and early initiated his daughter in the myſteries of the gods. Her tender mind was grateful to his cares; the riſing and the ſetting ſun never failed to receive her oriſons; and the children of Latona, to reward the piety of the father, endowed him with the gift of preſcience in as great a degree as is conſiſtent with the happineſs of mortals. He ſaw with pleaſure his daughter's growing virtues; the groves reſounded with the lyres of youthful poets in praiſe of her beauty: but her life being dedicated to the ſervice of Diana, ſhe ſeemed inſenſible to all the powers of numbers, except thoſe which celebrated the power and chaſtity of her favourite goddeſs.

On the death of her aged ſire, the children of Latona beſtowed on her a portion of his ſpirit, in gratitude for his ſervices, as well as in reward of her own virtues; and the princes from all the neighbouring iſlands courted her love. Atalanta, notwithſtanding her vows of chaſtity, by the expreſs

preſs command of the goddeſs, liſtened to their addreſſes; and, in a full aſſembly of her admirers in the temple of Apollo, whither ſhe had called them to receive her final anſwer, declared that ſhe would give her hand to none but him who ſhould excel her in ſwiftneſs in three courſes round the ſpacious Hippodrome that lay before the temple; and that the unſucceſsful ſuitor ſhould immediately depart the iſland, never to return under pain of the dire reſentment of the children of Latona.

Having thus ſpoken, the awful ſhrine of the temple ſhook, and the rapture of the Pythian prieſteſs confirmed her declaration. 'Daughter 'of Cyneas,' ſaid Adraſtus, the moſt intrepid, the moſt robuſt, and the beſt practiſed in the chace, of all the Grecian princes, 'though the gods 'could not inflict on me ſo ſevere 'a fate, were they to doom me to the 'puniſhment of Philoctetes, as never 'to behold thy face, I accept thy 'terms.'

The aſſembly trembled for the fate of the princeſs, but none durſt oppoſe the formidable Adraſtus. The nymph reſigned her ſilver bow and golden quiver to the altar of Apollo; a ſnowy fillet bound back her golden locks; and a zone begirt her robes, which were gathered up with an adamantine buckle, ſo that the depending folds impeded not her ſwiftneſs.

The trembling crowd attended the royal path to the marble porch of the temple, which was hung with garlands, and decorated with the attributes of the god of light and poetry. The royal pair eyed each other; he with ſecret, and ſhe with ſcornful emulation. The ſignal given, they ſtart; and Atalanta, ſwifter than one of Diana's ſhafts aimed at a flying deer, leaves him in the race; becauſe the youth kept back his ſpeed, the better to enjoy the pleaſure of gazing on her ſnowy limbs, and admiring her graceful ſhape. Sometimes he beheld her face turned back, to ſee the progreſs he made; and they had now twice encircled the Hippodrome, when he, recollecting that he might loſe his game for the pleaſure of gazing on it, began to put forth all his ſwiftneſs. And now the nymph felt his ſultry breath warming her neck through her waving ringlets; when, addreſſing a ſhort prayer to Diana, ſhe threw from her boſom one of the golden apples plucked in the garden of the Heſperides. The prince, now thinking himſelf ſecure of the race, catched up the tempting prize, and had almoſt recovered the few ſteps he had loſt, when another apple, diſcharged from the ſame fair hand, again impeded his courſe. Yet ſtill he had been victor, had not Apollo, at the earneſt requeſt of his ſiſter, inviſibly ſlipped himſelf, in the ſhape of a third apple, into the hand of Atalanta; and ſhe no ſooner diſcharged the lovely fruit, than, inſtinct with ſpirit, it gave the youth ſo much trouble in catching it, that Atalanta reached the goal before him: and Adraſtus too late perceived, with ſhame, the artifice of Atalanta; but he was obliged to ſubmit to the award of the virgin.

Alcanor the Theban, who yielded to none except Achilles in ſwiftneſs of foot, was the next who challenged the race; and though he had juſt ſeen the diſgrace of Adraſtus, whom he was the moſt forward to deride, his fate was the ſame; nor could he reſiſt the temptation of the golden fruit.

Metampus the Lacedemonian, Polydorus the Cretan, and Crator the Athenian, were not more fortunate; for all of them yielded to the baits of Atalanta.

Some others eſſayed the chace, and were conquered by her ſwiftneſs alone. In ſhort, ſhe was felicitating herſelf with the hopes of remaining the perpetual votary of Diana, when Phanor of Crotona appeared, and challenged her to the race. He was the moſt formidable of all the antagoniſts who had yet entered the liſts againſt Atalanta: bred up, under the ſage Pythagoras, on the mountains of Apuleia, he had imbibed all the wiſdom of the gods, and a perfect

contempt

contempt for that metal which had been the diſgrace of Atalanta's former lovers. His form was beautiful as that of Apollo himſelf. He was punctual in his devotions to all the powers of heaven; but the Graces thought that he did not ſacrifice to them with ſuch ardour as they deſerved. His chief ſtudy was that of Nature, who had been ſo profuſe in her gifts on his perſon and mind. He excelled in the knowledge of the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral world; the motions of the heavens were familiar to him; and Harmony herſelf had impreſſed his ſoul with all her moſt exquiſite ſenſations.

Such was the lover of Atalanta, who now trembled with the apprehenſions of unlooſing her virgin zone. They advanced to the barriers of the Hippodrome; and ſo great was the public expectation, that the uſual acclamations were ſunk into gentle murmurs of admiration at ſo lovely a pair.

Atalanta now exerted her utmoſt ſpeed, and ſhot from the barrier like lightning from the bolts of Jove. She had, as uſual, the advantage at firſt; but Phanor's more perſevering vigour was ready to paſs her, when ſhe emitted one of the fatal apples, which Phanor left behind without regard. Having paſſed her, ſhe threw another before him; but, what was her confuſion, when ſhe ſaw him kick it aſide, as a ſhining trifle, to the ſcrambling vulgar! And now the victorious Phanor was within a few furlongs of the goal, and had left Atalanta as many behind him; when Diana, commiſerating the vexation of her votary, threw herſelf around her brother's neck, and entreated him to ſave her. The god was inſtantaneouſly dreſſed, by the hand of Iris, in the brighteſt colours of his own rays, which ſhe formed into the figure of a butterfly. The luſtre of the tail of the peacock, which draws the chariot of Juno, and the neck of the dove, which forms the equipage of Venus, were but faint reſemblances of that which cloathed the wings and body of this beautiful inſect; and both of them were extended to a ſize larger than nature generally admits of.

The god, thus transformed, was wantoning in his own beams, when he was eſpied by Phanor. His heart bounded with joy at the diſcovery; ſecure, as he thought, of the glory of the race, he ſprung acroſs the barrier of the Hippodrome; and, ſnatching at the lovely prize, the wily god eluded his graſp, and flying careleſsly away, invited his purſuit; till, after ſeveral ſtops, and as many diſappointments, his earneſtneſs was interrupted by the ſhouts of the people on Atalanta's reaching the goal.

Thus Phanor loſt his prize; and was more juſtly derided than any of the others who had failed in the conteſt; becauſe they had ſacrificed their pretenſions to ſomething that was deemed valuable, but Phanor his to the very loweſt of all paſſions—uſeleſs, though craving curioſity.

Remote as this allegory ſeems from any application to civil life, I am much miſtaken if it's primary ſenſe does not tend that way. If there is any people under the ſun endowed with courage, learning, wit, ſpirit, and ſenſe, nay, naturally with virtue; and if that people is by butterfly purſuits to be diverted from their moſt ſerious purpoſes, that people is the Phanor of the allegory.

RULES FOR A MAN OF WIT AND LEARNING

TO MAKE HIMSELF A DISAGREEABLE COMPANION.

YOUR buſineſs is to ſhine; therefore you muſt by all means prevent the ſhining of others; for their brightneſs may make yours the leſs diſtinguiſhed. To this end—

First. If poſſible, engroſs the whole

 diſcourſe;

diſcourſe; and when other matter fails, talk much of yourſelf, your education, your knowledge, your circumſtances, your ſucceſſes in buſineſs, your victories in diſputes, your own wiſe ſayings and obſervations on particular occaſions, &c. &c. &c.

Secondly. If, when you are out of breath, one of the company ſhould ſeize the opportunity of ſaying ſomething, watch his words, and, if poſſible, find ſomewhat either in his ſentiment or expreſſion immediately to contradict and raiſe a diſpute upon. Rather than fail, criticiſe even his grammar.

Thirdly. If another ſhould be ſaying an indiſputable good thing, either give no attention to it, or interrupt him; or draw away the attention of others; or if you can gueſs what he would be at, be quick, and ſay it before him; or, if he gets it ſaid, and you perceive the company pleaſed with it, own it to be a good thing, but withal remark that it had been ſaid by Bacon, Locke, Bayle, or ſome other eminent writer: thus you deprive him of the reputation he might have gained by it, and gain ſome yourſelf, as you hereby ſhew your great reading and memory.

Fourthly. When modeſt men have been thus treated by you a few times, they will chuſe ever after to be ſilent in your company: then you may ſhine on without fear of a rival; raillying them at the ſame time for their dulneſs, which will be to you a new fund of wit.

Thus you will be ſure to pleaſe yourſelf. The polite man aims at pleaſing others, but you ſhall go beyond him even in that. A man can be preſent only in one company, but may at the ſame time be abſent to twenty. He can pleaſe only where he is; you, wherever you are not.

A POET's WILL.

LAST week died of an atrophy, at his apartment, up three pair of ſtairs, in Pipemaker's Alley, the famous poet Tag-rhyme, who has left behind him a diſconſolate widow and four children, with no other proviſion than what is made in the following will.

I SAMSON TAG-RHYME, of the pariſh of St. Giles, in the county of Middleſex, Eſq. being of good memory, ready wit, and ſound judgment, do make and conſtitute this my laſt will and teſtament, in manner and form following.

Imprimis, I commend my fame, which can never die, to poſterity: and, as to my earthly part, I reſign it to the ground; deſiring that my body may be interred on that ſide of Weſtminſter Abbey called Poet's Corner, and a handſome monument to be erected to my memory, adjoining to Shakeſpeare's, and inſcribed with my epitaph on myſelf: the expence to be defrayed from the ſale of an elegy on my death, which I long ago compoſed, and made ready for the preſs.

Item, I bequeathe to my dear and loving wife Tabitha, whom I conſtitute my whole and ſole executrix, all my works, already printed, in folio, quarto, octavo, duodecimo, &c. and I do hereby ſettle on her, and leave entirely to her diſpoſal, all the profits that ſhall hereafter accrue from any future editions.

Item, Whereas my eldeſt ſon Muſophilus, notwithſtanding the great pains I have beſtowed on him, could never compoſe one himſelf, I do hereby bequeath him—a diſtich.

Item, I give to my friend Tobit Stitch-ſheet, in truſt for my ſon Philobiblios, my collection of conundrums, rebuſes, riddles, anagrams, and acroſtics, to apprentice him (when he ſhall be of proper age) either to himſelf, or ſome other learned book-binder: as alſo my new verſion of Paradiſe Loſt in rhyme, and the tranſlation of Pope's

Eſſays

Eſſays into blank verſe; together with my play of Othello, altered, with great improvements, from Shakeſpeare; to maintain my ſon till and during his apprenticeſhip, and to ſet him up when he ſhall be out of his time.

Item, From the great affection which I have always had for my daughter Urania, and in reward for the aſſiſtance ſhe has given me in my lucubrations, I hereby bequeathe her (provided ſhe does not marry a mechanic) my tragedy called Blood upon Blood; which was rejected at Drury Lane, but may be acted at the other houſe, and will run many nights.

Item, I give my daughter Polly, alias Polyhymnia, my poems in imitation of the ancients, together with my compleat Engliſh ſet of the Greek and Roman Claſſics; Byſhe's Art of Poetry, the Britiſh Muſe, Flos Poetarum, Dennis's Remarks, Academy of Compliments, and Dyche's Spelling-book.

Item, All my other books I bequeathe to my aforeſaid daughter Ury, provided that if any books in Latin, or any other heathen language, be found amongſt them, they may be given to the curate of our pariſh, if he can read them.

Item, All my unfiniſhed tragedies, comedies, farces, interludes, rhapſodies, and other imperfect poems, or pieces, together with my large common-place book of thoughts, and dictionary of rhimes, I do give and bequeathe to my dear brother Fit, in conſideration of his numerous family, and the ſmall means he has to ſupport them.

I order, that my ſcheme for paying the national debt be ſold to the beſt advantage, for the diſcharging my own.

Item, I will, that my Pindaric odes be appropriated to the uſe of Bethlem Hoſpital, (where moſt of them were wrote) as an acknowledgment for the benefit I received therein during a ſeven months confinement.

Laſtly, My houſhold goods (which otherwiſe ſhe might ſeize for arrears of rent) I leave, out of pure generoſity, to my landlady.

In witneſs whereof, I have this day, &c.

SAMSON TAG-RHYME.

WONDERFUL SYMPATHY

BETWEEN THE ANIMAL SPIRITS AND THE BREECHES POCKET.

THE following important diſcovery is recommended to the literati in general, but more particularly to the College of Phyſicians; as it may be of the greateſt conſequence to them in future practice.

You muſt know then, that a wonderful connection and ſympathy have lately been obſerved between the Breeches Pocket and the Animal Spirits, which continually riſe or fall as the contents of the former ebb or flow; inſomuch that, from conſtant obſervation I could venture to gueſs at a man's current caſh by the degree of vivacity he has diſcovered in his converſation. When this cutaneous reſervoir is fluſh, the ſpirits too are elate; when that is ſunk and drained, how flat, dull, and inſipid, is every word and action! The very muſcles and features of the face are influenced by this obſcure fund of life and vigour. The heart proves to be only the inert receptacle of the blood, and thoſe groſſer ſpirits which ſerve for the animal function: but the pocket is fraught with thoſe finer and more ſublime ſpirits which conſtitute the wit, and many other diſtinguiſhing characters.

I could tell how a certain poet's finances ſtood by the very ſubject of his muſe: gloomy elegies, biting ſatires, grave ſoliloquies, and dull tranſlations, were certain indications of the *res angusta*; as Pindaric odes, and pointed epigrams, intimated a freſh recruit. So a grave politician, who frequented a

noted coffee-houſe, when theſe pocket-qualms were on him, uſed to give the moſt melancholy and deplorable accounts of the ſtate of the nation; the increaſe of taxes, the abuſe of the public revenue, the national debt, the decay of trade, and the exceſs of luxury, were the continual topics of his diſcourſe: but when the cold fit of this intermitting diſorder left him, the ſcene was quite altered, and then he was eternally haranguing on the power, grandeur, and wealth of the Britiſh nation. In ſhort, this barometer of ſtate roſe or fell, not as the quick, but current ſilver contracted or expanded itſelf within it's ſecret cell.

Under the influence of the ſame powerful charm, I have remarked a certain phyſician in the chamber of a wealthy patient clear up his countenance, and write his recipe with infinite vivacity and good-humour; but in the abode of poverty, what a clouded brow, hopeleſs vibration of the head, and languor of the nerves! Like the ſenſitive plant, he ſhrunk from the cold hand of neceſſity: not that the doctor wanted humanity; but when a patient becomes a mere *caput mortuum*, and the *anima ſacculi* expires, what ſympathizing heart but muſt be ſenſible of ſo dire a change!

It is impoſſible to record a tenth part of the wonderful effects this latent ſource of life and ſpirits has produced on the animal œconomy. What ſmiles of complacency and cringing adulation to my Lord Bloodrich, who no ſooner turns his back, than contempt and deriſion overtakes him! What can this be owing to but the ſecret influence of the divinity which threw a ſort of awe and veneration about him? What but this magic power could have transformed Ned Traffick into a gentleman, Juſtice Allpaunch into a wit, or Squire Jolter into a man of taſte? What but this could have given poignancy to the moſt inſipid jokes, and weight to the moſt ſuperficial arguments of Alderman Heaviſide? What leſs than this divinity could make circumciſion become uncircumciſion, convert Gideonites to Chriſtians, or Chriſtians to Gideonites? It is this that, with more than tutelary power, protects it's votaries from inſults and oppreſſions; that ſilences the enraged accuſer, and ſnatches the ſword from the very hand of Juſtice. Towns and cities, like Jericho, without any miracle, have fallen flat before it; it has ſtopped the mouths of cannons; and, more ſurprizing ſtill, of faction and ſlander.

It has thrown a ſort of glory about the globoſe and opaque ſculls of quorum juſtices; it has imparted a dread and reverence to the enſigns of authority; and ſtrange, and paſſing ſtrange to ſay, it has made youth and beauty fly into the arms of age and impotence; given charms to deformity and deteſtation; transformed Hymen into Mammon; and the god of love into a ſatyr. It has built bridges without foundations, libraries without books, hoſpitals without endowments, and churches without benefices. It has turned Conſcience into a deiſt, Honour into a pimp, Courage into a modern officer, and Honeſty into a ſtock-jobber.

In ſhort, there is nothing wonderful it has not effected, except making us wiſe, virtuous, and happy.

CHARACTERS,

WRITTEN BY MR. SAMUEL BUTLER,

AUTHOR OF HUDIBRAS.

XLIII.

A SHOPKEEPER

LIVES by the labour of his own tongue and other men's hands; and gains more by his flat downright lying, than the artificer does by all his induſtry, pains, and ingenuity: for his tongue is a kind of taylor's gooſe or hot-preſs, with which he ſets the laſt gloſs upon his coarſe decayed wares. His chief qualification conſiſts in a confident outfacing of truth, and perſuading his cuſtomers to believe

lieve him rather than their own ſenſes, which they have little reaſon to do; for he that will uſe falſe lights, falſe weights, and falſe meaſures, will never ſtick at falſe words: and as the more he ſtretches his ſtuffs in the meaſure, the ſcantier it always proves; ſo the more he commends it, the worſe it afterwards appears upon trial. The greateſt hazard he runs is truſting, which yet he knows how to inſure; for as when he takes a thief, he makes him pay for all and more than he has loſt by other thieves; ſo when he truſts, it is at ſuch a rate, that he that pays him pays for all thoſe that do not. He walks in his ſhop with a yard always in his hand inſtead of a ſtaff, that it may wear ſhorter and ſave his conſcience harmleſs, if he ſhould have occaſion to ſwear it was never cut ſince he had it. His cuſtom of lying, and the profit he receives by it, produces a kind of natural inclination in him to all ſorts of impoſtors, and therefore he is as eaſily cheated out of his way as he cheats others in it, takes naturally to all fanatic whimſies in religion, and is as eaſily miſled by a ſeditious teacher, as a child is by a Jamaica ſpirit: as for truth, he gains nothing by it, and therefore will have nothing to do with it. He never troubles his head with ſpeculations but only in divinity and politics, in which his ignorance is ſo prevailing, that he believes himſelf a great deal abler than his governors. He ſets a value on his commodities, not according to their true worth, but the ignorance of the buyers; and always ſells cheapeſt to thoſe whom he finds to underſtand moſt of his trade; but he that leaves it to him is ſure to be cheated; for he that lives by lying will never be ſcrupulous in taking money for his reputation. He calls his profeſſion a Myſtery, which being rightly interpreted by his practice, ſignifies only this—'That as all Turks are tradeſ-'men, even ſo all tradeſmen are 'Turks.' His falſe lights are a kind of *deceptio viſus*, with which he caſts a miſt, like a conjuror, before the eyes of his cuſtomers, that they may take no notice of the imperfections and infirmities of his ſpotted and ſtained ſtuffs until it is too late. The more truſt men repoſe in him, the more he is ſure to cheat them; as taylors always make the cloaths of thoſe ſcantieſt who allow them the largeſt meaſure: thoſe of the ſame trade commonly ſet up together in a ſtreet, as rooks build together in a tuft of trees. Country gentlemen always deſign the leaſt hopeful of their children to trades, and out of that ſtock the city is ſupplied with that ſottiſh ignorance which we ſee it perpetually abound with.

XLIV.

A VINTNER

HANGS out his buſh to ſhew he has not good wine; for that, the proverb ſays, needs it not. If wine were as neceſſary as bread, he would ſtand in the pillory for ſelling falſe meaſure, as well as bakers do for falſe weight; but ſince it is at every man's choice to come to his houſe or not, thoſe that do are guilty of half the injuries he does them, and he believes the reſt to be none at all, becauſe no injury can be done to him that is willing to take it. He had rather ſell bad wine, than good that ſtands him in no more, for it makes men ſooner drunk, and then they are the eaſier over-reckoned. By the knaveries he acts above-board, which every man ſees, one may eaſily take a meaſure of thoſe he does under ground in his cellar; for he that will pick a man's pocket to his face, will not ſtick to uſe him worſe in private when he knows nothing of it. When he has poiſoned his wines, he raiſes his price; and, to make amends for that, abates his meaſure, for he thinks it a greater ſin to commit murder for ſmall gains than a valuable conſideration. He does not only ſpoil and deſtroy his wines, but an ancient reverend proverb, with brewing and racking, that ſays, '*In vino veritas*;' for there is no truth in his, but all falſe and ſophiſticated; for he can counterfeit wine as cunningly as Apelles did grapes, and cheat men with it, as he did birds.

He

He brings every bottle of wine he draws to the bar, to confeſs it to be a cheat, and afterwards puts himſelf upon the mercy of the company. He is an Antichriſtian cheat; for Chriſt turned water into wine, and he turns wine into water. He ſcores all his reckonings upon two tables made like thoſe of the Ten Commandments, that he may be put in mind to break them as oft as poſſibly he can; eſpecially that of ſtealing and bearing falſe witneſs againſt his neighbour, when he draws him bad wine, and ſwears it is good, and that he can take more for the pipe than the wine will yield him by the bottle; a trick that a Jeſuit taught him to cheat his own conſcience with. When he is found to over-reckon notoriouſly, he has one common evaſion for all; and that is, to ſay it was a miſtake, by which he means, that he thought they had not been ſober enough to diſcover it; for if it had paſt, there had been no error at all in the caſe.

XLV.

A PETTIFOGGER

IS an under coat to the long-robe, a kind of a coarſe jacket, or dirty daggled ſkirt and tail of the long-robe. His buſineſs is, like a ſpaniel's, to hunt and ſpring contention for the long-winded buzzards to fly at. He is a faſt friend to all courts of juſtice, but a mortal foe to Juſtice herſelf; as ſome Catholics have a great reverence for the church, but hate the court of Rome. He is a kind of law-hector, that lives by making quarrels between man and man, and proſecuting or compounding them to his own advantage. He is a conſtant frequenter of country fairs and markets, where he keeps the clowns in awe with his tricks in law, and they fear him like a conjuror or a cunning man. He is no gentleman, but a varlet of the long-robe, a purveyor of ſuits and differences, moſt of which he converts to his own benefit, and the reſt to the uſe of thoſe he belongs to. He is a law-ſeminary, that ſows tares amongſt friends to entangle them in contention with one another, and ſuck the nouriſhment from both. He is like a ferret in a cony-borough, that drives the poor ſilly animals into the purſe-net of the law, to have their ſkins ſtripped off, and be preyed upon. He has a cloud of witneſſes always in readineſs to obſcure truth, and ſwear things into any ſhape he has occaſion for, as men fancy they ſee armies fighting in the air. He propagates the law as Jeſuits do the goſpel, and with much the ſame integrity and uprightneſs: for his buſineſs is to debauch and pervert the law, and make it act quite contrary to it's own conſcience and underſtanding, and, like an hypocrite, ſay one thing and do another. When he is engaged on one ſide, he has his choice of both, and can take either, as he finds it ſerve beſt to his own advantage. His ableſt performances are to help a cauſe out at a pinch for want of evidence; this he atchieves by virtue of his intimacy and correſpondence with knights of the poſt, common bail, and affidavit-men. He is a tame beaſt of prey, an animal that lives both by land and water; for when he walks afoot through the dirt, he is paid for boat and coach-hire by his clients, as if he never went without a train to attend him. He inſtructs the council to inſtruct him; and very juſtly gives them the one half of the clients fees for their advice, and keeps the other himſelf for his own.

LETTER TO A LADY

WHO HAD SPOKEN DISRESPECTFULLY OF THE AUTHOR.

BY W. WALSH, ESQ.

THERE may have been other men, perhaps, beſides myſelf, who have fallen in love with a woman they did not know; but for a man to do it for no other reaſon than her declaring againſt him, is, I believe, an honour that has been reſerved for your humble ſervant. They

tell

tell me, Madam, you are ſo far from liking me yourſelf, that you will not believe any body elſe can; that you find nothing agreeable in my perſon, from the crown of my head to the ſoal of my foot; that for my wit, (for every body, Madam, carries ſomewhat about them that they call wit) it is all affectation; that I am an abſtract of vanity; that I am ſo much in love with myſelf, that it is impoſſible for me to be ſo with any body elſe. Theſe things, Madam, that might have put ſome people into anger, have put me into love: for as thoſe who are naturally peeviſh will be angry at people, let them endeavour never ſo much to pleaſe them; ſo we who are naturally amorous, cannot avoid being in love with a lady, let her take never ſo much pains to anger us. And, indeed, Madam, did people ground their paſſions upon reaſon, you have given me one of the moſt reaſonable cauſes to love you in the world: for as there is no man of wit but knows himſelf to be a fool, ſo he ought to have an opinion of their judgments who find it out as well as himſelf. It is reported, as an inſtance of the bravery of the Amazons, that they would never marry a man till they had fought with him firſt; and if he beat them very much, he might expect to be very much loved by them. Now I, Madam, who profeſs as great a veneration for wit as the Amazons had for courage, cannot have ſo good a reaſon for love, as your having exerciſed your wit upon me: though it is poſſible you may attribute my paſſion to another cauſe; and as you think I love nothing beſides myſelf, may have ſome kindneſs for you, becauſe you are never like to be my rival: however, aſſure yourſelf, Madam, it is no ſuch thing; but knowing the worſt that you can ſay of me to be true, and having a natural affection for truth, wit, and women, (you will think a man a very general lover, who can love truth, wit, and women at the ſame time) I muſt needs be infinitely in love with you, in whom I find them all together. Be not however deluded into a better opinion of me, by what any body can ſay; for as it is only your hating me that makes me love you, as ſoon as that ceaſes I am afraid my love will do ſo too. As you therefore value my kindneſs, take heed of having any for me; and ſatisfy yourſelf, that as long as you continue to think me a ſilly, idle, conceited fop, I ſhall continue to be, with all the paſſion imaginable, Madam,

Your's, &c.

SALE BY AUCTION,

OF FURNITURE FOR THE MIND.

A VISION.

AS I was ſat in my great-chair the other night, after reading Lucian's Auction of Lives, with the wit of which I was not a little diverted, in the midſt of a train of thought, I inſenſibly fell aſleep, when Fancy preſented to me the following viſion.

Methought there was a general auction proclaimed, a large room choſen, and an artificial auctioneer preſented himſelf to ſell Furniture for the Mind of every ſort.

The firſt thing he expoſed to ſale was Vice; but the company being well furniſhed with that commodity, none was bought.

He then put up Virtue; and after having, according to cuſtom, enlarged upon it's excellencies, immediately a confuſed murmur ran through the room. Every one admired the beauties of it, and recommended it to his friend, as exceedingly uſeful and neceſſary; but ſtill I was ſurprized that, amidſt ſuch general admiration, no body bid for it. At laſt a feeble ſqueaking voice offered a large price; I enquired who it was, and found it

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to be an old ſinner of fourſcore. As nobody bid more, he carried it off; but as his perſon was ſo exceedingly ill and weak, it was not likely he lived to make uſe of it.

Good-Senſe was the next expoſed to ſale. I expected that would have been immediately contended for, as I knew it was ſcarce; but I was miſtaken. While I was wondering at this univerſal ſilence, (my candid reader knows what he muſt attribute it to) I ſaw a certain author, ſurrounded by his friends, who were perſuading him to get it: he looked angry at their ſolicitations; but, to get rid of them, offered a ſum for it, with ſuch an air however as ſhewed he thought his money thrown away in a needleſs purchaſe. It was his without contention. I was extremely delighted (nor was I the only one) with the conſequence: for he had no ſooner got Good-ſenſe into his poſſeſſion, but he looked like one amazed; and, immediately running up to a fire that was in the room, pulled out a large bundle of papers, and threw them into it. As they lay there, I could plainly ſee what they were; but I beg to be excuſed diſcovering any more of them than that in one leaf I ſaw the Grub Street Critic, in capitals. When they were conſumed, he looked very well pleaſed, and vowed he would never ſet pen to paper again.

Modeſty came next; and I was pleaſed to ſee a young officer purchaſe it, and immediately retire with a becoming bluſh upon his countenance.

An atheiſt ſet up a loud laugh at Religion appearing next; but bid for it, becauſe, as he ſaid, he was reſolved to expoſe the phantom to the world. As the auctioneer delivered her to him, ſeeing him ſurprized at her extraordinary beauty, he aſſured him, that a few hours ſerious converſation and intimate acquaintance with her, would make him relinquiſh his ill opinion, and fix him one of her great admirers.

At ſight of Heathen Morality, which was next put up, all the company ſeemed to admire her ſize, her majeſtic port, and an air of ſolemn grandeur that ſeemed ſettled in her countenance; ſhe looked with great dignity, and appeared to view the world with a contempt, which yet methought did not appear real. However, ſo generally was ſhe admired, that many bid largely for her; but one man I obſerved ſeemed reſolved upon the purchaſe. Upon enquiry who he was, I was informed he went by the name of Philoſopher Square: he at laſt obtained her; and went eagerly to graſp his prize, as he thought, when hold!—*Fruſtra comprenſa manus effugit imago*— ſhe eluded his graſp, and diſcovered herſelf to be nothing but an *airy phantom*.

Our auctioneer immediately produced Chriſtian Morality; and if the company were delighted with the ſight of the above-mentioned phantom, with this angelic appearance they were raviſhed; love, compaſſion, mercy, and a thouſand beauties, bloomed on her looks, and beamed from every heaven-formed feature. While we were taken up in admiring this heavenly maid, the auctioneer preſented her to the company voluntarily, with an aſſurance that the great God of heaven and earth had ſent that glorious being, to inform our minds, to rectify our paſſions, and to make us capable of an eternity of happineſs.

After many which I have forgot, Philoſophy was propoſed to ſale; ſhe had an agreeable aſpect, and ſeemed worth obtaining. A ſerious, grave man, bought her, and went to take her, when, to the great ſurprize of us all, ſhe ſlipped from him, and fled with incredible ſwiftneſs. The purchaſer, unwilling to loſe his prize, purſued, and we ſoon loſt ſight of them; but the auctioneer aſſured us it would be impoſſible for him to overtake, or even long to keep her in ſight.

Upon this he offered Real Wiſdom. A modeſt-looking youth ſeemed greatly enamoured of her, and obtained her: upon receiving her, ſhe preſent-

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ed him with a label, on which was this inſcription:

—Not to know at large of things remote,
From uſe obſcure and ſubtile, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wiſdom: what is more is fume,
Or emptineſs, or fond impertinence;
And renders us, in things that more concern,
Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and ſtill to ſeek.

Many other things of this ſort were diſpoſed of, when on a ſudden a little caſe was diſcovered, which being opened proved to be a library conſiſting of but few books, at the head of which was the Bible. 'I am before a 'Chriſtian company,' ſays the auctioneer; 'ſo I need not recommend 'this divine book. Here are ſome 'treatiſes of morality too, ſelected 'from the multitude that are written 'more to ſhew the parts of the author 'than to inform the mind of the 'reader. For books of entertainment 'and improvement united,' continues he, 'the Spectators are firſt to 'be recommended: here they are,' —and lifted them to view. 'Here, 'too, is the beautiful Clariſſa; and 'the moſt equally agreeable Found-'ling: I add beſides,' ſays he, 'a 'little monthly performance, enti-'tled, The Wit's Magazine.'

I could with pleaſure have ſeen his Furniture for the Mind produced; but here unluckily I nodded, and dropped my Lucian out of my hand, and the fall of it awoke me.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WIT's MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE following epiſtle was written by a girl at Deal to her ſweetheart, a ſailor on board a man of war in the Downs. The ſimplicity of her expreſſion gave me ſome diverſion on the firſt reading; on the ſecond, I could not help comparing her ſentiments with thoſe of Ovid's heroines, and found them much the ſame when the latter were ſtript of the polite dreſs which their courtly ſecretary has given them. The lieutenant of the ſhip, who communicated it, found it on board, twiſted up, with tobacco in it; by which it ſhould ſeem, that our ſeafaring ſpark had as little regard for his miſtreſs, after enjoyment, as if he had been of a more illuſtrious rank.

A VERY REMARKABLE LOVE-LETTER.

LOVIN DER CHARLS,

THIS with mi kind lov to yow, is to tell yow after all our ſport and fon I am lik to pay fort; for i am with child, and wereof my ſiſter Nan knos it, and cals me hore and bech, and is redy to ter mi ſol owt; and curs Jack Seny kices her evry tim he cums aſhor, and the ſaci dog would hav lade with me to, but I wold not let him, for i will be alwas honeſt to yow, therfor der Charls cum aſhor, and let us be marred to ſafe mi vartu; and if yow have no moni i will paun mi new ſtais, and ſell me to new ſmocks yow guv me, and that will pay the parſon, and find us a dinner. And pray, der Charls, cum aſhor; and, der Charls, dont be frad for want of a ring, for i hav ſtol our Nans, and the naſty tod ſhal never hav it mor; for ſhe tels about, that i am going to hav a baſterd: and, God bles yowr lovin ſol cum aſhor, for i longs to be mared accordin to yowr promis. Stil i will be yowr der vartus wife tel deth.

SARAH HARTROP.

Pray dont let yowr meſmat Jack ſe this; if yow do, hel tel our Nan, and ſhel ter mi hard out then, for ſhe is a divil at me now.

UNIVERSALITY OF POETRY.

A Certain Arabic author, which I have read ſomewhere, obſerves that the ſuperior excellency of any ſcience can only be demonſtrated by the number of it's votaries, and the attractive power of it's charms; and if ſo, I think Poetry will bear not only the bays, but the bell too, from all others. Every man ſcribbles verſes, and attempts at Poetry, as every woman curls her locks, and endeavours to appear beautiful; and both ſeem willing to deceive themſelves; for the one is as fondly prone to be acknowledged a wit, as the other to be celebrated for a beauty.

The ridiculous figure which ſome ladies make in their finery, may be ſeen every day in the Mall, the ſtreets, and the gardens; and, to illuſtrate the compariſon, I ſhall alſo let you ſee how ridiculouſly ſome men appear in their poetic apparel.

Take the firſt inſtance from a fiddle-faddle poet to his miſtreſs.

Pretty miſ-ſe,
Come and kiſ-ſe,
With your black and rolling eye;
O that lip-pe,
Let me ſip-pe,
Or with anguiſh I ſhall die.

Another gentleman whom I have alſo the honour to be known to, has ſuch an art of ſwelling, that many of his pieces, which I am confident were wrote without meaning, have, among the vulgar, paſſed for ſtrong ſenſe and ſublimity. Mark the pomp of the following paſſage.

And round his head a flood of darkneſs roll'd,
So maſſy, permanent and thick, you could
Not hear the cock's ſhrill din when morn appear'd.

Here the flowers of rhetoric, and the nutmeg and ſugar of poetry, are finely intermixed.

I could give innumerable inſtances of this ſort of ſublime; but the above may ſerve my preſent purpoſe. I ſhall now exhibit ſome few ſtanzas of a very extraordinary pſalm, which was compoſed laſt ſummer on the diſtemper among the horned cattle, by the clerk of a certain pariſh in Yorkſhire, and choruſſed by the whole congregation.

After the firſt four ſtanzas, which contain an account of the cattle loſt, and the ſufferers names, he begins the fifth thus—

No chriſtian bull, nor cow, they ſay,
But takes it out of hand;
And we ſhall have no cows at all,
I doubt, within this land.

The doctors, tho' they all have ſpoke
Like learned gentlemen,
And told us how the entrails look
Of cattle dead and green;

Yet they do nothing do at all,
With all their learning ſtore:
So Heav'n drive out this plague away,
And vex us not no more.

This piece was ſo well received, that after ſervice was over, it was deſired again by all the congregation, except ſix farmers, who wept bitterly, and ſaid the lines were too moving. It was alſo greatly applauded by the ſquire, who himſelf writes verſes, and may therefore be eſteemed a proper judge. As to the parſon, he was obliged to ſtand neuter, however ſtupid and ridiculous it might appear to him; for it is as much as his benefice is worth to contradict the ſquire. When the people were going out of the church, I heard the miniſter ſay to the clerk—'John, John! why, what 'pſalm was this we had to-day? It 'was not one of David's.'—'David's! 'No, Sir,' quoth John, big with the new honour he had acquired; 'David 'never made ſuch a pſalm ſin he was 'born. This is one of my own put-'ting together, meaſter!'

I cannot quit the ſquire without taking notice of his compoſitions, which are very many, and very extraordinary; but the moſt conſiderable, and what he values himſelf principally upon, is a number of ſtanzas he has compoſed for his own uſe, and which have ſerved him as auxiliaries to all his other poems.

ESSAY

ESSAY ON SUSPICION.

BY MR. SAMUEL BROOKS.

SUSPICION is generally condemned, as at leaſt one of the meaneſt vices that can ſink the mind of man into contempt; and yet I know not if I have ever found any one perſon who in his morals has been free from it, or who has declaimed againſt it with that vehemence of elocution which ſo depraved a ſubject certainly ought to inſpire.

I am one of thoſe unfortunate wretches who, by poſſeſſing ſuperior faculties to mankind in general, am infinitely more unhappy than even the moſt deſpicable ideot—that—that— I want an idea; but I am truly miſerable. What is the cauſe that I cannot leave my lodgings, to go to buy a rump-ſteak, without inquietude?—Suſpicion. What is the cauſe that I am obliged to have three locks on the middle-drawer of my bureau?—Suſpicion. In ſhort, Sir, though I have not a ſingle grain of Suſpicion in my own temper, Suſpicion is the cauſe of all my woes.

The fame of my riſing abilities as an author has gone abroad in the world, and I am hated by the whole body of the literati. Every one who ſtands foremoſt in the liberal arts ſuſpects that he ſhall be detruded by my ſuperior attainments, and has laid the ground-plan of my ruin! The young, the old, the wiſe, and the ignorant, all join in the confederacy; and I am deſtined to fall a prey to their revenge. I have already ſuffered more than mental uneaſineſs; and I doubt not that my death will ſoon bring an end to all my misfortunes.

I lately put the laſt hand to a tragedy, founded on the dreadful conſequences of a boxing-match that happened ſome years ago in Flanders; and was peruſing it yeſterday morning in St. James's Park; when a ſuperannuated miſcreant, diſguiſed in regimentals, accoſted me with a—'Pray, Sir, does his Majeſty go to the 'Houſe to-day?' I knew, you may be ſure, that he only wanted to ſee the title of my work, that he might prevent my ſucceeding with the managers; and, to add to my vexation, the MS. immediately fell out of my hand, and diſplayed it full to his view. Good God! I ſeized him inſtantly by the collar, and ſhould certainly have put an end to his exiſtence, had not the arrival of ſome young officers prevented me. They demanded an explanation; I gave it them: they tore my MS. into ten thouſand pieces, and mauled me ſo cruelly with their canes, that I was obliged to be bathed and plaiſtered from the crown of my head to the ſoals of my feet.

But this is nothing; Lord, Sir, this is nothing. I have ſuffered infinitely greater calamities through this reprobate, this moſt abandoned vice of Suſpicion; and if I ſhould attempt to enumerate them, I ſhould never find an end of my labours.

Bribes are continually ſent to the reviewers to deſtroy my fame; to the managers of our public theatres to prevent my hopes: every ſcribbling blockhead of this metropolis ſuſpects that the work I am employed about will prevent the ſucceſs of his own, and curſes me from morning till night. I have often ſeen a fellow ſtand on the oppoſite ſide of the way, when I have been at my window, in a deep muſing attitude, then turn his eyes towards me, and walk away with the ſubtlety of an African magician.

I ſtart out of bed ſixteen times a night: the frights and the alarms, the cold ſweats and the quiverings, I have ſuffered from the apprehenſions of murder, are inconceivable.

I am as honeſt a man as any within the bills of mortality: I pay every tradeſman immediately on the acceptation of his goods; I never ſwear, nor break the ſabbath; I have not deſerved to be murdered; and my injuries will burſt my heart.

I have a letter this moment in my hand, from my ſiſter Sukey: her eldeſt child is dead. But what of that? If

I dared put my *Syſtem of Lunar Geography* into the hands of any printer; if there was an engraver in London, or indeed in the three kingdoms, that I could truſt with the maps I have drawn; I could not only bear, without an emotion of grief, the death of all my family, but could give an entertainment to the whole city of Weſtminſter on the occaſion.

O, Mr. Editor, how happy might I live, if it were not for this vice! It is the bane of all my comforts; and, no doubt, will prove the cauſe of my final diſſolution.

I cannot refrain my tears! As my dear mamma ſays, in her beautiful elegy—

'Tears give the mind a ſure receipt for ſorrow;
'And he who weeps to-day, may be happy, perhaps, to-morrow.'

Ah, ſhe is a divine poet! What will be the *Sorrows of Werter*, when her *Epic Hiſtory* of my woes comes out!

'The man for wiſdom's various arts renown'd,
Long exercis'd in woes, O muſe! reſound.'

The proemial lines of the Odyſſey; but they are all that ſhe has borrowed. Dear lady! ſhe ſhall have every aſſiſtance that I can afford her: though 'I find my genial ſpirits droop, my 'hopes all flat,' when I think how eaſily a villain of a printer, by being in league with a villain of an author, may ſuffer all it's beauties to be extracted before it can poſſibly appear.

CONSEQUENCES OF A JUVENILE FROLIC.

LORD Chief Juſtice Holt, who was very wild in his youth, was once out with ſome of his raking companions on a journey into the country. They had ſpent all their money; and, after many conſultations what to do, it was reſolved that they ſhould part company, and try their fortunes ſeparately. Holt got to an inn at the end of a ſtraggling village; and, putting a good face on the matter, ordered his horſe to be well taken care of, called for a room, beſpoke a ſupper, and looked after his bed. He then ſtrolled into the kitchen, where he ſaw a laſs, about thirteen years of age, ſhivering with an ague. He enquired of his landlady, a widow, who the girl was, and how long ſhe had been ill. The good woman told him that ſhe was her daughter, an only child, and that ſhe had been ill near a year, notwithſtanding all the aſſiſtance ſhe could procure from phyſic, at an expence which had almoſt ruined her. Holt ſhook his head at mention of the doctors, and bade the parent be under no farther concern, for that her daughter ſhould never have another fit. He then wrote a few unintelligible words in the court-hand, on a ſcrap of parchment which had been uſed as the direction to a hamper; and, rolling it up, ordered it to be bound on the girl's wriſt, and remain there till ſhe was quite recovered. The ague, however, returned no more: and Holt, after having continued there a whole week, called for his bill with as much courage as if his pockets had been filled with gold. 'Ah, God bleſs you!' ſaid the old woman, 'you are nothing in my debt, 'I am ſure; I wiſh I was able to pay 'you for the cure you have performed 'on my daughter: and, if I had had 'the happineſs to have ſeen you ten 'months ago, it would have ſaved me 'forty pounds in my pocket.' Holt, after ſome altercation, accepted of his week's accommodation, as a gratuity, and rode away.

Many years afterwards, when he had become one of the judges of the King's Bench, he went on a circuit into the ſame county; and, among other criminals whom he was appointed to try, there was an old woman charged with witchcraft. To ſupport this charge, ſeveral witneſſes ſwore that ſhe had a ſpell, with which ſhe could either cure ſuch cattle as were ſick, or deſtroy thoſe that were in health. In the uſe of this ſpell, they ſaid, ſhe had been lately detected; and, it having been found upon her, was ready to be produced in court. The judge then deſired it might be handed up to him; when it appeared to be a dirty ball,

covered

covered with rags, and bound round with packthread. Theſe coverings he removed, one after another, with great deliberation; and at laſt came to a piece of parchment, which he immediately perceived to be the ſame he had once uſed as an expedient to ſupply his want of money. At the recollection of this incident, he changed colour, and was ſilent for ſome time. At length, however, recovering himſelf, he addreſſed the jury in the following manner: 'Gentlemen, I muſt now relate a circumſtance of my life, which very ill 'ſuits my preſent character, and the 'ſtation in which I ſit; but, to conceal it, would be to aggravate the 'folly for which I ought to atone, to 'endanger innocence, and to countenance ſuperſtition. This bauble, 'which you ſuppoſe to have the power 'of life and death, is a ſenſeleſs ſcrawl 'which I wrote with my own hand, 'and gave to this woman, whom for 'no other cauſe they accuſe as guilty 'of witchcraft.' He then related the particular circumſtances of the tranſaction; which had ſuch an effect on the minds of her accuſers, that they bluſhed at the folly and cruelty of their zeal: and Judge Holt's quondam hoſteſs was the laſt perſon ever tried for witchcraft in that county.

A JEWISH TRADITION.

THERE is a tradition among the Jews, that Moſes was called up by a Divine voice to the top of Mount Sinai, where he was permitted to propoſe queſtions to the Supreme Being reſpecting his adminiſtration of juſtice in the univerſe. During this Divine conference, Moſes was commanded to direct his eye downwards on the plain. At the foot of the mountain iſſued out a clear ſpring of water, at which a ſoldier alighted from his horſe to drink. The ſoldier was no ſooner gone, than a little boy came to the ſame place, and, perceiving a purſe of gold lying on the ground, which the ſoldier had juſt dropped, took it up, and carried it away with him. Immediately after this came an infirm old man, weary with age as well as travelling; who, having quenched his thirſt, ſat down to reſt himſelf by the ſide of the ſpring. The ſoldier in the mean time having miſſed his purſe, returned to ſearch for it, and demanded it of the old man; who, with great truth, affirmed that he had never ſeen it, and appealed to Heaven as the witneſs of his innocence. The ſoldier, who could by no means be induced to believe the old man's proteſtations, at length grew ſo enraged, that he killed him. Moſes, on this, fell upon his face with horror and amazement; when the Heavenly Monitor thus prevented his ſhort-ſighted expoſtulations. 'Be not ſur-'prized, O Moſes! nor aſk why the 'Judge of the whole earth has per-'mitted what thou haſt ſeen! The 'child is the cauſe that has occaſioned 'the old man's blood to be ſpilled; 'but know, that the old man whom 'thou ſaweſt thus ſlain, was the mur-'derer of that child's father.'

SELECT ANECDOTES, REPARTEES, AND BON-MOTS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

NUMBER XV.

1.

WHILE Foote was paying a Chriſtmas viſit in the country, the weather was extremely cold, and they kept very bad fires, owing to the great ſcarcity of wood in the houſe, which determined him to make his ſtay as ſhort as poſſible. Accordingly, on the third morning he appeared with his boots ready to decamp, when his friend aſked him what hurry he was in. 'Oh,' replied Foote, 'if I ſtay 'here much longer, I ſhan't have a leg 'to ſtand on.'—'Why,' returned the former,

former, 'we don't drink ſo hard.'—'No,' cried the wit; 'but there is ſo 'little wood in your houſe, that I am 'afraid, ſome of theſe mornings, the 'ſervants will light the fire with my 'right-leg.'

II.

A FRENCH officer, in the courſe of laſt war, being a priſoner at Portſmouth, was permitted to walk about the town on his parole, and accordingly went one Sunday morning to church, where he ſaw the Mayor's daughters, two very handſome girls. 'Begar!' ſaid Monſieur, when he came home, 'two ver fin young ladie vere 'at church dis morning.'—'Who 'were they?' ſaid the landlady. 'Be-'gar me have forgot de names, but 'vat be dat ting dat nibbe nibbe de 'graſs?'—'Oh!' ſaid the landlady, 'a cow.'—'No, no,' eagerly interrupted the Frenchman. 'A ſheep, 'perhaps,' ſaid ſhe. 'No.'—'A 'bull.'—'No.'—'Perhaps then you 'mean a horſe?'—'No, no, not de 'horſe; but, begar, vat be de horſe's 'vife's name?'—'A mare,' anſwered the landlady. 'Oui! de Mare's two 'daughters vere at church dis morning, two vere pretty young ladie; be-'gar, dey make de vater in my mout.'

III.

A YOUNG fellow meeting with a gentleman much older than himſelf, at a lady's to whom both paid their addreſſes, took an opportunity of ſarcaſtically aſking his rival what age he might be. 'I cannot be exact,' replied the other; 'but I have always 'underſtood that an aſs is older at 'twenty than a man at ſixty.'

IV.

A YOUNG Quaker from a diſtant county came to London; and, being ſtruck with the gaudy fopperies of the age, he commenced beau. Among other articles of dreſs he ordered a blue ſattin waiſtcoat trimmed with ſilver; and in this he returned to his father, who ſaid—'How didſt thou get this 'trumpery waiſtcoat, for the vain 'adornment of thy outward man?'—'I created it,' ſaid the ſon. 'Created 'it!' echoed the father. 'Yea,' returned young Aminadab: 'for I ſaid, 'let it be made, and it was made.'

V.

A COUNTRY gentleman, going one very hot day into his fields, perceived his footman lying dozing under an oak; 'What, fellow,' ſaid he, 'is the 'reaſon that you lie lounging in this 'manner while others are at work?'—'You ſee, Sir,' replied the valet, 'I 'am ſo extremely fatigued, that I am 'unable to ſtand on my legs.'—'Sluggiſh raſcal!' cried the gentleman, 'if I once take my cane to you, I warrant I ſhall make you riſe! Get up, 'inſolent knave! you ought to periſh 'with hunger, and are unworthy that 'the ſun ſhould ſhine on you.'—'I 'am quite conſcious of that, Sir,' returned the fellow, yawning; 'and have 'therefore taken care to lay myſelf 'in the ſhade.'

VI.

A ROMAN being about to repudiate his wife, among a variety of other queſtions from her enraged kinſmen, was aſked—'Is not your wife a ſenſible woman? Is ſhe not a handſome 'woman? Has ſhe not borne you fine 'children?' In anſwer to all which queſtions, ſlipping off his ſhoe, he held it up, and interrogated them in his turn—'Is not this ſhoe,' ſaid he, 'a 'very handſome one? Is it not quite 'new? Is it not extremely well-made? 'How then is it that none of you can 'tell me where it pinches?'

VII.

A CERTAIN poetical fabricator of ſatirical ſmall wares, who is ſaid to have often met with a ſorrowful recompence for his lively verſes, ſpeaking a few days ſince, in a coffee-houſe, of a perſon who was not preſent, exclaimed with a fierce look—'That fellow is a 'ſcoundrel! and, if I could meet with 'him, I would give him a hundred 'kicks.'—'That you may very well 'afford to do,' replied a wag; 'for, 'to my knowledge, you won't then 'be out of his debt.'

THE BRE

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POETRY.

THE BREECHES.

A COMIC TALE.

IN former days, as authors ſay,
When monks did little elſe but pray;
Far from the city's wild alarm,
And ſafe from every earthly harm,
A knot of holy men there dwelt,
('Tis ſaid they true contentment felt;)
Retir'd from all the world beſide,
Their wants within their walls ſupply'd;
The garden or the choir they tread,
As hunger or devotion led.
No coaches rattled at their gate,
No footmen croud their door for ſtate:
A ſober matron, old and neat,
To milk their cows, and dreſs their meat;
A boy to wheel the dirt about,
And ſweep each day the chapel out;
To ring the bell at eve and morn,
And turn the mill to grind the corn;
Were all the houſhold they poſſeſt,
Their own induſtry did the reſt.
It happ'd one day the boy had ſtray'd,
In ſearch of eggs, by magpie laid:
From bough to bough, he cautious paſt,
With hands and legs, ſtill holding faſt;
At length, the wiſh'd-for prize he gain'd,
And in his pocket ſafe detain'd.
Succeſs, (alas! too fatal truth)
Had taken off his guard the youth;
For, coming down with too much haſte,
His foot on broken bough he plac'd;
When prone he fell; and, in his fall,
The eggs were broke: but, worſe than all,
A wicked ſplinter in his way,
In Breeches made a hideous fray!
The loſs of eggs he'd patient borne;
But what redreſs for Breeches torn?
Full well he knew that would betray,
That he too far had been aſtray.
Homeward he ſped, with heavy woe,
Whilſt tears adown his cheeks faſt flow:
But wiſely judging 'twas in vain
For evils paſt to ſuffer pain,
And having found, without a jeſt,
That ſpeaking truth was always beſt,
Free from reſerve, the tale he told,
The matron—who began to ſcold.
'I ne'er,' ſaid Jack, 'did ſo before,
'Nor will I do ſo any more:
'In kindneſs, mother, ſpare the ſwitch,
'And put a patch upon my Breech.'
Her heart relents; 'For once,' ſaid ſhe,
'I'll ſet you from your troubles free.'
But freſh diſtreſſes now attend,
With what the Breeches ſhe ſhall mend.
She ſtudied long: at laſt, ſays ſhe—
'In an old box, without a key,
'Safe plac'd behind the chapel door,
'Of volumes large there lies a ſtore;
'Of parchment ſtrong their leaves are made:
'They'll do the job, I'm ſure,' ſhe ſaid.
With cheerful ſpeed away Jack runs,
And with a book as faſt returns;
Enough ſhe takes to fill the ſpace,
The book he carries to it's place:
His Breech conceal'd, Jack ceas'd his woe,
And all things reſt in *ſtatu quo*.
But evils ſeldom come alone,
As by the ſequel will be ſhewn.
One fatal morn, at dawn of day,
When boy and matron both muſt pray;
In honour of a ſainted maid,
A maſs peculiar muſt be ſaid;
From out the box the book they take,
And ſing a part—when, lo! a break.
All ſore diſmay'd the brethren look,
And turn from ſide to ſide the book;
How to proceed, or who to blame,
From whence the fragments to reclaim,
Were points that baffled all their wit;
When random chance the method hit.
Among them, one of curious eye,
Happ'd on Jack's Breech the patch to ſpy;
He moves the book with ſolemn face,
And ſtraight lays Jack up in it's place;
With joy the brethren round him throng,
And from his bum purſue their ſong.
Jack paſſive lay, and hid his face,
(But wiſh'd the ſaint were in his place:)
But, oh! full ſure his lot was hard,
From ſelf-defence to be debarr'd;
For near the place from whence they ſung,
A cruel waſp ſeverely ſtung.
With patience he had born the ſmart,
While ſlowly they ſung thro' the part;
But, to repeat it o'er again,
No fleſh alive could bear the pain.
'I can't, I can't, indeed!' ſays Jack;
And gave a kick that drove them back:
And, ere they could tell what to ſay,
The maſs was fairly run away.

THE COBLER.

A TALE.

BY MR. WESLEY.

YOUR ſage and moraliſt can ſhow
Many misfortunes here below;
A truth which no one ever miſs'd,
Though neither ſage nor moraliſt:
Yet, all the troubles notwithſtanding,
Which fate or fortune has a hand in,
Fools to themſelves will more create,
In ſpight of fortune and of fate.
Thus oft are dreaming wretches ſeen,
Tortur'd with vapours, and with ſpleen;
Transform'd (at leaſt in their own eyes)
To glaſs, or china, or gooſe-pies:
Others will to themſelves appear
Stone dead, as Will the Conqueror;
And all the world in vain might ſtrive
To face them down that they're alive.

Unlucky

Unlucky males with child will groan,
And ſorely dread their lying down;
As fearing, that to eaſe their pain,
May puzzle Doctor Chamberlain.
Imaginary evils flow,
Merely from want of real woe;
And, when prevailing whimſies riſe,
As monſtrous wild abſurdities
Are, ev'ry hour, and ev'ry minute,
Found without Bedlam, as within it:
Which, if you further would have ſhewn,
And leiſure have to read—read on.

There liv'd a gentleman, poſſeſt
Of all that mortals reckon beſt:
A ſeat well-choſe in wholeſome air,
With gardens and with proſpects fair:
His land from debt and jointure free;
His money never in South Sea;
His health of body firm and good,
Tho' paſt the hey-day in his blood:
His conſort fair, and good, and kind;
His children riſing to his mind:
His friends ingenuous and ſincere;
His honour, nay his conſcience, clear:
He wanted nought of human bliſs,
But pow'r to taſte his happineſs.

Too near, alas! this great man's hall,
A merry Cobler had a ſtall;
An arch old wag, as e'er you knew,
With breeches red, and jerkin blue;
Chearful at working, as at play,
He ſung and whiſtled life away:
When riſing morning glads the ſky,
Clear as the merry lark, on high;
When evening ſhades the landſkip veil,
Late warbling as the nightingale.
Though pence came ſlow, and trade was ill,
Yet ſtill he ſung, and whiſtled ſtill;
Though patch'd his garb, and coarſe his fare,
He laugh'd, and caſt away old care.

The rich man view'd, with diſcontent,
His tatter'd neighbour's merriment;
With envy grudg'd, and pin'd to ſee
A beggar pleaſanter than he:
And, by degrees, to hate began
Th' intolerable happy man;
Who haunted him, like any ſprite,
From morn to eve, by day and night.

It chanc'd, as once in bed he lay,
When dreams are true at break of day,
He heard the Cobler, at his ſport,
Amidſt his muſic ſtopping ſhort:
Whether his morning draught he took,
Or warming whiff of wonted ſmoke,
The ſquire ſuſpected, being ſhrewd,
This ſilence boded him no good;
And 'cauſe he nothing ſaw nor heard,
A Machiavilian plot he fear'd.
Straight, circumſtances crouded plain,
To vex and plague his jealous brain:
Trembling, in panic dread he lies,
With gaping mouth and ſtaring eyes;
And, ſtraining wiſtful both his ears,
He ſoon perſuades himſelf he hears
One ſkip and caper up the ſtairs;
Sees the door open quick, and knew
His dreaded foe in red and blue,
Who, with a running jump, he thought,
Leap'd plumb directly down his throat;
Laden with tackle of his ſtall,
Laſt, end and hammer, ſtrap and awl:
No ſooner down, than with a jerk
He fell to muſic, and to work.
If much he griev'd our don before,
When but o' th' outſide of his door,
How ſorely muſt he now moleſt,
When got o' th' inſide of his breaſt!
The walking dreamer groans and ſwells,
And pangs imaginary feels;
Catches and ſcraps of tunes he hears,
For ever ringing in his ears;
Ill-favour'd ſmells his noſe diſpleaſe,
Mundungus ſtrong, and rotten cheeſe:
He feels him when he draws his breath,
Or tugs the leather with his teeth,
Or beats the ſoal, or when h' extends
His arms to th' utmoſt of his ends,
Enough to crack, when ſtretch'd ſo wide,
The ribs of any mortal ſide.
Is there no method, then, to fly
This vile inteſtine enemy?
What can be done, in this condition,
But ſending inſtant for phyſician?

The doctor, having heard the caſe,
Burſt into laughter in his face;
Told him, he needs no more than riſe,
Open his windows, and his eyes;
Whiſtling and ſtitching there to ſee
The Cobler, as he us'd to be.
'Sir,' quoth the patient, 'your pretences
'Shall ne'er perſuade me from my ſenſes.
'How ſhould I riſe? the heavy brute
'Will hardly let me wag a foot.
'Tho' ſeeing for belief may go,
'Yet feeling is the truth, you know.
'I feel him in my ſides, I tell ye:
'Had you a Cobler in your belly,
'You ſcarce would ſteer, as now you do;
'I doubt your guts would grumble too.
'Still do you laugh? I tell you, Sir,
'I'd kick you ſoundly, could I ſtir.
'Thou quack, that never hadſt degree
'In either univerſity;
'Thou mere licentiate, without knowledge,
'The ſhame and ſcandal of the college;
'I'll rouze my ſervants, if you ſtay:
'So, doctor, ſcamper while you may.'

One thus diſpatch'd, a ſecond came,
Of equal ſkill, and greater fame:
Who ſwore him mad as a March hare,
(For doctors, when provok'd, will ſwear,)
To drive ſuch whimſies from his pate,
He dragg'd him to the window ſtrait.
But jilting Fortune can deviſe
To baffle and outwit the wiſe:
The Cobler, ere expos'd to view,
Had juſt pull'd off his jerkin blue;
Not dreaming 'twould his neighbour hurt,
To ſit in *freſco* in his ſhirt.
'Ah!' quoth the patient, with a ſigh,
'You know him not ſo well as I:
'The man, who down my throat has run,
'Has got a true-blue jerkin on.'
In vain the doctor rav'd and tore,
Argu'd and fretted, ſtamp'd and ſwore;

Told

Told him he might believe as well,
The giant of Pantagruel
Did oft, as break his faſt or ſup,
For poach'd eggs ſwallow windmills up;
Or that the Holland dame could bear
A child for ev'ry day i'th' year.
The vapour'd dotard, grave and ſly,
Miſtook for truth each rapping lye;
And drew concluſions ſuch as theſe,
Reſiſtleſs, from the premiſſes.
'I hope, my friends, you'll grant me all,
'A windmill's bigger than a ſtall:
'And ſince the lady brought alive
'Children, three hundred ſixty-five;
'Why ſhould you think there is not room
'For one poor Cobler in my womb?'
Thus every thing his friend could ſay,
The more confirm'd him in his way:
Farther convinc'd, by what they tell;
'Twas certain, though impoſſible.
Now worſe and worſe his piteous ſtate
Was grown, and almoſt deſperate:
Yet ſtill the utmoſt bent to try;
Tho' without help he would not die,
An old phyſician, ſly and ſhrewd,
With management of face endu'd,
Heard all his tale; and aſk'd, with care,
How long the Cobler had been there?
Noted diſtinctly what was ſaid;
Drew up his eyes, and ſhook his head,
And grave accoſts him, on this faſhion,
After mature deliberation,
With ſerious and important face,
'Sir, your's is an uncommon caſe:
'Tho' I've read Galen's Latin o'er,
'I never met with it before;
'Nor have I found the like diſeaſe
'In ſtories of Hippocrates.'
Then, after a convenient ſtay,
'Sir, if preſcription you'll obey,
'My life for your's, I'll ſet you free
'From this ſame two-legg'd tympany.
''Tis true, you're gone beyond the cure
'Of fam'd worm-powder of John Moore;
'Beſides, if downwards he be ſent,
'I fear he'll ſplit your nether vent:
'But then, our throat, you know, is wide,
'And ſcarcely clos'd; ſince it was try'd;
'The ſame way he got in, 'tis plain,
'There's room to fetch him out again:
'I'll bring the forked worm away,
'Without a *dyſenteria:*
'Emetics ſtrong will do the feat,
'If taken *quantum ſufficit:*
'I'll ſee myſelf the proper doſe,
'And then *Hypnotics* to compoſe.'
The wretch, tho' languiſhing and weak,
Reviv'd already by the Greek,
Cries, 'What ſo learn'd a man as you
'Preſcribes, dear doctor, I ſhall do.'
The vomit ſpeedily was got,
The Cobler ſent for to the ſpot,
And taught to manage the deceit,
And not his doublet to forget.
But firſt the operator wiſe
Over the ſight a bandage ties:
For vomits always ſtrain the eyes.
'Courage! I'll make him diſembogue,
'Spight of his teeth, th' unlucky rogue;
'I'll drench the raſcal, never fear,
'And bring him up, or drown him there.'
Warm water down he makes him pour,
'Till his ſtretch'd guts could hold no more;
Which doubly ſwoll'n, as you may think,
Both with the Cobler, and the drink,
What they receiv'd againſt the grain,
Soon paid with int'reſt back again.
'Here comes his tools! he can't be long,
'Without his hammer and his thong.'
The Cobler humour'd what was ſpoke,
And gravely carry'd on the joke;
As he heard nam'd each ſingle matter,
He chuck'd it ſouſe into the water;
And then, not to be ſeen as yet,
Behind the door makes his retreat.
The ſick man now takes breath awhile,
Strength to recruit for farther toil.
Unblinded he, with joyful eyes,
The tackle floating there eſpies;
Fully convinc'd within his mind,
The Cobler could not ſtay behind;
Who to the ale-houſe ſtill would go,
Whene'er he wanted work to do:
Nor could he like his preſent place,
He ne'er lov'd water in his days.
At length he takes a ſecond bout,
Enough to turn him inſide out;
With vehemence ſo ſore he ſtrains,
As would have ſplit another's brains.
'Ah! here the Cobler comes, I ſwear;'
(And truth it was, for he was there)
And, like a rude ill-manner'd clown,
Kick'd with his foot the vomit down.
The patient now grown wond'rous light;
Whipp'd off the napkin from his ſight;
Briſkly rais'd up his head, and knew
The breeches and the jerkin's hue:
And ſmil'd to hear him grumbling ſay,
As down the ſtairs he ran his way,
He'd ne'er ſet foot within his door,
And jump down open throats no more.
Our patient thus, his inmate gone,
Cur'd of the crotchets in his crown,
Joyful his gratitude expreſſes,
With thouſand thanks, and hundred pieces:
And thus, with much of pains and coſt,
Regain'd the health he never loſt.

THE MORAL.

Taught by long miſeries, we find,
Repoſe is ſeated in the mind;
And moſt men, ſoon or late, have own'd,
'Tis there, or no where, to be found.
This, real wiſdom timely knows,
Without experience of the woes;
Nor needs inſtructive ſmart, to ſee,
That all on earth is vanity.
Loſs, diſappointment, paſſion, ſtrife,
Whate'er torments, or troubles life,
Tho' groundleſs, grievous in it's ſtay,
'Twill ſhake our tenements of clay,
When paſt, as nothing we eſteem;
And pain, like pleaſure, is but dream.

FASHION, A SATIRE.

BY MR. SHILLITO.

SWEET Goddeſs! who, in ev'ry clime and age,
Haſt fir'd the Saint, the Hero, and the Sage;
Whoſe powers can each fantaſtic bliſs impart,
Thrill with keen extaſy the human heart,
And teach full many a votary to *ſwing*,
Graceful, to Stygian ſhores; thy charms I ſing!

Sweet *Faſhion*, ſee! ſhe waves her magic wand,
And lo! her ready ſlaves obedient ſtand.
Here age and youth, and male and female, ape
The ſame complexion, habit, ſize, and ſhape:
Black, brown, and fair, in ev'ry point agree,
The ſix-foot giant, and the dwarf of three!
Eager they croud before the awful throne,
To gaze, to *imitate*, and—be undone.

Young MARCUS now has reach'd his nineteenth year,
The boaſted offſpring of a noble peer:
The various paths of taſte he has explor'd,
And ſtill is nam'd the *faſhionable* lord;
Yet in *one* point young MARCUS can't ſucceed,
Becauſe, alas! the *Faſhion* is to READ!

FLORA by moſt is thought to be a ſaint;
But ſtill the reigning *Faſhion* is to paint:
And Flora's charms attract by various ways,
Each ſoul exulting with reſiſtleſs praiſe.
The live long week her face appears as pale
As op'ning lilies in Idalia's vale.
When *Sunday* comes, her lovely cheeks diſcloſe
Each bluſhing tint that gilds *Arcadia's* roſe.
Yet why, O cruel Fortune! haſt thou given
Her power to charm but one day out of ſeven?
Hadſt thou careſs'd her with thy ſoft alarms,
And given her *riches* to improve her charms,
Eternal Faſhion had adorn'd each grace,
And ev'ry day put on—her Sunday face!

FLORIO was witty, elegant, and gay,
The reigning *Faſhion* prompted him to play;
Each throw was fatal, but the laſt the moſt,
He ſtak'd his laſt ſcore acres, and he loſt!
'I'll follow ſtill the *Faſhion*,' *Florio* ſaid;
And forth to BATH the dice-ſtruck hero fled,
And there *plucks pigeons* * for his daily bread!

TITUS, a champion at the game of whiſt,
No finiſh'd gameſter ever could reſiſt;
For TITUS, tutor'd in the *modern ſchool*,
Finds ſure ſucceſs in this unerring rule—
'Win fairly, if you can, aloof from ſin;
'If not, at *any rate*, be ſure you win.'
Thus he, with this good maxim full in view,
From *Faſhion* gains *one rule* that HOYLE ne'er knew.
Should trumps or honours fail him in *the nick*,
He wins the doubtful game by one—ODD TRICK!

BARDOLPH fought duels; and, to ſhew his ſkill,
Pick'd quarrels with his friend, againſt his will:
And many a hero his well-pointed thruſt
Has ſent to mingle with his native duſt.
At length, diſeaſe (that foe to human race)
Rag'd in his veins, and peel'd his purple face:
Four days he linger'd; ere the fifth was fled,
The grifly phantom *Death* approach'd his bed.
'I come,' he cried, 'to lay thy honours low;
'In me prepare to meet thy mortal foe.'
The gallant BARDOLPH ſtarted at the ſight,
And begg'd one minute to *prepare for fight*.
'Thy pray'r is vain,' the king of terrors cried.
'O! ſpare me, then,' the duelliſt replied,
'One ſecond, ere thy dreadful ſtroke I meet;
'Alas! I never lack'd a SECOND yet!'
'No more!' cried Death: 'to war we both incline;
'Thy trade *has been* to ſlay, *and ſtill is* mine.
'To *Faſhion's* call thou ever didſt reply;
'And well thou know'ſt the *Faſhion is to die!*
'Then take thy diſtance, and forbear to ſtart.'
He ſpoke, and ſtruck a weapon to his heart.

COLCHESTER, March 13, 1785.

THE INCURIOUS.

A TALE.

A Virtuoſo had a mind to ſee
One that would never diſcontented be,
But in a careleſs way to all agree.
He had a ſervant much of Æſop's kind,
Of perſonage uncouth, but ſprightly mind:
'Humpus,' ſays he, 'I order that you find
'Out ſuch a man, with ſuch a character,
'As in this paper now I give you here,
'Or I will lug your ears, or crack your pate,
'Or rather, you ſhall meet with a worſe fate,
'For I will break your back, and ſet you ſtraight.
'Bring him to dinner.' Humpus ſoon withdrew,
Was ſafe, as having ſuch a one in view:
At Covent Garden Dial, him he found,
Sitting with thoughtleſs air, and look profound;
Who, ſolitary gaping without care,
Did ſeem to ſay, 'Who is't goes any where?'
Says Humpus—'Sir, my maſter bid me pray
'Your company with him to dine to-day.'
He ſnuffs; then follows, up the ſtairs he goes,
Never pulls off his hat, nor wipes his ſhoes;
But, looking round him, ſaw a handſome room,
And did not much repent that he was come:
Cloſe to the fire he draws an elbow chair;
And, lolling eaſy, does for ſleep prepare.
In comes the family, but he ſits ſtill,
Thinks—'Let them take the other chairs that will.'
The maſter thus accoſts him—'Sir, you're wet,
'Pray have a cuſhion underneath your feet.'
Thinks he—'If I do ſpoil it, need I care?
'I ſee he has eleven more to ſpare.'
Dinner's brought up, the wife is bid retreat,
And at the upper end muſt be his ſeat.
'This is not very uſual,' thinks the clown:
'But is not all the family his own?
'And why ſhould I, for contradiction ſake,
'Loſe a good dinner, which he bids me take?
'If from his table ſhe diſcarded be,
'What need I care? there is the more for me.'
After a while, the daughter's bid to ſtand,
And bring him whatſoe'er he will command;
Thinks he—'The better from a fairer hand.'

* In the phraſeology of the turf, to defraud a novice is termed Plucking a Pigeon.

Young

Young maſter next muſt riſe to fill him wine,
And ſtarve himſelf to ſee the booby dine.
When the deſſert came on, and jellies brought,
Then was the diſmal ſcene of finding fault;
They were ſuch hideous, filthy, pois'nous ſtuff,
Could not be rail'd at, nor reveng'd enough.
Humpus was aſk'd, who made them: trembling, he
Said—'Sir, it was my Lady gave them me.'
'No more ſuch poiſon ſhall ſhe ever give,
'I'll burn the witch 't'an't fitting ſhe ſhould live;
'Set faggots in the court, I'll make her fry,
'And pray, good Sir, may't pleaſe you to be by.
When ſmiling, ſays the clown—'Upon my life!
'A pretty fancy this, to burn one's wife:
'And ſince I find 'tis really your deſign,
'Pray, let me juſt ſtep home, and fetch you mine.'

HOBSON's CROSS.

ONE Sunday morn, it happen'd ſo,
Old Hobſon to the church would go;
Not out of pure devotion led,
But juſt as it came in his head:
Sat very ſtill, nor pleas'd nor vext,
The parſon thus began his text.
'The word of God, as I'll rehearſe,
'In Matthew the ſixteenth, and verſe
'The twenty-fourth, as you will ſee—
'Take up your croſs, and follow me.'
Theſe words, thus ſpoke, old Hobſon pleas'd,
To think how ſoon he would get eas'd
Of his d——'d noiſy, ſcolding wife,
The greateſt plague of human life.
The ſermon o'er, glad, home he went,
And told his wife his whole intent;
How the parſon (Heaven ſave him)
Would now from all his cares relieve him.
Thus ſaid, he took her on his back,
Juſt as a pedlar does his pack;
Follow'd the parſon to his houſe,
There joyfully flung down his ſpouſe;
Crying—'Take her, ſhe's a noiſy quean:'
The parſon, in ſurprize, I ween,
Said—'Friend, I don't know what you mean.'
'Sir, in your text, did you not ſay,
'Take up your croſs, and follow me?
'So I have brought you here my wife,
'Who is my greateſt croſs in life:
'And th' only one I have, (God ſave her;)
'So here, by Jupiter, I'll leave her!'

THE MONK AND JEW.

A TALE.

TO make new converts truly bleſt,
A Recipe—*Probatum eſt.*
Stern Winter, clad in froſt and ſnow
Had now forbad the ſtreams to flow;
And ſkaited peaſants ſwiftly glide,
Like ſwallows, o'er the ſlippery tide:
When Mordecai, (upon whoſe face
The ſynagogue you plain might trace)
Fortune with ſmiles deceitful bore
To a curſt hole, but late ſkian'd o'er;
Down plumps the Jew; but in a trice,
Riſing, he caught the friendly ice:
He gaſp'd; he yell'd a hideous cry;
No friendly help, alas! was nigh,
Save a poor Monk, who quickly ran
To ſnatch from death the drowning man;
But when the holy father ſaw
A limb of the Moſaic Law,
His outſtretch'd hand he quick withdrew:
'For Heav'n's ſake, help!' exclaims the Jew;
'Turn Chriſtian firſt,' the father cries:
'I'm froze to death,' the Jew replies.
'Froze!' quoth the monk; 'too ſoon you'll know,
'There's fire enough for Jews below,
'Renounce your unbelieving crew,
'And help is near.'—'I do, I do!'
'Damn all your brethren, great and ſmall.'—
'With all my heart; Oh, damn 'em all!
'Now help me out.'—'There's one thing more;
'Salute this Croſs, and Chriſt adore.'
'There, there! I Chriſt adore!'—'Tis well,
'Thus arm'd, defiance bid to Hell.
'And yet another thing remains,
'To guard againſt eternal pains;
'Do you our Papal Father hold
'Heav'n's vicar, and believe all told
'By Holy Church?'—'I do, by G—d!
'One moment more I'm food for cod!
'Drag, drag me out; I freeze, I die!'—
'Your peace, my friend, is made on high:
'Full abſolution here I give;
'Saint Peter will your ſoul receive.
'Waſh'd clean from ſin, and duly ſhriven,
'New converts always go to Heav'n;
'No hour for death ſo fit as this:
'Thus, thus, I launch you into bliſs!'
So ſaid—the father, in a trice,
His convert launch'd beneath the ice.

A STRANGE AND MOST WONDERFUL SIGHT.

I Saw a peacock; with a fiery tail
I ſaw a blazing comet; pour down hail
I ſaw a cloud; wrapt with ivy round
I ſaw an oak; creep on the ground
I ſaw a piſmire; ſwallow up a whale
I ſaw the ſea; brimful of ale
I ſaw a Venice glaſs; fifteen feet deep
I ſaw a well; full of men's tears that weep
I ſaw wet eyes; all of a flaming fire
I ſaw a houſe; bigger than the moon, and higher,
I ſaw the ſun. Even at midnight,
I ſaw the man who ſaw this dreadful ſight.

WIT AND RICHES.

THE man who ſtore of wealth can boaſt,
In wit will ever rule the roaſt,
His claim what dare diſpute?
Plutus can purchaſe wit, 'tis true;
Can Phœbus purchaſe riches too?
Truth bluſhes—and is mute.

EXTEMPORE.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF MR. LILY WITH MISS ROSE.

WHAT times of ſweetneſs this fair day foreſhews,
On which the Lily marries with the Roſe!
What next is look'd for?—That we all ſhould ſee
To ſpring from theſe, a ſweet poſterity.

RECEIPT FOR AN EPIGRAM.

BY MR. S. ASHBY.

TAKE a portion of wit,
And faſhion it fit,
Like a needle, with point and with eye;
A point that can wound,
An eye to look round,
And at folly or vice let it fly.

EPIGRAM I.

BY THE SAME.

A Virtuous wife, the ſacred pages own,
Will to her happy huſband prove a crown;
And Sylvia, tho' ſhe decks his head with horns,
Is ſtill to her's a crown—a crown of thorns.

EPIGRAM II.

BY THE SAME.

'ONCE John is wrong!' the wife exclaim'd;
'I pr'ythee hold your ſpite,
'And let a truth more ſtrange be nam'd—
'That you have once been right.'

EPIGRAM III.

ON A MARRIED COUPLE BURIED IN ONE GRAVE.

IF, as they tell us, man and wife
Are yok'd in wedlock but for life;
Tell us, ye learned caſuiſts, whether
They ought, when dead, to lie together?

EPIGRAM IV.

BY MR. R. TATTAM.

TAXES, our wiſe taxators ſay,
On uſeleſs things they chiefly lay:
Of taxing uſeleſs things ye prate;
Then tax each miniſter of ſtate.

EPIGRAM V.

METAPHYSICAL Jack, in his ſtudy one night,
Cries, 'I wonder how ſome can aſſert—*That all's right!*
'I've been without money the Lord knows how long;
'And, ſay all they can, *I am ſure that is wrong.*'

EPIGRAM VI.

TO MR. BLUNT, WHO DISPUTED WITH AN OBSTINATE CROOKED MAN.

PR'YTHEE leave off diſputing, honeſt Blunt,
Come, give it up—you ſee he's *bent* upon't.

EPIGRAM VII.

'I Ne'er could keep within due bounds,'
You've often ſaid, when bent to rail;
How you're miſtaken, Jack; for, zounds!
I'm cloſe confin'd within a jail.

EPIGRAM VIII.

ALL hopes to vanquiſh love are vain,
Each ſtruggle but augments the pain!
Ee'n flight, alas! itſelf no reſpite brings;
We fly on feet, but love has wings.

EPIGRAM IX.

TWO fingers were oft in contention quite warm,
Which moſt, when they tun'd up their wind-pipes, could charm:
To a maſter of muſic they jointly applied,
This often-conteſted affair to decide.
They quaver'd; they ſhak'd; and ſuch graces were ſhewn,
That each took for granted the prize was his own.
'Indeed, my good friend,' cries the judge to the firſt,
'Of all earthly fingers, I think *you're the worſt:*
'But as for you, friend,' (turning round to the other)
'*You can't ſing at all*—ſo muſt yield to your brother.'

EPITAPH I.

ON A MISER.

BENEATH this verdant hillock lies,
Demar, the wealthy and the wiſe.
His heirs, that he might ſafely reſt,
Have put his carcaſe in a cheſt;
The very cheſt in which, they ſay,
His other ſelf, his money, lay:
And if his heirs continue kind
To that dear ſelf he left behind,
I dare believe that four in five
Will think his better half alive.

EPITAPH II.

ON A DRUNKARD.

BY MR. MARTIN.

HERE lies poor Bibo—Heaven reſt his ſoul!
Whoſe whole delight was center'd in the bowl;
With copious draughts the fear of Death he drown'd,
And Death was highly pleas'd—for why? 'twas found,
The very method he employ'd to ſhun
His certain fate, the ſooner brought it on.
With punch he bargain'd to drive off pale Death,
Nor dreamt the treacherous friend would ſtop his breath:
But, rolling ripe, we find our toper ſunk,
One night, beneath the weight of punch, dead drunk.
Death finding him thus fallen, as 'tis ſaid,
Seiz'd him, and dragg'd him to this earthly bed.

NUMBER XV.

ENIGMAS.

ENIGMA I.

FOR THE PRIZE MEDALS.

BY MR. S. ASHBY.

SHOULD ſome delightful object ſtrike your eye,
To me, dear ladies, often you apply;
Or ſhould ſome real ill excite your fear,
I quickly come—for then I'm ever near;
Tho' I confeſs, too little aid I give,
But oft'ner diſappoint you, and deceive;
Yet ſtill I have your confidence enjoy'd,
And am the herald of your heart employ'd.
Me all mankind with eagerneſs purſue,
And danger makes me dearer in their view;
But ſhould enjoyment bleſs their ardent pray'r,
Too ſurely then their cold neglect I bear.
To you, ye fair! I ſometimes am a friend,
And ſtill to me your warm regards extend;
But, ah! beware, and hope no more for me;
For, if you gain me, hopeleſs will you be.
Ere theſe myſterious lines your eyes explore,
You've found me; elſe a fruitleſs ſearch give o'er:
Yet if at length you cannot make me out,
You very ſoon will find me, I've no doubt.
You'll loſe me in the inſtant I am gain'd,
But may poſſeſs me if I'm not obtain'd.

ENIGMA II.

BY MR. J. BECKET, JUN.

AT various times my pow'r imparts
Both grief and joy to mortal hearts:
The hopeleſs lover, oft, thro' me,
May his diſdainful miſtreſs ſee;
Now fondly gaze upon her charms,
And eager claſp her in his arms.
Thoſe who abundant wealth poſſeſs,
I ſometimes render pennyleſs;
And thoſe whom pride treats with diſgrace,
In ſtate ſublime I ſometimes place;
Tho' long my pow'r cannot prevail,
'Tis ſhort-liv'd as the tranſient gale;
For ſoon, t'one's joy, and t'other's pain,
They find all's right and wrong again.
Yet, while it laſts, it proves ſevere,
To thoſe whoſe crimes have made them fear.
The guilty ſoul I often ſhake;
I've made e'en bloody Richard quake,
Shed horror o'er his trembling ſoul,
And made his eyes with fury roll;
While terrors in his breaſt combin'd,
He dare not caſt a look behind.
Know, likewiſe, I have oft reveal'd
What man would fain have had conceal'd;
Then, in return, ye wits, proclaim,
What I would fain conceal—my name.

ENIGMA III.

BY X. Y. Z.

MR. Editor, pray, will you give me a place,
In your cento of wit, to exhibit my face!
With a breakfaſt at Will's, if you pleaſe, I'll reward ye,
Or I'll introduce you to Signor Lunardi;
Or wiſdom and lore may be gain'd by my means:
I'm worth two of your whimſical Wit's Magazines.
I've a face, my good Sir, which I'd have you to know,
I need not be aſham'd of, wherever I go.
But, how partial is Favour! for I have a brother
So like me you'd hardly know one from the other,
Did not his deep-jaundic'd complexion declare
What he is, whereas I am exceedingly fair.
Yet he is ador'd by the low and the high,
And valued full twenty times more than am I.
Fine ladies, with fingers ſo fair to behold,
For him weave apartments of ſilk and of gold,
Where I ſeldom am ſuffer'd to ſit by his ſide,
For knots, and for rings, which our precincts decide.
And ſometimes I'm cramm'd in a dark dreary bag,
With vile jingling irons, and foul linen rag,
By ſome low vulgar houſewife, who oft, when I'm freed,
Takes a parcel of brazen-fac'd rogues in my ſtead.
But beware of pretenders, for ſuch there are rife,
Whom their parents bring forth with the hazard of life.
Time was I could treat with a pint of good Port:
I've been much more reſpected in city and court
Than I now-a-days am; and there once was a time,
When a bard ſang my ſplendor in ſong ſo ſublime.

And

And his worth, and my worth, his lay ſhall betoken,
As long as our language is read, ſung, or ſpoken.

ENIGMA IV.

BY MR. T. WARING, LEICESTER.

WHEN the great luminary ſinks to reſt
Beneath the mountains, on his downy bed;
The pallid goddeſs, in her ſilver car,
Triumphant rides above the wat'ry dead.

Then Nox, in ſable garb, aſſumes her reign,
Expands her wings, her leaden ſceptre ſways;
Morpheus a potion from dull Somnus brings,
And o'er mankind his influence diſplays.

A dark lethargic cloud o'erſpreads my ſenſe;
Intruding fancy caught the firſt alarm:
I thought I ſaw my Nancy in a dream,
With a new rival walking, arm in arm.

Ye connoiſſeurs, make known my rival's name;
His odious ſhape to you I will reveal:
A body large, and of peculiar form,
A collar fix'd thereto with poliſh'd ſteel.

Two arms; no hands; nor had he any legs:
No head; how ſtrange! yet ſtranger to relate,
The purſe-proud cit, each haughty belle and beau,
E'en kings and princes join to hail him great.

ENIGMA V.

BY JACK.

ONE day in town, I chanc'd to meet
A thing that mov'd along the ſtreet;
Tho' it had neither legs nor feet,
Nor wings, nor head, nor tail; and yet
Of feather'd kind, and black as jet;
It could not fly, and yet I found
It touch'd not, in it's courſe, the ground!
By two twin-brothers 'twas directed,
And each five paſſengers protected.
It mov'd on ſlow, yet kept before
What I admir'd ten times more.
Now ſay what was this thing ſo black,
And you'll oblige your ſervant, JACK.

ENIGMA VI.

BY QUILLETTUS.

BEHOLD, good Sirs, a moſt accompliſh'd race,
And exerciſe your wits our names to trace.
A numerous brood we rule amongſt mankind,
Tho' ſent to pleaſe, and not enſlave the mind:
In various liv'ries dreſt, we meet the ſight,
A chequer'd mixture, ſable, red, and white;
The rich, the poor, the wiſe, the fair, and brave,
Our faſcinating charms alike enſlave;
In pleaſing fetters ſtill we hold the ſoul,
Entrance the ſenſes, and the heart controul.
Unnumber'd tricks we ſhew, and droll conceits,
And wealth and honours oft each vot'ry greets:
Yet, blind to merit, all our favours flow;
'Tis chance alone directs what we beſtow:
Tho' diff'rent ſects, our government is free,
In unchang'd amity we ſtill agree;
We're often parted, yet we feel not pain,
And only ſever ſoon to meet again.
Sometimes we're caught in matrimonial ſchemes,
Lulling the cred'lous fair in golden dreams;
We in the lott'ry too our powers diſplay,
Transferring ladies into beaſts of prey:
But yet to gain our hearts they eager preſs,
And ſparkling jewels in our hands poſſeſs.
Take one hint more—you ſee, when we appear,
A faithful emblem of the fleeting year.

REBUSES AND PARADOXES.

REBUS I.

BY MR. J. BECKET, JUN.

TAKE half of a many,
Prefix it to one;
Then, wit if you've any,
Tell what 'tis when done.

REBUS II.

BY MR. T. WARING, LEICESTER.

THE firſt of eaſt and weſt,
With part of north and ſouth,
Will make a meſs, for which ſome ſtand
Gaping with open mouth.

REBUS III.

BY MR. J. PECK, JUN.

A Male child tranſpos'd, to a barrel when join'd,
Gives what men always carry before and behind.

REBUS IV.

BY MERCUTIO.

JOIN the name of a beaſt to a quarter of beef,
And a tree you will have with an ever-green leaf.

PARADOX I.

TWELVE birds on a tree
I happen'd to ſee;
And, firing, four being ſlain,
Without any ſpell,
I dare ſay you'll tell
How many then did remain.

PARADOX II.

BY MR. T. WARING, LEICESTER.

IF you five-ſixths take from my name,
You'll find I'm ſtill rever'd the ſame.

SOLUTIONS.

SOLUTIONS.

ENIGMAS.

1. A Spit.
2. Hair.
3. Pain.
4. The Magnetic Needle.
5. A Pair of Snuffers.
6. The Eye.

REBUSES.

1. Beauty.
2. Eve—Hannah—Anna—Nan.

PARADOXES.

1. The Pronunciation of the Letters L—E—G; viz. Elegy.
2. The Wind.

SELECT ANSWERS TO THE PRIZE-ENIGMA.

1. BY MR. S. ASHBY.

FORTUNE, we ſee, on folly oft beſtows
Her mine of treaſure, and her down repoſe;
While virtue, wiſdom, genius, wit, forego
Joys they are born to claim—but not to know.
Bards, hapleſs bards! may try the votive ſtrain,
Invoke and court th' ungracious dame in vain;
She, ſtill unjuſt, rejects their true ſublime,
Nor heeds the pray'r of poverty or rhyme.
She grants them only Fancy's vacant charms;
The Muſe's fire—that not the fingers warms!
Save the blank honours of diſſembl'd praiſe;
Odes, ſongs, and ſonnets, and oblivious lays;
Save thirſty knowledge, and an hunger'd wit,
An empty cellar, and a ruſty SPIT.

2. BY MR. FRANCIS BROWNE.

IN AN ANSWER TO ALL THE ENIGMAS, REBUSES, AND PARADOXES.

DON'T waſte your time about your *Hair*,
My deareſt girl, in vain;
But mind your *Needle* and your SPIT,
'There's knowledge with great gain.'

Should you this well-meant hint deſpiſe,
And *Snuff* your noſe in ſcorn;
With *Pain* my friendly *Eye* muſt ſee
Your future days forlorn.

Your *Beauty*, *Nan*, will ſhortly fade,
Till dead and cold you be,
And ſcarcely will you have a friend,
To write your *L*, *e*, *g*.

3. BY X. Y. Z.

IN AN ANSWER TO ENIGMAS II. IV. V. VI. REBUSES I. II. AND PARADOX I.

WHAT time the ſun had gone to reſt,
And *Snuffers* were in great requeſt,
(in other words, 'twas night;)
Hannah, the parſon's handmaid fair,
With ſparkling *Eyes*, and ebon *Hair*,
Sat, in her *Beauty* right.

While deftly ſhe her *Needle* ply'd,
Oft the revolving SPIT ſhe ey'd,
Nor idle was her tongue;
'I heard my maſter ſay he'd made
'An *Elegy*—What's that?' ſhe ſaid,
To Dick, the threſher young.

'A leg he made for yonder chair.'—
'Is that an elegy? that there!
'Do tell us, Dick, I beg!'—
'Why, doſt not know, thou ſilly fool,'
Quoth Dick, who'd been ſix months at ſchool,
'That *L*, *e*, *g*, ſpells Leg!'

4. BY CYNTHIA.

FULL oft, with coſtly dainties grac'd,
See yonder ſenſeleſs SPIT!
He bears the joys he cannot taſte;
Of poet emblem fit.

The poet ſings of golden ſtore,
Of muſic, love, and wine;
But yet, alas! the poet's poor,
Nor taſtes thoſe joys divine.

5. BY CAPTAIN BOBADIL.

IN A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

WHEN Engliſhmen fed on roaſt-beef from the SPIT,
Their courage it warm'd, it enliven'd their wit;
'Twas hence thoſe brave deeds in our annals are writ.
O the Roaſt-beef, &c.

But Frenchmen, politely, have mended our taſte,
And with trifles more coſtly our tables we grace;
While the SPIT to the ſtewpan is forc'd to give place.
O the Roaſt-beef, &c.

For ſhame, ye true Britons, awake from your trance,
To ſhake off the faſhions and follies of France,
And roaſt-beef to it's old native honours advance.
O the Roaſt-beef, &c.

6. BY DOLLOLABELLA.

MARTIN courted a cook; and, to ſhew her his wit,
An Enigma, one day, he compos'd on her SPIT;
In hopes ſhe would make him her favourite man,
And admit him, ſometimes, to a ſop in the pan.

MISCELLANEOUS ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS,
TO THE SEVERAL ENIGMAS AND REBUSES.

ANSWER TO ENIGMAS II. III. VI.

BY MR. W. HUTTON.

WITH *Hair* erect, behold the wicked man,
Who now perceives his life is but a ſpan;
With racking *Pain* he views th' approach of Death,
His *Eyes* then cloſes, and reſigns his breath.

ANSWER TO ENIGMAS II. IV. V. VI. REBUS I. II. AND PARADOX I.

BY MR. W. HOLLAND.

OF curling *Locks*, and ſparkling *Eye*,
Young *Hannah* once could boaſt;
Her *Beauty* foſter'd many a ſigh,
She reign'd the ruling toaſt.

As *Needle* pointed was her wit,
And dreaded was her frown;
Unnumber'd *Elegies* were writ
By ſwains her charms had won.

At length the gay Lothario came,
Who flattered as he ſung;
His wily arts undid the dame;
Ah! pity ſhe was young.

No more her radiant virtue glows,
Surrounding virgins flout;
And Death, in pity to her woes,
Soon *Snuff'd* her candle out.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA III.

BY CASTALIO.

EXTEMPORE ON HIS EMPTY PURSE.

TO thee, my purſe, thus troubled, I complain;
To thee, who art the cauſe of all my *Pain!*
Thy gold is gone, and eke thy ſilver bright;
Alas! I'm heavy—becauſe thou art light.

ANSWER TO REBUSES I. II.

BY MR. J. C. BATH.

BEAUTY can fire a coward's breaſt;
And *Hannah*'s *Hannah*, tho revers'd.

☞ Very ingenious Anſwers to the PRIZE and other ENIGMAS, &c. have alſo been received, as expreſſed in the following LIST.

NAMES.	P.	Enigs. 1	23456	Reb. 1234	Par. 12
Alexander, Mr. L. Whitechapel	P	2			
Beckett, Mr. J. Jun.	P	23456		12	12
Benvolio	P				
Brayley, Mr. Edward	P				
Briton, a True	P				
Brock, Sally, Honiton	P	2	45	2	2
Burſardienſis	P	23456		2	
C. Mr. J. Bath	P	23456		12	2
C. G.	P				
C. H.	P				
Caſtalio	P	3		12	1
Charlton, Mr. J. Andover	P		456		12
Chrononhotonthologos	P				
Cole, Mr. J.	P	2	6	12	
Collyer, Mr. N. Raynham, Eſſex	P				
Cory, Mr. W. Cranbourn, Dorſet	P	23456		12	12
Crawter, Mr. T. Cobham	P	2	45	12	
D. Mr. N. Hackney	P	23456		12	12
Darwin, Mr. T. Chelſea	P	23456		12	12
E. B.	P	2		2	
Edmonds, Mr. W.	P	2	5	12	2
Epicureanus	P				
Foſter, Mr. J. Bloomſbury	P	2	45	12	
G. Mr. J. Jun.	P	2345		12	
Grimbald	P				
Hoffe, Mr. Philip, Compton	P	2	45	2	12
Holland, Mr. W.	P	2	456	12	1
Honiſterdy	P	23456		1	1
Hutton, Mr. W.	P	23456		1	1
Imoinda	P				
J. H. S.	P				
Jack	P	3	5	12	
Juvenis, Reading	P				
Kilworth	P	2	5		
Madge	P	2	56	12	1
Maſon, Mr. J. Liverpool	P		5	12	1
Medway, Charlotte	P	2	456		
N. S. Jun.	P		5		
Oroonoko	P				
P. Mr. J. W. Oxford	P	2	456		
Priton, an Anſhent	P				
Pugh, Mr. Tho. Somerſet Street	P	2345		12	12
Quillettus	P				
R. Mr. G. Chriſt's Hoſpital	P		5	12	
R. Mr. J. Bermondſey	P			2	
R. P. Crutched Friars	P				
Ruſher, Mr. W. Banbury	P	2	456	12	
Smith, Mr. J. Roſemary Lane	P	2	456		
Somebody	P				
Spruce, Gilliflower	P	2	456		
Stone, Mr. W. Beak Street	P	23456		12	1
Tattam, Mr. R.	P	23456		12	12
Verax	P				
Waring, Mr. T. Leiceſter	P	23456			
Webb, Mr. John, Haverhill	P	3	5	1	
Z. A. Hammerſmith,	P	23456			

THE

WIT's MAGAZINE.

APRIL 1785.

With a Large Quarto Engraving, representing the WIDOW RIDING the BLACK RAM at EAST and WEST ENBORNE; designed and engraved purposely for this Work.

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LONDON:

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WHEN the EDITOR received the Tale of the BREECHES, printed in the laſt Number, he felt ſome preſentiment that he had before ſeen it; though the *Gentleman* from whom it came, and who called himſelf Mr. THOMAS CALDECOTT, declared in two preliminary lines, that it was *his own Original Compoſition, and had never been in Print*. Afterwards, when the EDITOR determined to procure an *Engraving* for this Tale, he called on Mr. CALDECOTT to repeat, whether he really ſent it as an Original; and received for Anſwer, *that it was ſo upon* HIS *Honour!* What the Honour of *ſuch a perſon* muſt be, we leave our Readers to gueſs; after aſſuring them that a Friend, who accidentally ſaw the Deſign at the Engraver's, laſt month, immediately put into our hands a little volume of Poems by Mrs. SAVAGE, publiſhed in the year 1777, where the ſame tale was printed verbatim, under the title of the LIVING READING-DESK. In the firſt paroxyſm of our reſentment, we gave the Impoſtor a pointed invitation, to call on our PUBLISHERS—*not* for the MEDAL, but for '*the reward he ſo well merited!*' What this was, he had cunning enough to ſee, and to avoid. Our indignation has now ſubſided, and we hope the meanneſs which occaſioned it has not been longer-lived. If he is a man of ſenſe, he muſt be heartily aſhamed of ſuch conduct; if a fool, he is unworthy of our reſentment.

Our old Correſpondent, Mr. *W. Stone*, has alſo our beſt thanks for ſending an early account of this impoſition; which would have prevented the ſucceſs of the intended fraud, even if it had not been previouſly diſcovered.

The Rebus, ſigned *Feſcue*, on the Name and Place of Abode of W. Cowper, Eſq. Olney, (ſaid to be the Author of John Gilpin's Excurſion) came ſafe to hand; but, beſides that the fact of that Gentleman's being the real Author of the celebrated Poem in Queſtion requires ſtronger Proof than the mere aſſertion of an anonymous Correſpondent, it is not our practice to inſert Rebuſes on the Names of any Perſons, except well-known and very popular characters. We acknowledge ourſelves wholly ignorant who is the Author of Gilpin, and ſhould be glad if *Feſcue*, under *his own proper Name*, or any other Correſpondent, or even the ingenious Writer himſelf, would be obliging enough to eſtabliſh the Fact.

The Subject *J. C.* Kent, propoſes for an Enigma, has already been exhauſted in a very early Number of the work.

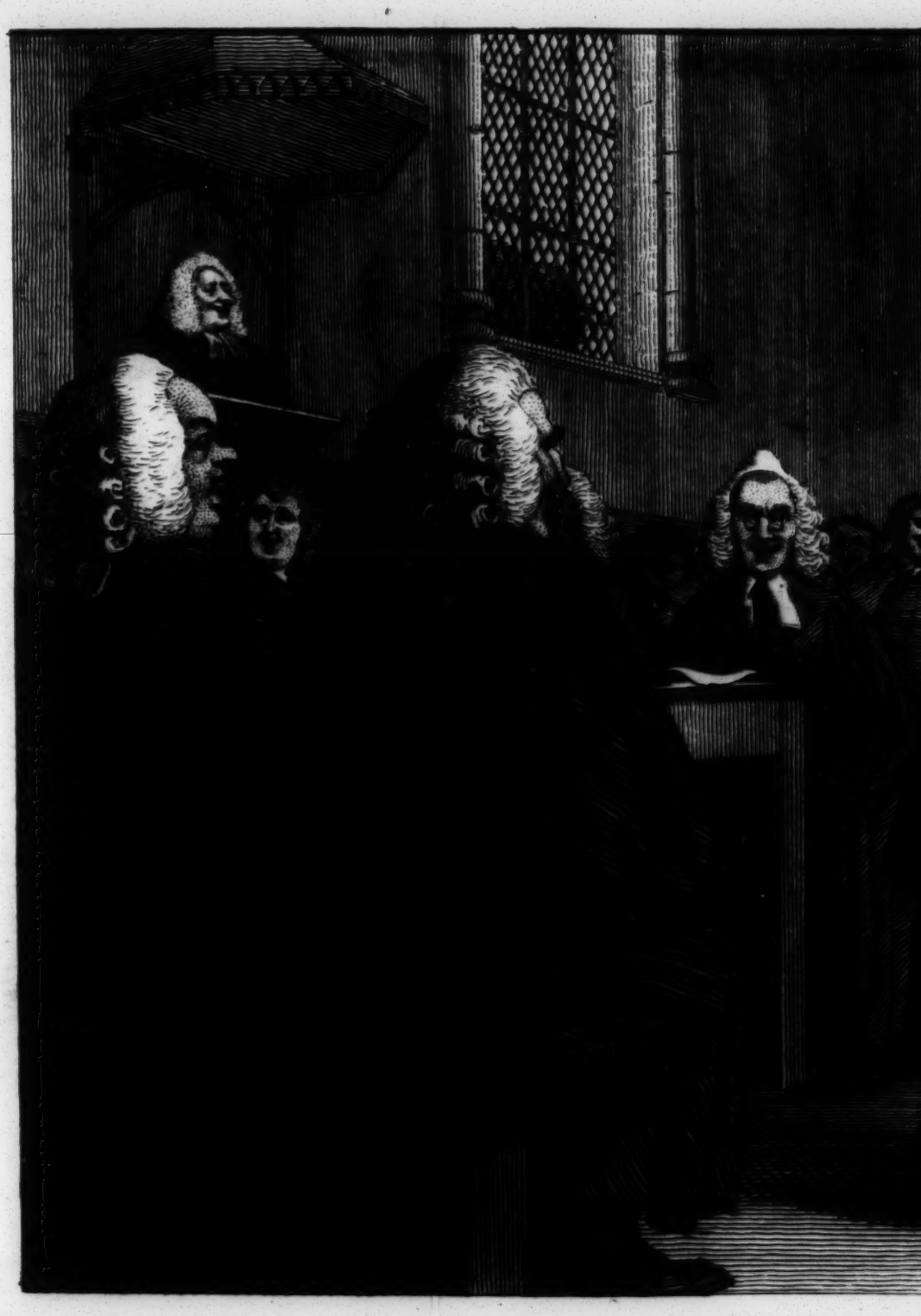
PRIZE MEDALS.

The *firſt* SILVER MEDAL, for the beſt *original* Proſe Eſſay by a Correſpondent, is adjudged to IMUS, for his ACCOUNT of a moſt AWFUL CHANGE in a YOUNG LADY of EIGHTEEN—the *ſecond*, for the beſt Poetical TALE, is decreed to Mr. ALLEN, for his PRUDE, or MAL-A-PROPOS—and the *third* and *fourth*, diſtributed by lot to Two out of the Six beſt Anſwerers of the PRIZE ENIGMA, fell to J. MATTHEWS, Eſq. and Mr. JOHN RIDLEY—who are requeſted to tranſmit their orders for delivery to the Publiſhers by the 25th of the month at fartheſt, in the ſame hand-writing as their reſpective productions, ſigned with their real names and places of abode, that they may be printed in the next Number, for the ſatisfaction of Subſcribers in general.

☞ The FOUR MEDALS adjudged laſt Month have been forwarded to——

1. Mr. SAMUEL BROOKS, No. 23, Titchfield Street, Marybone.
2. Lieutenant SHILLITO, of the Marines, Colcheſter.
3. Mr. SAMUEL ASHBY, No. 56, Cheapſide.
4. Mr. FRANCIS BROWNE, No. 28, Golden Lane.

The MEDAL formerly decreed to the Tale of the BREECHES, while it was ſuppoſed to be an Original, on caſting Lots for *J. G.* Jun. and Mr. SAMUEL BROOKS, Authors of the ſecond beſt Proſe and Poetical Articles this Month, fell to the latter, who will receive it in due courſe.



CUSTOM *of* RIDIŃ

Publiſhed Jun

DIŃG *the* BLACK RAM.

ed June 1, 1785.

THE

WIT's MAGAZINE.

APRIL 1785.

CUSTOM OF RIDING THE BLACK RAM.

FROM THE SPECTATOR.

AT East and West Enborne, in the county of Berks, if a customary tenant die, the widow shall have what the law calls her Free-Bench in all his copy-hold lands, dum sola et casta fuerit—that is, while she lives single and chaste; but if she commits incontinency, she forfeits her estate: yet if she will come into the court riding backward upon a Black Ram, with his tail in her hand, and say the words following, the steward is bound by the custom to re-admit her to her Free-Bench.

'Here I am,
'Riding upon a Black Ram,
'Like a whore as I am;
'And for my crincum crancum,
'Have lost my bincum bancum;
'And, for my tail's game,
'Have done this worldly shame:
'Therefore, I pray you, Mr. Steward, let
'me have my land again.'

After having informed you that my Lord Coke observes, that this is the most frail and slippery tenure of any in England, I shall tell you, that I have been at great pains in searching out the records of the Black Ram; and have at last met with the proceeding of the court-baron, held in that behalf for the space of a whole day. The record saith, that a strict inquisition having been made into the right of the tenants to their several estates, by a crafty old steward, he found that many of the manor lands were, by default of the several widows, forfeited to the lord, and accordingly would have entered on the premises: upon which the good women demanded the benefit of the Ram. The steward, after having perused their several pleas, adjourned the court to Barnaby-bright, that they might have day enough before them.

The court being set, and filled with a great concourse of people, who came from all parts to see the solemnity, the first who entered was the widow Frontly, who had made her appearance in the last year's cavalcade. The register observes that, finding it an easy pad-ram, and foreseeing she might have further occasion for it, she purchased it of the steward.

Mrs. Sarah Dainty, relict of Mr. John Dainty, (who was the greatest prude in the parish) came next in the procession. She at first made some difficulty of taking the tail in her hand; and was observed, in pronouncing the form of penance, to soften the two most emphatical words into Clincum Clancum: but the steward took care to make her speak plain English, before he would let her have her land again.

The third widow that was brought to this worldly shame, being mounted on a vicious Ram, had the misfortune to be thrown by him; upon which she hoped to be excused from going through the rest of the ceremony: but the steward being well versed in the law, observed very wisely upon this occasion, that the breaking of the rope does not hinder the execution of the criminal.

The fourth lady upon record was the widow Ogle, a famous coquette,

who hath kept half a ſcore of young fellows off and on for the ſpace of two years; but having been more kind to her carter John, ſhe was introduced with the huzzas of all her lovers about her.

Mrs. Sable appearing in her weeds, which were very new and freſh, and of the ſame colour with her whimſical Palfrey, made a very decent figure in the ſolemnity.

Another, who had been ſummoned to make her appearance, was excuſed by the ſteward, as well knowing in his heart, that the good ſquire himſelf had qualified her for the Ram.

Mrs. Quick having nothing to object againſt the indictment, pleaded her belly. But it was remembered that ſhe had made the ſame excuſe the year before. Upon which the ſteward obſerved, that ſhe might ſo contrive it as never to do the ſervice of the manor.

The widow Fidget being cited into court, inſiſted that ſhe had done no more ſince the death of her huſband, than what ſhe uſed to do in his lifetime; and withal deſired Mr. Steward to conſider his own wife's caſe, if he ſhould chance to die before her.

The next in order was a dowager of a very corpulent make, who would have been excuſed as not finding any Ram that was able to carry her; upon which the ſteward commuted her puniſhment, and ordered her to make her entry upon a black ox.

The widow Maſkwell, a woman who had long lived with a moſt unblemiſhed character, having turned off her old chambermaid in a pet, was by that revengeful creature brought in upon the Black Ram nine times the ſame day.

Several widows of the neighbourhood, being brought upon their trial, ſhewed that they did not hold the manor, and were diſcharged accordingly.

A pretty young creature who cloſed the proceſſion came ambling in, with ſo bewitching an air, that the ſteward was obſerved to caſt a ſheep's eye upon her, and married her within a month after the death of his wife.

N. B. Mrs. Touchwood appeared, according to ſummons, but had nothing laid to her charge; having lived irreproachably ſince the deceaſe of her huſband, who left her a widow in the ſixty-ninth year of her age.

THE TRAVELLER.

NUMBER IV.

AS the die now ſeemed to be caſt, and I was doomed, nolens volens, to an unnatural connection, I conceived that the moſt probable means of fruſtrating the intentions of my perſecutors would be an apparent compliance with their deſires: I therefore paid all the attention to my deſtined bride that human gallantry could inſpire; but the tedious forms of courtſhip were little regarded among theſe wiſer beings; and neither ſettlements nor dowries proving the ſmalleſt hindrances to conſummation, I was probably regarded as a frigid exotic animal, equally deſtitute of ſpirit and paſſion. Appearances, however, in ſome meaſure compenſated for the want of realities; and though I could never get rid of my dulcinea, the reſt of the tribe obſerving that I was avowedly reconciled to their company, forbore to lay any reſtraint on my pleaſure, and I was permitted to viſit whatever part of the iſland I choſe, without either ſuſpicion of an intention to eſcape, or any ſpies to watch over my conduct.

In one of theſe excurſions, however, my enamoured bride began to grow very wanton in her gambols, and to preſs her love with an eagerneſs which totally confounded me: I avoided her careſſes by flight; but ſhe purſued me with all the ſpeed in her power, and would certainly have overtaken me in a very

a very ſhort time, had I not precipitated myſelf from a pretty high cliff into the ſea, and truſted to the watery element for protection. Having been pretty early accuſtomed to the practice of ſwimming, I proceeded, under a range of rocks, to a conſiderable diſtance, in hopes of meeting with a convenient landing-place in a different part of the iſland, where I might be ſecure from the malevolence and importunity of my late friends, whom I now dreaded as the worſt of foes; and, by extraordinary good fortune, I ſoon diſcovered a ſmall boat drifted between two rocks, which evidently appeared to have been loſt by ſome European ſhip in navigating the neighbouring ſeas: into it I jumped without heſitation; where finding oars and other neceſſaries, I immediately began to row towards the continent, which, as I before obſerved, was perceptible enough, though at a great diſtance. Elated with this ſucceſs, I almoſt forgot the dangers to which I was ſtill expoſed; and conſidered myſelf as extremely fortunate in being delivered by any means from the horrid embraces of an ape. After plying in this manner for two days and nights, without any ſuſtenance except a ſmall quantity of fruit which I had accidentally depoſited in my pockets, I found myſelf almoſt worn out through laſſitude and hunger; and would have gladly reſigned a life which, in my apprehenſion, ſeemed only devoted to freſh ſcenes of miſery, when Morpheus at laſt overpowered my utmoſt efforts to withſtand him. What occurred during this faſcinating captivity, I am not competent to relate: but, after an unknown interval had elapſed, I once more opened my eyes, greatly refreſhed; and, to my unſpeakable aſtoniſhment, perceived that I had already reached the continent of Africa, and that my boat was ſtranded on the ſhore. The ſun ſhone in his meridian glory, and the birds repeated their melliflu-ous ſtrains from the branches of the moſt beautiful trees I had ever beheld, when I began to look around me for ſome food, as well to recruit my almoſt exhauſted ſtrength, as to ſatisfy the cravings of hunger.

As my travels are unqueſtionably a ſeries of wonders, the reader will not be ſurprized to be informed that I met with a plum-pudding tree within twenty paces of the ſhore; and, had I likewiſe been able to procure a buttock of beef, I might certainly have dined in a manner truly ſubſtantial and elegant. The beautiful tree which produces the plum-pudding fruit riſes only to the height of twenty feet; the leaves are ſhaped like thoſe of a cabbage, but a great deal larger; the branches, which ſpread in all directions from the ſtem, bend in the middle, and almoſt touch the ground with their extremities; and on every twig hangs a plum-pudding, which ſeems to be formed by the concoction of various juices exſuding from every part of the tree. Strange as it may appear, this food, when analyzed, exactly reſembled that which Engliſh hoſpitality at preſent ſerves up at ſabbatical dinners, except that it was far more delicious and nutritive.

With this new acquiſition I was delighted beyond meaſure; and, could I have tranſported myſelf into England with a good ſtock of theſe plants, and been ſucceſsful in their cultivation, I ſhould have thought myſelf the happieſt of men, and in the faireſt way of making a fortune; ſince I have always obſerved, that he who gratifies the ſtomach, will ever be more honoured and encouraged than he who rectifies the will, and improves the mind.

M——.

CONJUGAL

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE tender-hearted Araminta loved her husband sincerely; for they had been but two months married. He constituted her sole felicity. Their desires and aversions were the same. It was Araminta's study, by diligent attention, to anticipate her husband's wishes. 'Such a wife,' says my male reader, who entertains thoughts of matrimony, 'such a wife 'would I desire.' And such a wife mayest thou enjoy. Araminta's husband fell sick of a very dangerous malady. 'No hope!' said the physician, and shook his awful wig. Bitterly wept Araminta—'O Death! might I 'prefer a petition. Spare, O spare 'my husband, and let me be the victim in his stead.' Death, to her astonishment, straight appeared. 'And 'what,' cried the grim tyrant, 'is 'thy request?'—'There,' said Araminta, trembling with fear and amazement, 'there he lies, pierced with in-'tolerable agony; he implores thy 'speedy relief: for Heaven's sake, 'put him instantly out of his mi-'sery!'

LACONICS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LA BERLUE.

FOR my part, who have neither mist nor cataract, I have seen people differ as much about colours as about taste; I have seen a priest adore as religion what the senator called hypocrisy; a magistrate consider as zeal what the soldier termed fanaticism; an officer esteem bravery, what the monk called cowardice.

I have seen those who were thought wise, groping their way surrounded with flambeaux at noon-day, fatigue themselves in pursuit of a shadow of happiness, and in search of what could never be found.

I have seen some grains of dust, y'cleped gold, preferred to brilliant wit, a generous heart, modest merit, and, in a word, deified.

I have seen Impertinence set up in honour a la-mode, like a flower or ribband, giving lessons to youth, forming disciples in all branches, perfume and frize them.

I have seen the title of Highness and Excellence pompously displayed in the houses of those whose virtues kept incognito.

I have seen vanity, in black, receive the honours due to piety.

I have seen twenty or thirty miserable years cherished as if they were to last for ages; and all to build a fortune of two or three minutes.

I have seen financiers and contractors part with their ill-gotten wealth, that their daughters might be punished with a coronet.

I have seen conquerors dispute for mole-hills on a rock, at the expence of blood; take them by assault, and afterwards give them up again. 'For 'what?' Nothing.

I have seen books last but for a day; like a flower, blow in the morning, shine at noon, and fade at night: I have seen others, like poor bastards, running from shop to shop, and from coffee-house to coffee-house, and no one dare to own himself their father.

I have seen a fashionable petit-maitre ape the minister, walk as he did, stop when he did, and spit as he did; and, when no longer necessary, be himself spit upon.

I have seen many ladies, like the flowers of great night-shade, only blow at night in their lovers arms, and close again in the morning with unsuspected virtue. Am I to blame for having seen this? my eyes alone ought to be indicted; it is not my fault that they saw so clear. The weazel does not declare war against the cat for being quicker sighted.

I have known good-sense in a slavering-bib, with men of forty who were reckoned philosophers, and yet were nothing but two-footed animals.

A plain cross carried in procession

is

is an object of adoration: but a croſs of rubies, worn by a prelate in the pride of ornament, is at once changed to a trinket, and only admired like a lady's ear-rings.

How many reverends, ſeated at table between Venus who fires, and Bacchus who ſparkles, forget what they have preached! Inſtead of the man dead to the world, one only ſees the man of the world; who, being preſently in public again, ſtalks with corrective frown, and modeſt downcaſt eye.

If I kill my antagoniſt in a duel, the laws are againſt me; if I do not fight, I loſe my honour. Who ſees not the abſurdity, ſees not clear.

Where are you running, Honeſtus? To look for merit in a gilded palace? Open your eyes and you will change your rout; mount up to a garret, and you will find the man of wiſdom and capacity that you are in ſearch of. The fineſt palaces are in general but pretty cages, where paroquets of all colours chatter and bite.

We are often angry with the world, when the error is on our own ſide. I have kept a table: while it was well covered, gueſts were plenty; the ſcene changes, and no one ſeeks my abode. You will think that I am unhappy; on the contrary, I have left a pebble and found a gem. I know nobody and begin to know myſelf—True knowledge!

Plundarus is rich, but cannot bear the dark; there is blood in his cup. Shield me, kind Heaven, from ſuch a draught!

'Miſs Freelove has made a trip,' ſays Mrs. Clack. 'Good Madam, re-'flect that you have fallen twice.' But Mrs. Clack's a wit, and wits have ſhort memories.

Formerly people ſpoke well, and thought better; they now ſpeak badly, and do not think at all.

'Who do you take me for? Leave 'off your impertinence—Be gone, &c.' The coquette's alphabet. They learn theſe phraſes from their infancy, and uſe them moſt when they moſt wiſh to be admired. The refuſal is a ſpur: if Miſs ſuffered you only to kiſs her hand, there it would ſtop; but if ſhe reſiſts, and retires, ſhe will have the pleaſure of being plagued for an hour or two, and be kiſſed a thouſand times inſtead of once, and that is what ſhe wants.

We are daily complaining becauſe men of obſcure birth riſe, and their families are ennobled. Bourbon had a beginning; Naſſau can claim no more.

YOUNG PLATO.

ESSAY ON MATRIMONIAL QUARRELS.

FAMILY diviſions frequently ſpring from very immaterial accidents, which gather ſtrength by repetition, till they are augmented in ſo formidable a manner, as to ſweep before them all the domeſtic virtues, and aboliſh all the amiable tenderneſs for which woman was originally intended by the Divine Creator. I have been a frequent ſpectator of ſuch ſcenes of infelicity. Where I was in moſt expectation of finding the celeſtial ſeeds of connubial happineſs flouriſhing in exquiſite beauty, there have I been the moſt diſappointed. Inſtead of beholding a paradiſe, I have found nothing but a garden of noxious weeds; which occaſions me to publiſh the following obſervations. For theſe may be of utility to ſociety, as by holding up the mirror to the view of inadvertency, they may affright her with her own deformity.

Lorenzo and Violetta have been married upwards of three years: they were equally matched, both in reſpect of fortune and age; the one being ſufficiently affluent for the purchaſe, and the other for the enjoyment, of the pleaſures of life. For ſome time after the celebration of their nuptials, they entertained a reciprocal affection. She was all fondneſs, he all indulgence. But their intimacy, inſtead of increaſing, diminiſhed their mutual regard. Her beauty, the more it was familiar to his eye, grew the leſs attractive to his heart;

heart; and his converſation grew leſs engaging, the more ſhe partook of the natural levity of her ſex. He renewed his bacchanalian acquaintance; ſhe found more pleaſure in diſcharging her viſits, than her domeſtic offices. In fine, both became diſintentionally indifferent; their meals were irregular; their converſation little; till, at laſt, their affection ſeemed dwindled away to nothing but a ceremonial complaiſance.

Nature was ſoon more predominant than the ties of gentility, or the rules of decency. Their tempers were perpetually burſting the formality of reſerve; trivial accidents gave alternate uneaſineſs to one or the other; which were productive of ſuch diſputes as often terminated in a ſhyneſs for two ,and ſometimes three days together. Though they were both ſo far eſtranged from the lambent flame of love, their diſagreement very frequently exhibited a conviction of their honeſty, by a recollection which juſt ſerved to blow up the dormant embers of affection; but ſtill they were continually manifeſting the difference of their tempers. They were both haſtily paſſionate; he was ſometimes ſurlily ill-natured, while ſhe was too apt to conceive what he never intended. They were both ſenſible of their folly, yet they ſtill perſiſted in their obſtinacy: if he ſpoke warm, ſhe reddened with the glow of anger; if he was deſirous of tranquillity, ſhe grew turbulent. The vanity of pedigree, and the oſtentation of fortune, were often handled backwards and forwards; this uſhered in indecency from him, and left her abandoned to a miſguided paſſion.

Reiterated quarrels aggravated their imprudence: he frequently ſwore, ſhe railed; and blows enſued. She felt the effects of his violence, he bore the marks of her fury. When their paſſions abated, ſhe ſat penſively venting the guſhing ſorrows from her eyes: he grew mollified; and, after innumerable careſſes, re-compoſed her agitated ſpirits. The quarrel renewed their tenderneſs: they gently upbraided themſelves, confeſſed their folly, reſolved to oppoſe the excurſions of paſſion, and for ſome time lived with all the appearance of a durable felicity. But when paſſion has once got the head, reaſon vainly attempts to guide the rein. Though Lorenzo and Violetta, on the repetition of every quarrel, became ſenſible of their ſmothered affection, yet they never endeavoured to light up the extinguiſhed lamp of Hymen. They continued their intemperate ſallies; and were at laſt ſo habituated to ſuch an ignominious cuſtom, as to give an unbounded looſe to their paſſion before company, till they are now become the deriſion of all their acquaintance.

As I have a regard for Lorenzo, I have taken an opportunity of expatiating with him upon his indiſcretion: he acknowledges his imprudence, profeſſes the ſtrongeſt affection for his wife, and ſolemnly avows his fidelity to the nuptial bed. Violetta is alſo ſenſible of her erroneous behaviour, eſteems her huſband, and wears the throne of chaſtity on her brow. They are equally conſcious of their faults, are equally ſorry for them, and ſeem equally deſirous of correcting them: but they are ſo abſolutely devoted to the ſtorms of paſſion, as to be equally incapable of executing thoſe ſalutary reſolutions, which they are thoroughly ſenſible alone give pleaſure to the bridal [illegible], happineſs to the prime of life, and comfort to the declenſion of age.

What a melancholy reflection is this! that two perſons, once united by the ſilken band of love, ſhould ſo diſown it's empire, for the gratification of ſome ridiculous humour, is moſt aſtoniſhing! That two perſons, who could ſo eaſily enjoy the beatitudes of life, ſhould ſo voluntarily baniſh themſelves from the flowery road of happineſs, is amazing! But their conduct ſerves only to evince this golden maxim—that reaſon is the beſt gift of nature; for, without her ſacred influence, monarchs in their palaces are leſs happy than peaſants in their cottages.

E.

A DIALOGUE,

A DIALOGUE,

MODERNIZED FROM THE DAYS OF GOOD QUEEN BESS.

PERSONS.

SIR JOHN ENGLISH | MISS BIDDY ENGLISH
MADAM ENGLISH | MRS. PLUMTREE.

MRS. PLUMTREE.

I Hope your ladyſhip is very well this morning after the fatigue of your journey.

MADAM ENGLISH.

Indeed, Miſtreſs Plumtree, I never was more fatigued in my life. Four days together upon a hard-trotting horſe are enough to tire any one; beſides, my pillion was horridly uneaſy, and I rode behind the footboy, who was hardly able to ſupport my leaning againſt him. But here is Biddy not in the leaſt the worſe for her journey.

MISS BIDDY.

Upon my word, mamma, I never was in better ſpirits in my life. My ride hath given me an appetite; I have eat above half a pound of beef-ſteaks this morning for breakfaſt.

MADAM ENGLISH.

I could have gone thro any thing at your age, my de: ough I was never many miles from home before I was married. The young ladies have more liberty in theſe days than they had formerly. Indeed, it was entirely owing to your father's goodneſs that you came to London now.

MRS. PLUMTREE.

O Madam, I am ſure your ladyſhip would not have left Miſs in the country. It would have been barbarous not to have let her ſee the Tower, and the Abbey, and Bedlam, and two or three plays.

MADAM ENGLISH.

Fie! Mrs. Plumtree. With what are you filling the child's head? One play ſhe is to ſee, and no more. The terms are all ſettled. One play, one new gown, and one ruff. But now I mention theſe things, pray, Mrs. Plumtree, what is become of the mantua-maker I employed laſt parliament when I was here?

MRS. PLUMTREE.

Alas! poor woman, ſhe is dead: but I can recommend your ladyſhip to another, one of the beſt in all London; ſhe makes gowns for the lady-mayoreſs herſelf.

MADAM ENGLISH.

I ſhall be obliged to you, good Mrs. Plumtree, to ſend her to-day; for I have three viſits to make in London, and I ſhall like to do it in my new cloaths.

Enter Sir John Engliſh.

O Sir John, are you come at laſt? Dinner has ſtayed for you till I ſuppoſe it it ſpoiled It is almoſt two o'clock.

SIR JOHN ENGLISH.

The houſe is but juſt up, my dear: we ſat very late to-day. I aſſure you I was invited very much to dine with one of our knights of the ſhire at his lodgings; he had a haunch of veniſon, a fat gooſe, and an apple-pye for dinner: all this I left for your company.

MADAM ENGLISH.

Well, Sir John, I do not blame you: but parliament hours are very dreadful things.

SIR JOHN ENGLISH.

We muſt ſuffer ſome inconveniencies for the good of our country: and we are employed upon a ſcheme now that is of the utmoſt conſequence

to the nation; we are going to make ſuch a proviſion for the poor, that there will never be another beggar in the kingdom.

MRS. PLUMTREE.

I am heartily glad of that: and I am ſure it is high time; for it was no longer ago than laſt ſummer, that I ſaw two poor wretches, in one day, actually begging in the open ſtreet.

SIR JOHN ENGLISH.

Well, dame, and how doth my good friend Maſter Plumtree hold it? We ſhall have another game at lantry-loo.

MRS. PLUMTREE.

Indeed, Sir John, you are too hard for my huſband. You won above ten ſhillings of him laſt parliament.

MADAM ENGLISH.

Your family is not much hurt by it; for I believe you are as much in my debt on the ſame account: but I beg you will not encourage this girl to play; for ſhe is too much inclined to idleneſs.

MISS BIDDY.

Nay, mamma, I am ſure I never deſire to play but in the Chriſtmas holidays.

MRS. PLUMTREE.

O Madam, Miſs will have ſomething elſe to think on. Here is a young ſquire that lodges in our neighbourhood; a fine hardy young ſpark. There are but few, they tell me, that can either run or wreſtle with him. And heir to a noble eſtate he is!

SIR JOHN ENGLISH.

Well, let him look to it; (At theſe words Miſs Biddy bluſhed extremely) Biddy will not turn her back to him.—But, my dear, I have a ſhow for you. The queen goes to the parliament-houſe to-morrow; and there will be all the fine lords and ladies of the court. I have hired a balcony; and my little Biddy ſhall go too.

MADAM ENGLISH.

You ſee, Biddy, how good your papa is: and now I hope you will be ſatisfied, and not deſire to go out any more, except to one play and to church, whilſt you ſtay in London. I am ſure he is ſo liberal, he will be forced to ſend up for the other twenty pound.

SIR JOHN ENGLISH.

Never mind that! my dear: your prudence in the country will ſoon make it up. But now I talk of court ladies, I have a piece of news for you: Indeed, I can hardly believe it myſelf; and yet I was told it by a very great perſon.

MADAM ENGLISH.

What can it be, my dear, that you introduce with all this preface?

MRS. PLUMTREE.

I hope there are no more Spaniſh armadas coming.

SIR JOHN ENGLISH.

No no, nothing of that kind. In ſhort, it is ſo ſtrange a thing, I ſcarce know how to mention it. But can you think it? they ſay that there is a court lady that hath made a cuckold of her huſband; a woman of very great quality, I aſſure you.

MADAM ENGLISH.

This is ſtrange news indeed! and impoſſible to be true.

SIR JOHN ENGLISH.

Hardly impoſſible, my dear: ſuch things have been in nature!

MADAM ENGLISH.

And what is become of the lady, pray?

SIR JOHN ENGLISH.

Why, ſhe is at court ſtill.

MADAM ENGLISH.

Then it is impoſſible to be true; for if I could believe there was one ſuch

ſuch woman of quality, I am well convinced there is no other that would own her.

SIR JOHN ENGLISH.

I only tell you what I hear.—But come, Dame Plumtree, is not your dinner ready? Upon my word, I have been half ſtarved. My conſtituents ſhall find out ſome other to ſerve them in the next parliament. It is a hard duty, Mrs. Plumtree, and a very expenſive one too. I never come up myſelf under twenty pounds, and if my wife comes with me, the expence is almoſt double.

MRS. PLUMTREE.

Well, Sir; but you know all men muſt ſerve their country.

SIR JOHN ENGLISH.

Yes, Madam; and if all would, the burden would be leſs ſevere. But I have diſcovered a moſt wicked corruption in the borough I ſerve for. There are three gentlemen in the neighbourhood who have as good eſtates as I have; and yet, becauſe they entertain the mayor and aldermen with more ſtrong drink than I do, they have never once attempted to chuſe them. The moment there is but a diſcourſe of an election, to toping they go. So that they are ſure of always eſcaping; and I am likely to ſerve my country as long as I live.

MRS. PLUMTREE.

It is very hard, I muſt confeſs, Sir John; but then you will conſider you have all the honour. However, Sir, dinner is upon the table at preſent.

SIR JOHN ENGLISH.

Lead on then, my dame, and I will ſhew you what a ſtomach I have got in the ſervice of my country.

THE FOLLY OF USELESS WORDS EXPOSED.

IT may be laid down as a general rule, that *uſeleſs words* ſhould be alwayscarefully avoided: they not only enfeeble, but deform every ſentence in which they occur. Why ſhould we ſay —'*In caſe that* my couſin comes to-'morrow,' when—'*If* my couſin comes 'to-morrow,' perfectly expreſſes the ſame ſenſe? or why, inſtead of *if*, ſhould we ſay, *if ſo be?* It is not, however, uncommon for people above the middle claſs, as well in rank as underſtanding, to multiply theſe expletives ſtill farther. We have heard, *if ſo be in that caſe*; and ſometimes, from a very great maſter of the inane, *if ſo be in caſe that as how*. Smaller offences againſt elegance and meaning are more frequent; we not only hear, but read, often *times*, for *often*; till *ſuch time as*, inſtead of *till:* in a ſtory, *ſays he*, and *ſays ſhe*, are repeated as often as executors, adminiſtrators and aſſigns, in a deed; and we have not only a perpetual *ſo*, but a *ſo with that*, very frequently amplified into—'And ſo with that this paſſed on as I was a telling ye;' then perhaps, immediately follows—'But 'however, Sir, to make ſhort of my ſto-'ry.' In an argument an hundred cant phraſes are uttered, which folly coined, and cuſtom has made current; among theſe are, *becauſe why*; *come now, I'll go a little farther with you*; *but this argufies nothing, and is neither here nor there*; and, *there's no difference in nature, for the thing would be equally the ſame*. We have alſo frequently two negatives, and are told of an indolent man who *does nothing in no ſhape*; or, perhaps, he does *nothing in no ſhape in life:* people very frequently *don't want nothing*; and a perſon of no mean appearance, who once miſſed his hat at a ball, called out—'Pray, gentle-'men, has not nobody ſeen never a 'hat nowhere?'

It is common, too, for perſons to bewilder themſelves and their hearers by perpetual deviations into parentheſes. This is always diſpleaſing, and ſometimes produces a very painful confuſion on both ſides. The ſpeaker entirely forgets what he firſt intended to ſay, his parenthetical matter is wholly exhauſted; and, while the

hearer is gaping for ſomething that will enable him to ſhew his civility and intelligence by a reply, the ſpeaker ſtops abruptly with an, *and—a-a-a*, and the hearer and he are left ſtaring at one another in the moſt ridiculous diſtreſs imaginable. In an argument, this deviation into parentheſes never fails to lead the diſputants away from the original queſtion, through a thouſand zigzags, which, like the mazes of a labyrinth, can never be trodden back again to the ground from which the wanderers ſat out.

But, as 'example moves when precept fails,' we have added a converſation, with an argument and a ſtory; which we ſhall leave to our young readers, with an admonition from the old ballad of The Lady's Fall—

'Learn to be wiſe from others harm,
'And you ſhall do full well.'

SCENE.

A CLUB-ROOM IN A TAVERN, WITH BOTTLES AND GLASSES, PIPES AND TOBACCO. THE COMPANY, MR. ENTRY, A LAND-WAITER; MR. BILL, AN ATTORNEY; MR. SELLAWAY, A SHOP-KEEPER; MR. PLOT, SEEDSMAN; AND SEVERAL SILENT HEARERS AND SMOAKERS.

Mr. Entry to Mr. Bill. Pray, Sir, give me leave—I obſerve one thing—what I mean, Sir, is, that in your indictments, your thief, or your murderer, or your traitor, or whatever he is—

Mr. Bill. That don't argufy; that don't argufy.

Entry. I mean your malefactor; we'll call him a malefactor, for all theſe here are malefactors equally the ſame.

Bill. I aſk your pardon, Sir; the law makes a difference: a man, Sir, that has committed ſimple felony is not—take me right, Sir—I ſay, he is not a malefactor equally the ſame with a man that has committed treaſon; becauſe why, Sir, I'll give you my reaſon for it—

Entry. Sir, give me leave to ſay that your traitor is a malefactor, and your felon is a malefactor, let the law make what diſtinction it will: I don't pretend to much knowledge in the law; but it ſtands to reaſon that a malefactor is a malefactor.

Bill. I don't deny that, I don't deny that; but what I ſay is this; I ſay that—

Entry. You ſay that a man that commits treaſon is a greater villain than what he is that only commits felony.

Bill. I do.

Entry. Well, now, I'd only put a queſtion to you upon that there; if ſo be in caſe that as how a man acts according to his conſcience, according to his conſcience—obſerve me—is that there man a greater villain than he that acts againſt his conſcience?

Bill. Why, Sir, as to that, a man may act according to his conſcience, and be a very great villain.

Entry. Pray, Sir, in what ſhape?

Bill. In every ſhape in life, Sir, his conſcience makes him a villain. Why, Sir, here's a Jacobite and a Papiſt; and his conſcience tells him, Sir, that he ought for to raiſe a rebellion in favour of the Pretender, and he does raiſe a rebellion: why then, Sir, I ſay he is a traitor; and, Sir, I ſay a traitor is a villain; and I ſhould be very ſorry to think, that a man of your ſenſe and character, that has the honour of a place in his majeſty's cuſtoms, ſhould be doubtful in any ſhape whether a traitor is a villain.

[Here he looked round upon the company with an air of triumph; and then eagerly ſucked in the flame of the candle, to light his pipe, which had gone out.

Entry. Sir, you don't take me right. I do not deny, nor I never did deny, and I hope I never ſhall deny, that a traitor may be a villain in law, and yet *in foro* conſcientiâ, (for I have not forgot all my learning) *in foro* conſcientiâ, he may be a very honeſt man.

Bill. Sir, I ſhould be extremely ſorry to be obligated, by any thing that happens between gentlemen in the way of talk, for to ſay any thing that ſhould

ſhould look like reſentment, or any thing of that kind; but, Sir, I cannot hear *the law*, which I have had the honour to follow five and twenty years, treated with diſreſpect. The law of England, Sir, has been defined, and very juſtly defined, by an authority which, I believe, nobody will diſpute; I ſay, Sir, the law of England has been defined to be the perfection of reaſon: and do you ſuppoſe, Sir, you cannot ſuppoſe, I will not ſuppoſe that you ſuppoſe, that the law of England makes an honeſt man a villain.

Entry. Why, Sir, as to the matter of that, and that matter, I'll tell you one thing, (and that is not two) if the law of England does not make an honeſt man a villain, it has made many an honeſt man a beggar. Now, Mr. Lawyer, what do you ſay to that?

[Here all the company laughed very loud, with a ſignificant ſhake of the head, at the lawyer's expence.

Bill. Say to that, Sir! why, Sir, every body knows that there's never a good conveniency but what there's a bad one attending it: put that to that!

Entry. I'll tell you what, Mr. Bill; I remember a ſtory that my couſin Molly uſed to tell. You know my couſin Molly; ſays Molly, ſays ſhe—'My father—' My couſin Molly's father, you know, practiſed the law in his younger days; this was after he retired: but, however, that is neither here nor there; he lived in the country; and of a market day the farmers uſed to come and aſk his advice; he was a good-natured man, and his fortune was eaſy; my grandfather's eſtate that fell to him was—for my grandfather died without a will—it was rather hard that my father came in for nothing, but let that paſs—*a-a-a*—as I was ſaying, my couſin Molly, ſhe was a merry girl, Molly was; ſays ſhe to me one day—'What do you think?' Says I—'I don't know.'—'Why,' ſays ſhe, 'here has been Tom Bowman 'here to-day.' Tom was a farmer, that loved the law as he loved his life; but the law was not ſo good a friend to Tom as Tom was to the law: however, to make ſhort of my ſtory, ſays Molly—'Tom Bowman aſked my father what was the neceſſary requiſites for to carry a cauſe; ſo, upon 'that, my father threw himſelf back 'in his chair, and taking up his leg, 'as he had a way of doing, and laying it upon the other knee—"Why, "neighbour," ſays he to Tom, "as "a friend, I'll tell you: you muſt "have," ſays he, "a very good "purſe, and," ſays he, "you muſt "have a very good attorney; and," he ſays, ſays he, "you muſt have a "very good counſellor, a very good "judge, a very good jury, a very good "cauſe; and," ſays he, with a great oath, (for my poor uncle would ſwear, that he would) "neighbour," ſays he, "you muſt beſides have—very good "luck."

[Here was another loud and long laugh at the lawyer's expence.

Mr. Sellaway to Mr. Entry. But pray, Sir, I thought you had a queſtion to put to Mr. Bill: let us hear your queſtion?

Bill. Aye, Sir, what is your queſtion?

Entry. Queſtion! ſo I had; but, if I was to die, I cannot tell what it was.

Sellaway. It was ſomewhat about indictments.

Entry. O aye! about indictments: why, Sir, my queſtion is concerning the inſtigation of the Devil.

Bill. Very good, Sir.

Entry. I obſerve, that when a man is indicted for murder or treaſon, or ſuch like, he is ſaid to be moved by the inſtigation of the Devil; now I'd only aſk whether or no, by theſe here words, the man's crime is ſuppoſed to be aggravated or extenuated?

Bill. Aggravated or extenuated! Why, Sir, the thing ſpeaks itſelf; for can it be ſuppoſed, that the indictment being the charge—obſerve me—the indictment being the charge of the king againſt the priſoner, of an atrocious crime, can it be ſuppoſed, I ſay, that this here charge ſhould contain any thing in the way of extenuation of itſelf?

Entry.

Entry. Why, with ſubmiſſion, I do ſuppoſe it; for, Sir, is not he that commits a great crime without temptation much more atrocious in the way of being criminal, than he that commits the ſame identical crime by virtue of temptation?

Bill. Why, Sir, what can be more atrocious in the way of being criminal, to uſe your own words, than for a man here for to go for to be moved by the Devil; or, if you will, by the inſtigation of the Devil, for it is the ſame thing, to commit a murder?

Entry. To go for to be moved! why it is the Devil, Sir, that comes to him: the man, Sir, we ſuppoſe to be quietly ſitting at home, or going about his buſineſs; or, we'll ſay, drinking a glaſs with his friend, it is all the ſame.

Bill. All the ſame, all the ſame.

Entry. Well, Sir, this here man is thinking of no harm: here comes your Devil, we'll ſay Beelzebub, or any other Devil; for a Devil's a Devil, I take it.

Bill. You ſay true, you ſay true.

Entry. Well, here comes the Devil—*good*—he puts evil thoughts into this here man's head—*good*—this man goes and commits a murder—*very good.* Now obſerve, the crime committed is murder; now I preſume, in this here caſe, that the Devil is guilty of part of it; and, if ſo, why then the man is only guilty of the reſt. But now put the caſe, that the Devil is out of the queſtion, and that the man commits the murder entirely of his own head, he is then guilty of the whole; now, the whole being greater than a part, and the crime of murder being in itſelf equal in both caſes, it follows, that where the Devil has nothing to do in the way of inſtigation or temptation, call it which you will, the murderer is more guilty than what he is when your Devil interferes.

Bill. Sir, I don't wonder that a gentleman not verſed in the law ſhould lie under miſtakes in theſe caſes; and, with ſubmiſſion, Sir, you do lie under a miſtake. The crime, Sir, as you very juſtly obſerve, is murder; and your devil, Sir, is here what we call an acceſſary before the fact: now, Sir, the law conſiders every acceſſary in murder as a principal; and, Sir, give me leave to tell you, that if ten men were to concur in committing one murder, all of them would be murderers as much as if each had had an entire murder to his own ſhare.

Entry. Well, come then, Sir, ſince you are ſo peremptory, I'll go another way to work with you. Here's the firſt inſtigation or temptation that ever happened; here's Adam and Eve, and the ſerpent, or more properly the Devil in the ſerpent, for that was the caſe. Adam and Eve we ſuppoſe to have been two poor ſimple naked ſavages, like the Catawbas or Twightwees in America.

Bill. Sir, with ſubmiſſion, I ſuppoſe no ſuch thing: I ſuppoſe Adam, Sir, to have been one of the moſt intelligent and moſt accompliſhed of all mankind. Pray, Sir, would a Catawba or a Twightwee have been able to give names to all the creatures that were brought to Adam? I'd only aſk you that!

Entry. Why, Sir, if we conſider Moſes's hiſtory——

Sellaway. Moſes's hiſtory! Sir, I always conſider the Bible as the Revelation; and I am ſorry to hear it called Moſes's hiſtory, or any man's hiſtory, let him be who he will. I hope nothing will be ſaid in this company, that will in any ſhape call the Bible into queſtion; there are too many now-a-days that believe neither God nor Devil.

Here another member of the club, who had been ſome time weary of the diſpute, called out—'Come, gentle-'men now, give me leave to call upon 'Mr. Plot for a ſong.' He was joined by all preſent, who called out—'Aye, 'aye, a ſong from Mr. Plot.' Mr. Plot, therefore, having laid down his pipe, and given three or four hems, ſung his ſong; and the diſputants, who had, before they were interrupted, loſt ſight of their queſtion a ſecond time, joined in the clap upon the table, and ſung a ſong in their turns.

ACCOUNT

ACCOUNT OF A MOST AWFUL CHANGE,

IN A YOUNG LADY OF EIGHTEEN.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Shall rouze your tendereſt feelings when I inform you that you will no more behold the lovely and beloved Miſs Singlehand. She departed her ſtate of trial on Sunday laſt, in the eighteenth year of her age.

That which brought her to her preſent ſituation has long preyed upon her vitals. On the day juſt mentioned, the conqueror came with irreſiſtible authority, as a king of terrors indeed, but in his mildeſt form, and laid his victorious hand upon her about ten o'clock in the morning; from which time till night ſhe held a ſtate of uncertain exiſtence; at laſt, about midnight, that amiable countenance, which uſed to glow with ſweet modeſty, was ſhrouded in darkneſs, and the ſpoiler triumphed over beauties which were once the deſire or the envy of both ſexes.

The firſt attack of her diſorder was at a review in the Park; where Colonel Scarlet, whoſe manly and polite addreſs is ſo well known, commanded the regiment near which he ſtood. A ſweetly-painful palpitation on a ſudden ſeized her till then peaceful boſom: but this gave her little alarm, ignorant as ſhe was of the nature of her malady, and by no means expecting the conſequences which it has now produced. When ſhe came home, ſhe felt anxiety and reſtleſſneſs; yet it did not appear that ſhe had caught cold. She was fond of ſolitude, apt to tremble and change colour: ſhe complained, but that only when alone, of an uneaſineſs in her breaſt; was obſerved to lean her cheek upon her hand, and frequently to wipe the trickling tear, which accompanied the involuntary half-broken ſigh.

Some of her friends were apprehenſive for her ſenſes; and indeed ſeveral of her actions appeared deſtitute of that prudence, good-ſenſe, and gaiety, for which ſhe was before remarkable. To ſtudy long at her looking-glaſs; to be angry with her head-dreſs; to talk to herſelf, like one delirious, of groves and fountains, ſoldiers, parents, and wrinkled old age, with a thouſand other incoherent ſubjects, were circumſtances very ſuſpicious indeed. But, whatever her diſorder was, ſhe was very ſhy of giving any intimation which might lead to a diſcovery of it.

It is proper you ſhould know that Colonel Scarlet was by this time pretty intimate at her father's, and from him was learned what chiefly led her friends to a knowledge of her complaint. They endeavoured to adminiſter ſuch remedies as were calculated to remove her diſeaſe, but in vain; it evidently encreaſed. A jaunt into the country, a round of elegant amuſements, ſolitude, or company, ſeemed each to feed her complaint, rather than remove it. The attention of the colonel to her ſituation at this time was exceedingly diligent and tender; he profeſſed the utmoſt concern for her welfare, and intereſted himſelf in all that was done for her: his country-ſeat, his coach, and his fortune, were all at her ſervice; and he ſeemed willing to give even himſelf for her happineſs.

In this ſituation of things, and as the laſt reſource, (the beſt advice proving ineffectual) recourſe was had to a clergyman. He ſpoke to her very ſeriouſly concerning the change of ſtate before her; enquired into the ſituation of her mind with reſpect to the approaching awful period; informed her of the new birth to be expected, the remedy againſt ſin, and the ſociety and comfort of the bliſsful manſions, quoting ſeveral texts to the purpoſe.

He

He gave her many ſuitable exhortations to love her lord with all her heart, and obey his will; and directed her concerning the endowment of worldly goods, and ſuch other ſubjects common on thoſe occaſions. During all which exhortations ſhe ſeemed in great agitation, and made anſwer with a faltering tongue; hope and fear, ſhame, joy, and trembling apprehenſion, alternately poſſeſſing her breaſt.

Her father gave her up with great compoſure, but her mother not without many tears. The colonel, who was preſent, and much intereſted in all that paſſed, gave her ſeveral tokens of his high eſteem and good wiſhes, which ſhe accepted with down-caſt eyes and a ſcarcely audible voice. The ſpectators ſeemed to think her exceedingly well prepared, and whiſpered to each other about her uprightneſs, faith, virtue, conſtancy, and a thouſand other amiable qualifications for a ſtate of happineſs.

When this ſcene was over, ſhe appeared ſomewhat more compoſed, and taſted a little, and but a little, refreſhment. She ſeemed to have forebodings of her fate, and expected that night to commence her ſtate of laſting miſery or bliſs.

Some of her young female acquaintance helped her to undreſs, and endeavoured to conſole her. They told her that it was what they muſt all come to; that they doubted not ſhe would be happy; and ſympathetically wiſhed that their time was alſo come. This afforded but little allay to her anxious expectation; ſhe expreſſed great backwardneſs to depart, and trembled to think what torments ſhe might ere long endure. Then turning her thoughts to the brighter ſcenes, ſhe expreſſed her hope, that however ſharp the ſtruggles of nature might be, ſhe ſhould nevertheleſs experience all beyond them to be delight and joy. Taking, therefore, an affectionate farewel of her young companions, ſhe compoſed herſelf to meet her deſtiny; and, with a groan, was received into the boſom of her lord.

IMUS.

A LETTER

FROM A FRENCH GENTLEMAN TO HIS FRIEND AT PARIS.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, ADDISON, AND ALL OTHER WRITERS OF TRAVELLING LETTERS.

DONE INTO ENGLISH.

MONSIEUR,

AT Whitehall we took a pair of oars for Putney: theſe we had, indeed, ſome difficulty to procure; for many refuſed to go with us farther than Foxhall or Ranelagh Gardens. At laſt we prevailed with two fellows for three half-crowns to take us on board.

I have been told there was formerly a law regulating the fares of theſe people; but that is to be ſure obſolete. I think it pity it was not revived.

As the weather was extremely fine, we did not regret the tide's running againſt us, ſince by that means we had more opportunity of making obſervations on the fineſt river in the world, except the Seine.

After taking a ſurvey of the New Bridge, which muſt be greatly admired by all who have not ſeen the Pontneuf, we paſſed by a row of buildings, not very remarkable for their elegance, being chiefly built of wood, and irregular. Many of them are ſupported by pillars; but of what order we could not plainly diſcern.

We came now to Lambeth, where is a palace of the archbiſhop of Canterbury, the metropolitan of England. This is a vaſt pile of building, not very beautiful indeed in it's ſtructure,

but

but wonderfully well calculated, as well to ſignify as to anſwer the uſe for which it was, I ſuppoſe, originally intended; containing a great number of little apartments for the reception of travelling and diſtreſſed Chriſtians.

Lambeth is perhaps ſo called from Lamb, which is the type of meekneſs.

The next place of note, as we aſcend this river, is Fox-Hall, or rather Fox-Hole; the firſt ſyllable of which is corrupted into Vaux by the vulgar, who tell a fooliſh ſtory of one Vaux, who reſided here, and attempted to blow up the Thames. But the true reading is Fox-Hole, as appears by an ancient piece of painting, repreſenting that animal whence it takes it's name, and which is now to be ſeen on a high wooden pillar—Anglicè a ſign-poſt—not far from the landing-place.

A very little farther ſtands Marble-Hall, of which we had a full view from the water. This is a moſt auguſt edifice, built all of a rich marble, which reflecting the ſun-beams, creates an object too dazzling for the ſight.

Having paſſed this, we were entertained with a moſt ſuperb piece of architecture, of white, or rather yellow brick. This belongs to one of the Bourgeois; as do, indeed, moſt of the villas which border on both ſides this river; and they tend to give as magnificent an idea of the riches which flow in to theſe people by trade, as the ſhipping doth, which is to be ſeen below the Bridge of London.

Hence a range of moſt delicious meadows begins to open, which, being richly enamelled with flowers of all kinds, ſeem to contend whether they ſhall convey moſt pleaſure to your ſight or to your ſmell. Our contemplation was, however, diverted from this ſcene by a boat, in which were two young ladies extremely handſome, who accoſted us in ſome phraſe, which we, who thought ourſelves pretty good maſters of the Engliſh tongue, did not underſtand. They were anſwered, however, by our watermen; who afterwards told us, that this is called Water-language; and conſequently, I ſuppoſe, not to be learned on ſhore.

The next place which preſents itſelf on the Surry ſide, (for I reſerve the other ſhore for my return) is the pleaſant village of Batterſea; the true reading of which we conjectured to be Betterſee; and that it was formerly a biſhoprick, and had the preference to Shelſee, of which we ſhall ſpeak anon. It is chiefly famous at preſent for affording a retreat to one of the greateſt ſtateſmen of his time, who hath here a magnificent palace.

From Betterſee, verging to the ſouth-weſt, ſtands Wanſor, as it is vulgarly called; but it's true name was undoubtedly Windmill-ſhore, from whence it is a very eaſy corruption; and ſeveral wind-mills are yet to be found in it's neighbourhood. Here are to be ſeen a pariſh-church, and ſome houſes; but it is otherwiſe little worth the curioſity of travellers.

As you ſail from hence, two lofty towers at once ſalute your eyes from oppoſite ſhores of the river, divided by a magnificent wooden bridge. That on the Surry ſhore is called Putney or Putnigh, a fair and beautiful town, conſiſting principally of one vaſt ſtreet, which extends from north to ſouth, and is adorned with moſt beautiful buildings.

Here we went aſhore, in order to regale ourſelves in one of their houſes of entertainment, as they are called; but, in reality, there is no entertainment at them. Here were no tarts nor cheeſe-cakes, nor any ſort of food but an Engliſh diſh called Bread-and-cheeſe, and ſome raw fleſh.

But, if it be difficult to find any thing to allay hunger, it is ſtill more ſo to quench your thirſt. There is a liquor ſold in this country which they call Wine; moſt of the inhabitants, indeed, call it Wind: of what ingredient it is compoſed I cannot tell; but you are not to conceive, as the word ſeems to import, that this is a tranſlation of our French word Vin, a liquor made of the juice of grape; for I am very well aſſured, there is

not a drop of any ſuch juice in it. There muſt be many ingredients in this liquor, from the many different taſtes; ſome of which are ſweet, others ſour, and others bitter; but, though it appeared ſo nauſeous to me and my friend, that we could not ſwallow it, the Engliſh reliſh it very well; nay, they will often drink a gallon of it at a ſitting; and ſometimes, in their cups, (for it intoxicates) will wantonly give it the names of all our beſt wines.

However, though we found nothing to eat or drink, we found ſomething to pay. I ſend you a copy of the bill produced us on this occaſion, as I think it a curioſity:

	s.	d.
For Bred and Bear - - - -	0	8
Eating - - - - - - - -	2	0
Wind - - - - - - - - -	5	0
Watermens Eating and Lickor	1	6
	9	2

So that, with the drawer, we were at the expence of ten ſhillings; though no Catholic ever kept an Aſh-Wedneſday better.

The Drawers here may want ſome explanation: you muſt know, then, that in this country, in whatever houſe you eat or drink, whether private or public, you are obliged to pay the ſervants a fee at your departure, otherwiſe they certainly affront you.

Theſe fees are called Vails, and they ſerve inſtead of wages: for though, in private houſes, the maſter generally contracts with his ſervant to give him wages, yet they are ſeldom or never paid; and, indeed, the vails commonly amount to much more.

From Putnigh we croſſed over to the other ſhore, where ſtands the fair and beautiful town of Full-home, vulgarly called Fulham. It is principally remarkable for being the reſidence of a biſhop; but a large grove of trees prevented our ſeeing his palace from the water.

Theſe two towns were founded by two ſiſters; and they received their names from the following occaſion. Theſe ladies being on the Surry ſhore, called for a boat to convey them acroſs the water. The watermen being ſomewhat lazy, and not coming near enough to the land, the lady who had founded the town, which ſtands in Surry, bid them Put nigh; upon which her ſiſter immediately cried out —'A good omen! let Put-nigh be the 'name of the place.' When they came to the other ſide, ſhe who had founded the other town, ordered the watermen to puſh the boat Full home; the ſiſter then returned the favour, and gave the name of Full-home to the place.

Here ſtands a moſt ſtately and magnificent bridge. We enquired of the waterman, by whoſe benefaction this was built. 'Benefaction, do you call 'it?' ſays one of them with a ſneer: 'I 'heartily wiſh it had been by mine; 'there hath been a fine parcel of money 'got by that job!' a name which the Engliſh give to all works of a public nature; for ſo grateful are theſe people, that nobody ever doth any thing for the public but he is certain to make his fortune by it.

We now returned by the ſhore of Middleſex, and paſſed by ſeveral beautiful meadows, where the new-mown hay would have wonderfully delighted our ſmell, had it not been for a great variety of dead dogs, cats, and other animals, which being plentifully beſtrewed along this ſhore, a good deal abated the ſweetneſs which muſt have otherwiſe impregnated the air.

We at length arrived at Shelſee, a corruption from Shallow See; for the word Shallow ſignifies Empty, Worthleſs. Thus, a ſhallow purſe, and a ſhallow fellow, are words of contempt. This formerly was doubtleſs a ſmall biſhoprick, and inferior to that on the other ſide the water, which was called Betterſee.

Here are many things worthy the curioſity of travellers. This place is famous for the reſidence of Don Saltero, a Spaniſh nobleman, who hath a vaſt collection of all ſorts of rarities; but we had not time to ſee them.

Here is likewiſe a walk called Paradiſe

radiſe Row, from the delightful ſituation, and the magnificent buildings with which it is adorned. We had certainly gone on ſhore to admire the beauty of this walk; but here being no landing-place, we muſt have ſpoiled our ſtockings, by ſtepping into the mud; and were beſides informed, that the road was ſo abominably dirty, that it would be difficult to croſs; the rather, as it ſeemed entirely ſtopped up by a great number of duſt-carts.

A little farther ſtands an hoſpital, or rather a palace, for the reception of old and wounded ſoldiers. A benefaction of ſo noble a kind, that it really doth honour to the Engliſh nation. Here are ſome very beautiful apartments, which they told us belonged to the officers; a word which led us into a miſtake, as we afterwards diſcovered: for we imagined, that thoſe apartments were allotted to thoſe gentlemen who had borne commiſſions in the army, and who had, by being diſabled in the ſervice, entitled themſelves to the public favour; but on farther enquiry, we were ſurprized to find there was no proviſion at all for any ſuch; and that theſe officers were a certain number of placemen, who had never borne arms, nor had any military merit whatever.

Beyond this ſtands Ranelagh, of which we ſhall ſay no more, than that it is a very large round room, and will contain abundance of people. This is, indeed, a ſufficient recommendation to the Engliſh, who never enquire farther into the merit of any diverſion, when they hear it is very much frequented: a humour of which we ſaw many inſtances; all their public places being either quite empty of company, or ſo crouded that we could hardly get to them.

Hence ſailing by a ſhore where we ſaw very little remarkable, ſave only the carcaſes of animals, which were here in much greater plenty than we had before found them, we arrived at a place called Mill-Bank, or Milbank; and ſoon after we paſſed, as we were informed, by the ſenate-houſes; but though we went within a few yards of them, we could not diſcern with any certainty which were they.

We now approached to Hungerford-Stairs, the place deſtined for our landing, where we were entertained with a ſight very common, it ſeems, in this country: this was the ducking a pickpocket. When we were firſt told this, we imagined it might be the execution of ſome legal ſentence; but we were informed, that his executioners had been likewiſe his judges.

To give you ſome idea of this, (for it is impoſſible for any one who doth not live in what they call a free country, to have an adequate notion of a mob) whenever a pickpocket is taken in the fact, the perſon who takes him calls out—'Pickpocket!' upon which word, the mob, who are always at hand in the ſtreet, aſſemble; and, having heard the accuſation, and ſometimes the defence, (though they are not always very ſtrict as to the latter, judging a good deal by appearances) if they believe the accuſer, the priſoner is ſentenced to be ducked; and this ſentence is immediately executed with ſuch rigour, that he hardly eſcapes with his life.

The mob take cognizance of all other miſdemeanors which happen in the ſtreets, and they are a court which generally endeavours to do juſtice, though they ſometimes err by the haſtineſs of their deciſions. Perhaps it is the only court in the world, where there is no partiality ariſing from reſpect of perſons.

They are great enemies to the uſe of ſwords, as they are weapons with which they are not entruſted. If a gentleman draws a ſword, though it be only *in terrorem*, to defend himſelf, he is certain to be very ſeverely treated by them; but they give great encouragement to their ſuperiors, who will condeſcend to ſhew their courage in the way which the mob themſelves

uſe, namely, by boxing; of which we ſhall preſently ſhew you an inſtance.

Our boat was now, with ſome difficulty, cloſe to the landing-place; for there was a great crowd of boats, every one of which, inſtead of making way for us, ſerved to endeavour to keep us out. Upon this occaſion many hundred curſes paſſed between our watermen and their fellows, and not a few affronts were caſt on us, eſpecially as we were dreſſed after the manner of our country.

At laſt we arrived ſafe on ſhore, where we paid our watermen, who grumbled at our not giving them ſomething to drink, (for all the labouring people of this country apply their hire only to eatables) for which reaſon they expect ſomething over and above to drink.

As we walked towards the Strand, a drayman ran his whip directly into my friend's face, perhaps with no deſign of doing this, but at the ſame time without any deſign of avoiding it. My friend, who is impatient of an affront, immediately ſtruck the carter with his fiſt, who attempted to return the favour with his whip; but Monſieur Bellair, who is extremely ſtrong and active, and who hath learnt to box in this country, preſently cloſed in with him, and tript up his heels.

The mob now aſſembled round us, and being pleaſed with my friend for not having drawn his ſword, inclined viſibly to his ſide, and commended many blows which he gave his adverſary, and other feats of activity which he diſplayed during the combat, that laſted ſome minutes; at the end of which, the drayman yielded up the victory, crying with a ſneer—'D—n 'you! you have been on the ſtage, or 'I am miſtaken.'

The mob now gave a huzza in my friend's favour, and ſufficiently upbraided his antagoniſt; who, they ſaid, was well enough ſerved for affronting a gentleman.

Monſieur Bellair had, on the beginning of the ſcuffle, while the enemy lay on the ground, delivered his ſword to one of the by-ſtanders; which perſon had unluckily walked off in in the crowd, without remembering to reſtore it.

Upon this the mob raged violently, and ſwore vengeance againſt the thief, if he could be diſcovered; but, as this could not be done, he was obliged at length to ſubmit to the loſs.

When we began to depart, ſeveral of our friends demanded of us ſomething to drink; but, as we were more out of humour with the loſs, than pleaſed with the glory obtained, we could not be prevailed on to open our purſes.

The company were incenſed at this. We were ſaluted with the titles of Mounſhire, and other contemptuous appellations; ſeveral miſſile weapons, ſuch as dirt, &c. began likewiſe to play on us, and we were both challenged to fight by ſeveral, who told my friend, though he beat the drayman, he was not above half a man.

We then made the beſt of our way, and ſoon eſcaped into a hackney-coach.

Thus I have ſent you a particular account of this voyage; from ſome parts of which you may perhaps conclude, that the meaneſt rank of people are in this country better provided for than their ſuperiors; and that the gentry, at leaſt thoſe of the lower claſs of that order, fare full as well in other places: for, to ſay the truth, it appears to me, that an Engliſhman in that ſtation is liable to be oppreſſed by all above him, and inſulted by all below him.

CHARACTERS.

CHARACTERS.

WRITTEN BY MR. SAMUEL BUTLER, AUTHOR OF HUDIBRAS.

XLVI.

A LOVER

IS a kind of Goth and Vandal, that leaves his native ſelf to ſettle in another; or a planter that forſakes his country where he was born, to labour and dig in Virginia. His heart is catched in a net with a pair of bright ſhining eyes, as larks are with pieces of a looking-glaſs. He makes heavy complaints againſt it for deſerting of him, and deſires to have another in exchange for it, which is a very unreaſonable requeſt; for if it betrayed it's boſom friend, what will it do to a ſtranger, that ſhould give it truſt and entertainment? He binds himſelf, and cries out he is robbed of his heart, and charges the innocent with it, only to get a good compoſition, or another for it, againſt all conſcience and honeſty. He talks much of his flame, and pretends to be burnt by his miſtreſs's eyes, for which he requires ſatisfaction from her, like one that ſet his houſe on fire to get a brief for charitable contributions. He makes his miſtreſs all of ſtars, and when ſhe is unkind, rails at them, as if they did ill offices between them, and being of her kin ſet her againſt him. He falls in love as men fall ſick when their bodies are inclined to it, and imputes that to his miſtreſs's charms, which is really in his own temper; for when that is altered, the other vaniſhes of itſelf; and therefore one ſaid not amiſs—

———The lily and the roſe,
Not in her cheeks, but in thy temper, grows.

When his deſires are grown up, they ſwarm, and fly out to ſeek a new habitation; and whereſoever they light, they fix like bees; among which ſome late philoſophers have obſerved, that it is a female that leads all the reſt. Love is but a clap of the mind, a kind of running of the fancy, that breaks out, if it be not ſtopped in time, into blotches of heroic rhime; for all lovers are poets for the time being, and make their ladies a kind of moſaic-work of ſeveral-coloured ſtones joined together by a ſtrong fancy, but very ſtiff and unnatural; and though they ſteal ſtars from heaven, as Prometheus did fire, to animate them, all will not make them alive, nor alives-liking.

XLVII.

A WOOER

STANDS candidate for cuckold; and if he miſſes of it, it is none of his fault, for his merit is ſufficiently known. He is commonly no lover, but able to paſs for a moſt deſperate one, where he finds it is like to prove of conſiderable advantage to him; and therefore has paſſions lying by him of all ſizes, proportionable to all women's fortunes, and can be indifferent, melancholy, or ſtark-mad, according as their eſtates give him occaſion; and when he finds it is to no purpoſe, can preſently come to himſelf again, and try another. He proſecutes his ſuit againſt his miſtreſs as clients do a ſuit in law, and does nothing without the advice of his learned council, omits no advantage for want of ſoliciting, and when he gets her conſent, overthrows her. He endeavours to match his eſtate, rather than himſelf, to the beſt advantage, and if his miſtreſs's fortune and his do but come to an agreement, their perſons are eaſily ſatisfied, the match is ſoon made up, and a croſs-marriage between all four is preſently concluded. He is not much concerned in his lady's virtues; for if the opinion of the Stoics be true, that the virtuous are always rich, there is no doubt, but ſhe that is rich muſt be virtuous. He never goes without

without a liſt in his pocket of all the widows and virgins about the town, with particulars of their jointures, portions, and inheritances, that if one miſs he may not be without a reſerve; for he eſteems Cupid very improvident, if he has not more than two ſtrings to his bow. When he wants a better introduction, he begins his addreſſes to the chamber-maid, like one that ſues the tenant to eject the landlord, and according as he thrives there makes his approaches to the miſtreſs. He can tell readily what the difference is between jointure with tuition of infant, land, and money of any value, and what the odds is to a penny between them all, either to take or leave. He does not ſo much go a wooing as put in his claim; as if all men of fortune had a fair title to all women of the ſame quality, and therefore are ſaid to demand them in marriage. But if he be a wooer of fortune, that deſigns to raiſe himſelf by it, he makes wooing his vocation, deals with all match-makers, that are his ſetters, is very painful in his calling, and if his buſineſs ſucceed, ſteals her away and commits matrimony with a felonious intent. He has a great deſire to beget money on the body of a woman; and, as for other iſſue, is very indifferent, and cares not how old ſhe be, ſo ſhe be not paſt money-bearing.

XLVIII.

THE HENPECT MAN

RIDES behind his wife, and lets her wear the ſpurs and govern the reins. He is a kind of prepoſterous animal, that being curbed in, goes with his tail forwards. He is but ſubordinate and miniſterial to his wife, who commands in chief, and he dares do nothing without her order. She takes place of him, and he creeps in at the bed's feet, as if he had married the Grand Seignor's daughter, and is under correction of her pantoſle. He is his wife's villain, and has nothing of his own further than ſhe pleaſes to allow him. When he was married he promiſed to worſhip his wife with his ſoul inſtead of his body, and endowed her among his worldly goods with his humanity. He changed ſexes with his wife, and put off the old man to put on the new woman. She ſits at the helm, and he does but tug like a ſlave at the oar. The little wit he has being held *in capite*, has rendered all the reſt of his concernments liable to pupilage and wardſhip, and his wife has the tuition of him during his or her life; and he has no power to do any thing of himſelf, but by his guardian. His wife manages him and his eſtate with equal authority, and he lives under her arbitrary government and command as his ſuperior officer. He is but a kind of meſſuage and tenement in the occupation of his wife. He and ſhe make up a kind of hermaphrodite, a monſter of which the one half is more than the whole; for he is the weaker veſſel, and but his wife's helper. His wife eſpouſed and took him to huſband for better or worſe, and the laſt word ſtands. He was meant to be his wife's head, but being ſet on at the wrong end, ſhe makes him ſerve (like the Jeſuits devil) for her feet. He is her province, an acquiſition that ſhe took in, and gives laws to at diſcretion; for being overmatched and too feeble for the encounter, he was forced to ſubmit and take quarter. He has inverted the curſe, and turned it upon himſelf; for his deſire is towards his wife, and ſhe reigns over him, and with Eſau has ſold his birthright for a meſs of matrimony. His wife took his liberty among his worldly goods, to have and to hold till death them do part. He is but groom of his wife's chamber, and her menial huſband, that is always in waiting, and a ſlave only in the right of his wife.

MEMNON.

MEMNON.

AN ORIENTAL APOLOGUE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VOLTAIRE.

MEMNON conceived the vain project of becoming perfectly wise, and there are few men whose understandings have not one time or other been possessed by this folly. He said to himself—'That I may be extremely wise, and consequently extremely happy, nothing more is necessary than my being without passions; and every body must know that nothing can be more easy.

'In the first place, I will never be in love; for on my beholding the alluring features of beauty, I will say to myself—"Those cheeks will one day be wrinkled, those fine eyes will lose their lustre, that round and swelling breast will become flat and no longer prominent, and that fine hair be exchanged for baldness. All I have to do, is to see her at present with the same eyes with which I shall behold her then; and certainly that face, and that head, will never be able to turn mine."

'In the second place, I will always be temperate; I will withstand the temptations of good cheer, delicious wines, and the seducements of company. Here I shall have nothing to do, but to represent to myself the consequences of excess, a heavy aching head, a disordered stomach, the loss of reason, health, and time. Thus, as I shall eat only from necessity, my health will be always equal, and my ideas constantly pure and refined. This is so easy, that there is no merit in the attainment.

'As to my fortune, my desires are moderate, and my little wealth in security in the treasury of Nineveh. I have what is sufficient to enable me to live in a state of independance, which is all the greatest riches can bestow. And as I do not want to increase my fortune, I will never hazard any part of it by gaming; and always be above the cruel necessity of cringing to a courtier. I shall envy nobody, and nobody will envy me. This also is extremely easy.

'I have friends,' continued he; and as they have no room to dispute with me, I shall keep them: I shall never be out of humour with them, nor they with me. This, too, will not be attended with the least difficulty.'

Having thus laid his little plan of wisdom in his chamber, he put his head out of his window, and saw two women walking under a row of plantains near his house. The one was old, and appeared unconcerned; the other was young, beautiful, and seemed in deep distress; she sighed, she wept, and her affliction served to give her new charms. Our sage was moved, not by her beauty; he was perfectly sure of his being incapable of such a weakness; but at the extreme distress in which he beheld her. He hasted down, and accosted the young Ninevite, with a design to give her the consolations of wisdom. This lovely damsel related, with the most ingenuous and moving air, all the wrongs she had suffered from an uncle, who had no existence; with what artifice he had deprived her of an estate, which she had never possessed; and all she had to fear from his violence. 'Thou 'appearest a man so wise in counsel,' said she, 'that if thou wouldst but 'condescend to go home with me, 'and grant me the benefit of thy advice, I am certain that I should be 'delivered from this cruel affliction, 'this dreadful perplexity.' Memnon readily consented, and followed her without hesitation, to examine her affairs with wisdom, and to give her the benefit of his sagacious counsel.

The

The afflicted damſel led him to a chamber fragrant with perfumes, and invited him to ſit on a large ſopha, on which they both placed themſelves croſs-legged, and oppoſite to each other. She then ſpoke with downcaſt eyes, from which the tears ſometimes flowed; and, on her lifting them up, her glances always met thoſe of the wiſe Memnon. Her diſcourſe was filled with a tenderneſs that redoubled every time they looked at each other. Memnon was extremely concerned at the ſituation of her affairs, and every moment felt a ſtill greater deſire to oblige a perſon ſo virtuous, and ſo unhappy.

In the ardour of converſation, they inſenſibly changed their poſition, and ceaſed to ſit oppoſite each other. Their legs were no longer croſſed. Memnon adviſed her ſo cloſely, and urged his counſels with ſuch tenderneſs, that they could neither of them any longer ſpeak of their concerns; they forgot even where they were.

While they were in this ſituation, the uncle arrived: he was armed from head to foot; and threatened to ſacrifice the wiſe Memnon and his niece to his fury; but at length he propoſed, that they ſhould purchaſe their pardon with money, and Memnon was obliged to give him all he had brought with him. They were in thoſe times ſo happy as to come off cheap. America was not yet diſcovered; and afflicted damſels were not ſo dangerous as they are at preſent.

Memnon returned home, aſhamed, and filled with vexation; he there found a note, by which he was invited to dine with ſome of his intimate friends. 'If I ſtay at home by myſelf,' ſaid he, 'I ſhall have my mind diſturbed by my unhappy adventure; I ſhall be unable to eat; I ſhall fall ſick. It is better to go and take a frugal repaſt with my intimate friends; for in the ſweetneſs of their converſation, I ſhall forget the folly I have this morning committed.'

He goes: they find him a little melancholy; they make him drink to diſſipate his ſadneſs. 'A little wine taken with moderation, is a remedy both for the ſoul and the body.' Thus thought the wiſe Memnon, and he became intoxicated. Play was propoſed after the repaſt. 'A ſober game amongſt friends is an innocent paſtime.' He plays, they win all he has in his purſe, and four times as much more upon his word. A diſpute ariſes about the game; they grow warm; one of his intimate friends throws the dice-box at his head, and ſtrikes out one of his eyes. The wiſe Memnon is then conducted home, drunk, pennyleſs, and with the loſs of an eye. He ſleeps himſelf a little ſober, and as ſoon as he comes to himſelf, he ſends his ſervant to the treaſurer of Nineveh, that he may pay his intimate friends, and is informed that the treaſurer is become a bankrupt, and has ruined a hundred families. Memnon, enraged, goes to court with a plaiſter on his eye, and a petition in his hand, to demand juſtice of the king. He meets in one of the rooms many damſels, all of whom had an eaſy air; when one of them, who had ſome ſmall knowledge of him, giving him a ſide-look, cried—'O horrible!' Another who knew him better, ſaid—'Good night, Memnon; I am very glad to ſee thee. But, Memnon, how didſt thou loſe thine eye?' and then went away without waiting for an anſwer. Memnon concealed himſelf in a corner, and waited the moment when he ſhould have an opportunity of throwing himſelf at the monarch's feet. This moment arrived, he thrice kiſſed the earth, and then preſented his petition. His majeſty received it with a ſmile of goodneſs, and delivered it to one of his ſatrapes, that he might make a report of it's contents. This ſatrape drew Memnon aſide, and ſaid to him, with an air of inſolence, and the laughter of malignity—'I find thee a very diverting one-eyed fellow, to addreſs thyſelf to the king rather than to me; and, what is more pleaſant ſtill, to dare to demand juſtice againſt an honeſt

'honeſt bankrupt, who is honoured 'with my protection, and who is ne-'phew to one of the attendants of 'my miſtreſs. Drop this affair, my 'friend, if thou wouldſt preſerve the 'eye that remains.'

Thus Memnon, who in the morning had proteſted againſt women, the debauchery of the table, gaming, quarrels, and more particularly againſt the court, before night was deceived and robbed by a beautiful damſel, was drunk, gamed, quarrelled, loſt an eye, and went to court, where he was only ridiculed.

Petrified with aſtoniſhment, and ſtung with grief, he returns, while his heart dies within him; he is going to enter his own houſe, but finds it filled with officers, who had ſeized every thing in behalf of his creditors. He remains almoſt ſenſeleſs under a plantain; and while he is there, ſees the beautiful damſel he had beheld in the morning, who was walking with her dear uncle, and who burſt into laughter at ſeeing Memnon with his plaiſter. The night advances, Memnon lies down on ſome ſtraw near the walls of his houſe; a fever ſeizes him; and while the fit laſts, he falls aſleep, when a celeſtial ſpirit appears to him in a dream, all over reſplendent with light; he had ſix beautiful wings; but neither feet, nor head, nor tail, and had no reſemblance to any thing. 'Who art thou?' ſaid Memnon. 'Thy good genius,' anſwered the other. 'Reſtore me then my eye, 'my health, my houſe, my fortune, 'and my wiſdom,' ſaid Memnon. He then told him how he had loſt all theſe in one day. 'Theſe adventures 'never happen in the world we in-'habit,' cried the ſpirit. 'What 'world doſt thou inhabit?' ſaid the afflicted man. 'My country,' he replied, 'is at the diſtance of five hun-'dred million of leagues from the 'ſun, in that little ſtar near Sirius.' —'Oh, the delightful country!' ſaid Memnon. 'What, have you no jilts 'capable of deceiving a poor man 'like me? no intimate friends who 'win his money, and ſtrike out an 'eye? no bankrupts? no ſatrapes who 'make a mock of you while they re-'fuſe to do you juſtice?'—'No,' ſaid the inhabitant of the ſtar,' nothing 'of all this. We are never deceived 'by women, becauſe we have none 'of them; we never eat and drink to 'exceſs, becauſe we never eat or drink 'at all; we have no bankrupts, be-'cauſe among us there is neither gold 'nor ſilver; we cannot ſtrike out each 'other's eyes, becauſe we have not 'bodies like thine, and the ſatrapes 'never do us the leaſt injuſtice, be-'cauſe in our little ſtar every one is 'equal.' Memnon then ſaid—'My 'lord, as you have no women, and no 'meals, how do you ſpend your 'time?'—'In watching,' ſaid the genius, 'over the other globes en-'truſted to our care: and I am come 'to comfort thee.'—'Alas!' replied Memnon, 'why didſt thou not come 'the laſt night to prevent my being 'guilty of ſo much folly?'—'I was 'with Aſſan, thy eldeſt brother,' ſaid the celeſtial being; 'who is more 'worthy of pity than thou art. His 'majeſty the King of the Indies, at 'whoſe court he has the honour to 'reſide, has cauſed him to loſe both 'his eyes for a trifling indiſcretion, 'and he is actually in a dungeon with 'his hands and feet loaded with 'irons.'—'It is a misfortune,' ſaid Memnon, 'to have a good genius in 'a family; for of two brothers, the 'one has loſt one eye, and the other 'both; the one is laid on ſtraw, and 'the other in a priſon.'—'Thy lot 'ſhall be changed,' replied the inhabitant of the ſtar. 'It is true, 'thou wilt always be blind of one 'eye; but, ſetting that aſide, thou 'wilt be happy enough, provided 'thou doſt never undertake the ridi-'culous project of being perfectly 'wiſe.'—'Is perfect wiſdom then 'impoſſible to be obtained?' cried Memnon, ſighing. 'As impoſſible,' returned the other, 'as perfect ſkill, 'perfect ſtrength, perfect power, or 'perfect happineſs. We ourſelves 'are

'are far from arriving at it. There 'is, however, a globe in which all 'this is to be found; but in the hun-'dred thouſand million of worlds, 'diſperſed through the wide expanſe, 'every thing proceeds by juſt de-'grees. There is leſs wiſdom and 'pleaſure in the ſecond than in the 'firſt; leſs in the third than in the 'ſecond; and ſo of the reſt, even to 'the laſt, where all are compleat fools 'and madmen.'—'I am much afraid,' ſaid Memnon, 'that our little terra-'queous globe is that bedlam of the 'univerſe, thou doſt me the honour 'to inform me of.'—'Not entirely 'ſo,' ſaid the ſpirit; 'but it comes 'very near it. It is requiſite that 'every thing ſhould be in it's proper 'place.'—'Oh, but,' ſaid Memnon, 'have not certain poets and philoſo-'phers been much to blame to ſay, 'that WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.'—'They have great reaſon to ſay ſo,' ſaid the ſpiritual philoſopher, 'when 'they conſider the arrangement of 'the entire univerſe.'—'Oh! I can 'never believe that,' replied the poor Memnon, 'till I am no longer blind 'of one eye!'

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WIT's MAGAZINE.

SIR,

As I have always had a particular averſion to deviation from rectitude in every reſpect, you will, perhaps, think me ſcrupulouſly nice, when I tell you that I cannot bear to hear any miſapplication of words, vicious pronunciation, or ungrammatical language, in converſation. There is one thing that gives me a particular diſguſt, and which I obſerve many perſons to be guilty of; namely, the aſpirating all words beginning with a vowel, and rejecting the aſpiration in thoſe which begin with an H. Such pronunciation, even from the nectareous lip of the fair, is ungraceful. In hopes, therefore, that ſome of my acquaintance, who are guilty of this injuſtice to poor H, may, on a fair hearing, be reconciled to him, I have taken the liberty to preſent to the world, through the channel of your Magazine, the humble petition of that injured conſonant.

J. G. Jun.

THE HUMELE PETITION OF DISCARDED H,

SHEWETH—

THAT many ladies and gentlemen, and likewiſe other perſons of different occupations, trades, characters, and diſpoſitions, to whom *h* uſed to have freeacceſs, have now either totally forſaken him, or aſſociated him with a company of ſtrangers, among whom he cuts a moſt ridiculous figure. A young lady, to the great mortification of *h*, was obſerving the other day, that *ills* made a pretty contraſt with the vallies below, that the *ouſes* were prettily interſperſed among the woods; and that ſhe was fond of *earing* the *howls* in the evenings. She admires the *arbor* of Portſmouth; ſhe is fond of riding on *orſeback*; and is conſtantly ſhooting *harrows* at ſuſceptible *arts*. In the middle of ſummer, ſhe drinks *hale* at her meals, and *heats heartichokes* without receiving any *arm* from them. She *ates ot* weather, but likes a clear *eaven*: and yet, I aſſure you ſhe is a very *hamiable* young lady; ſhe *as* a fine *air*, ſweet *hies*, quick *hears*, delicate *harms*, and a good *art*.

The clerk of a certain pariſh, at the concluſion of every prayer, takes in vain the name of the exalted *Haman*, inſtead of ſaying *Amen*; while the clergyman cries—'*Oly, oly, oly*, Lord God of *Sabbaboth!*' And the clerk proceeds to ſay—'*Eaven* and *hearth* are full, &c.' *Hell*, with theſe people, loſes all it's harſhneſs, and becomes *ell*. This reminds me of a ſtory I once heard of a clergyman; who, having an impediment in his ſpeech, uſed to add an *h* after

ſ;

ſ; and actually read—'O Lord, *ſhave* 'the king:' while the clerk, either out of complaiſance, or through the force of example, went on—'And merci- 'fully *ſhear* us when we call upon 'thee.' This I mention, in order to prove the truth of the proverb, that 'mocking is catching;' as well as the ridiculouſneſs of ſuch pronunciation. 'A *anſome uſband*, *ealth*, and *appineſs*, '*ere* and *ereafter!*' was a lady's wiſh the other night: and this morning, meeting a gentleman lightly dreſt, ſhe obſerved to him, that he was very *hairy*; and he, in return obſerved, (ſtretching out his arms and yawning) that the *urs ung* very *eaxy on* his *ands*. In ſhort, poor *h* is ſo frequently abuſed by people of all denominations, that he is obliged, in this public manner, moſt humbly to beg better uſage for the future; and to remind thoſe who thus wantonly injure him, that they cannot be *hap- py* without him. He alſo hopes that this will be taken proper notice of, by all thoſe who have heretofore neg- lected him, and that they will make the greateſt recompence in their power by taking into their ſuit

The Diſconſolate H.

SELECT ANECDOTES, REPARTEES, AND BON-MOTS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

NUMBER XVI.

I.

DR. Johnſon, travelling in the north of Scotland, could not ſee a houſe or tree in riding a great many miles, nothing but deſolation and bar- renneſs every where preſenting them- ſelves to his view; till at laſt he caſt his eyes on a crow that was perched on the ſtump of an old tree, gnawing with great violence, and kawing for want of food; which the doctor obſerving, could not help crying out—'Kaw, kaw, kaw, 'and be damn'd! if you will ſtay in 'ſuch a country as this, when you 'have wings to fly away.'

II.

A GENTLEMAN being confined to his chamber with the gout, gave his watch. to an Iriſh footman, and bade him ſet it by the dial in the garden; Teague goes directly to the dial, but not knowing what to do, and being unwilling to return to his maſter with- out ſhewing he would do him what ſervice he was able, he got a pick- ax, and dug up the ſun-dial; which being done, he with great labour car- ried it up to his maſter, and told him he did not very well underſtand ſetting watches by ſun-dials, but had brought up the dial that he might ſet his watch by it himſelf.

III.

AN honeſt tar being at a Quakers meeting, heard the friend that was holding forth ſpeak with great vehe- mence againſt the ill conſequence of giving the lye in converſation; and therefore adviſing that, when any man told a tale not conſiſtent with truth or probability, the hearer ſhould only cry 'Twang!' which could not irritate people to paſſion, like the lye. Afterwards he digreſſed into the ſtory of the miracle of five thouſand being fed with five loaves of bread, &c. he then told them that they were not ſuch loaves as thoſe uſed now-a-days, but were as big as mountains; at which the tar uttered with a loud voice—'Twang!'—'What,' ſays the Quaker, 'doſt thou think I lye, friend?'—'No,' ſays Jack, 'but I am thinking 'how big the ovens were that baked 'them.'

IV.

A QUACK, who affected an unlucky phraſe, at every turn cried—'So much 'the better!' Viſiting a patient al- moſt in the agony of death, he aſked how he ſlept that night. 'Not a wink, 'Sir.'—'So much the better!' cries the doctor. He then enquired how his fever was: 'O Lord!' ſays the patient,

'I burn as if I were on fire.'—'So 'much the better,' quoth the quack. 'How does your cough?'—'I ſpit up 'my lungs,' replied the ſick man. 'So much the better ſtill,' anſwers the quack. 'Ah! dear doctor,' quoth the expiring patient, 'what pity it is 'that a man ſhould go out of the 'world with all theſe fine ſymptoms!'

V.

UPON an extraordinary occaſion, there was a ball at Wapping; the men concerned in which were made up of a crew of ſailors and a gang of colliers. The colliers, who came in laſt, obſerving the ſailors, contrary to their expectation, ſpruced up in their beſt cloaths, withdrew into another room to waſh their faces and bruſh themſelves; when the head of the colliery, who was cunninger than the reſt, ſaid to them—'Look ye, lads, it is all 'fruitleſs pains: if you will be ruled 'by me, let us go into the great room, 'and joſtle among the ſailors for their 'places; and I will engage, though 'we cannot make ourſelves as clean 'as they are, we ſhall quickly make 'them as black as ourſelves.'

VI.

A PLAIN country fellow coming up to London, was requeſted to enquire after a gentleman, and to deliver him a letter. It happened that the gentleman himſelf came to the door; and, willing to joke with the fellow, told him he had loſt his labour, for the party after whom he enquired was hanged the laſt ſeſſions for a robbery. 'For a robbery!' quoth the countryman; 'now, fie upon him for a vile, 'wicked man! was he not content 'to be a notorious cuckold, (for ſo 'he was reckoned in the country) 'but muſt he turn thief too!'

VII.

A WELSH vicar being to read the curſes (as the cuſtom is) on Aſh-Wedneſday, when the people ſay Amen; turning over the leaf, and finding them to be many, ſaid—'Dear-'ly beloved brethren, I am to read 'here a great many curſes to you; 'but, becauſe I am loth to trouble 'myſelf, and tire your patience, I 'will end them all in one: "The "curſe of God light upon you all! "Amen."

VIII.

A COUNTRY laſs coming up to town to ſeek her fortune, had the good luck to be hired by an old rich mercer, who was a batchelor, and whom ſhe pleaſed ſo well, that at laſt he married her. Her brother Dick, and the chief of her own kindred, who was a downright honeſt plough-man, hearing of his ſiſter's promotion, put on his holiday cloaths, took up his quarter's wages, and came up to London: and knowing the ſtreet by the direction of a letter, though not the houſe, enquired from door to door for his ſiſter Joan, who had lately married her maſter; till at laſt he was ſo lucky to find the right, where he was highly welcomed. Being at dinner, the old mercer ſaid—'Well, bro-'ther-in-law, as I now muſt call 'you, I am glad to ſee you, or any 'of my wife's relations; ſhe has been 'a good ſervant to me, and I hope 'ſhe will make as good a wife: we 'have a plentiful eſtate, and all I 'wiſh is a child to inherit it, which 'yet we have no hopes of.' At this, Dick, looking wiſtfully at his ſiſter, bluntly cried—'Hownow, Joan; what, 'art thou turned a barren ſow in 'London? thou waſt not wont to be 'ſo in the country!' And though ſhe frowned, beckoned, and made dumb ſigns for him to hold his peace, ſtill he went on. 'Well, brother,' continued he, 'as for an heir, you need 'not trouble yourſelf about that; for 'ſhe has a thumping boy in the coun-'try, got by Will. Dobs, her maſter's 'threſher; and the pariſh would be 'glad enough to be diſcharged of it.!'

IX.

AT a late maſquerade, a certain lady of high faſhion aſked a young nobleman, why he had not brought his ſiſter to that heaven. 'Truly, Madam,' anſwered his lordſhip, 'my ſiſter, 'happily for her, has no ſuch an-'gelic notions.'

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE SUSSEX CLOWN.

A TALE.

WE argued, Dick, laſt night, at drinking,
What moſt directs the ſoul in thinking:
Much was advanc'd, both *pro* and *con*,
But nothing was reſolv'd upon;
More cool this morn, for thinking better,
I've hit the cauſe, and ſend this letter.
Philoſophers, who ſearch to find
What with moſt power ſways the mind,
May ſafely all conſent to this—
That prejudice that tyrant is:
For, juſt as that directs the ſight,
Juſtice ſeems wrong, and wrong ſeems right;
Firmly tenacious to a thought
As firſt by prieſt or nurſe we're taught.
But not to rhyme in learn'd eſſay,
In familiar, doggrel lay,
To clear this matter I'll not fail,
And thus I ſend a humble tale.
As you to Chicheſter go down,
In Suſſex roads there ſtands a town,
Where you would think the diſtant church
Had left it's pariſh in the lurch:
For all who'd hear the parſon preach,
Muſt walk a mile the church to reach;
And, what was worſe, ſome years ago,
All were oblig'd to trudge quite thro'
A long lane, dirty, ſtiff with clay,
Becauſe there was no other way.
Hence, thoſe who would not nags beſtride,
Or thoſe who had no nags to ride,
Often in winter had the luck,
In miry rut to be faſt ſtuck;
And, while one foot they rais'd with pother,
Deeper and faſter ſunk the other:
To the lane's end, from it's beginning,
Was one continued ſcene of ſinning;
For, tho' from praying come, all ſwore
Loud as they ſung their pſalms before.
The ſober clerk could not forbear:
Sometimes, it made the parſon ſwear.
Thus had this miry, toilſome lane,
A conſtant pariſh nuiſance been;
From ſire to ſire, from ſon to ſon,
All curs'd the way, yet kept it on:
Till a new vicar did perſuade,
That a new path-way ſhould be made,
On which the people clean might go,
And leave the miry ſlime below.
A veſtry's call'd, and all agree
To have the path made inſtantly.
Now, without labour, pain, or toil,
They trip it o'er the gravell'd ſoil;
Without ſplaſh'd cloaths, or dirty feet,
The lads appear all trim and neat:
The laſſes no heart-achings know,
For the white coat or red-heel'd ſhoe;
But clean along the old way's ſide,
Each ſeems a bridegroom or a bride.
You'd think that all would leave the lane,
And to the dirt prefer the clean.
'Aye, ſurely; what a thought you've had!
'He who'd deny it muſt be mad.'
Yet one there was within the town,
Call'd Hodge, a headſtrong, ſtubborn clown,
With miry boots, and coat high girt,
Would ſtill trudge thro' the ancient dirt.
'Trudge through the dirt, Sir! what pretence?'
'Tis e'en againſt all common ſenſe.'
What ſeems 'gainſt common ſenſe to you,
He thought to reaſon ſtrictly true.

For, when once jeer'd at by a friend,
Who clean on the high path did go,
He did his folly thus defend,
And ſurly anſwer'd from below—

'As long as I remember can,
'Nay, paſt the memory of man,
'Our fathers, and their fathers too,
'This very dirty lane went thro:
'And ſurely, Tom, you muſt agree,
'Our fathers were as wiſe as we;
'As well as we they could have laid
'Their gravel, and that path-way made:
'But thro' this lane they took their route;
'And had their reaſon for't, no doubt.
'Altho' their reaſon's now unknown,
'Yet ſtill our duty ſhould be ſhown:
'For ſwerving from our fathers rules,
'Is calling all our fathers fools.
'This prejudice in me you name,
'In you it is the very ſame:
'The only diff'rence I'll unfold;
'Your's is for new things—mine for old.
'Therefore, let no diſpute be had,
'I think your way, you think mine, bad;
'I ſay you're fools, you ſay I'm mad.
'But ſay, my friends, whate'er you will,
'I'll keep my ſenſe and humour ſtill;
'Still trudge the old paternal way,
'Stick in hereditary clay;
'Not turn a madman to be clean—
'Keep you your path, and I my lane.'

THE MORAL.

But as a tale we never ſend,
Without a moral at the end;
To ſhew that we have ſomething meant,
Leſt you mayn't ſee it—That's all that's in't.
I'd have you know, my Suſſex Clown
The picture is of ſome in town:
For all whom prejudice can ſway,
Who're led by that in a wrong way,
Firmly tenacious to their will,
Plod in paternal folly ſtill;

The

The fair plain truth they ſee, yet hate,
And errors keep in church and ſtate;
Like ſacred oracles, adore 'em,
Becauſe——their fathers did before 'em.
Thus all who, ſtrict to ancient rules,
Prove mere hereditary fools;
Whether to patriots they reſort,
Or penſion have, or place at court;
Whether they think it moſt their glory
To be firm Whig, or ſtrenuous Tory;
Or, if high-flown, for church they ſtickle,
And rail with zeal 'gainſt conventicle;
Or, if non-cons, they fire the people
With pious hate againſt a ſteeple;
All who paternal faults admire,
Down from his grace, to humble ſquire,
From his lordſhip in Cathedral ſtall,
To Maſter Plain at Salters Hall;
All, in their way, muſt be confeſs'd,
To be mere Hodges at the beſt.

THE PRUDE; OR, MAL-A-PROPOS.

A TALE.

BY MR. ALLEN.

FROM Vice to ſtrip the borrow'd maſk,
Has ever been the poet's taſk:
Religion is the fair pretence
To cover many a foul offence;
While gravity, and zealous railing,
Conceal too oft the owner's failing.
Virtue is never thus array'd;
'Tis Vice that ſtalks in maſquerade:
Virtue, the inmate of the ſoul,
Pervades and animates the whole.
Good-nature, ſenſe, and reaſon join'd,
Is Virtue, and is unconfin'd;
Not to—'Hold, hold! your field's too ample;
'Leave your dry moral for example.'
Maria, pride of Groſvenor Square,
(Who with Maria can compare?)
A prudent maid of thirty-three,
Return'd from ev'ning prayers to tea:
Her ſoul unconſcious of the crimes
That ſtain the annals of our times;
Her conduct was ſo ſage and nice,
She ſhudder'd at the name of Vice.
Church ſhe attended twice a day,
To talk, to curtſey, and to pray:
She knew the ſervice all by heart,
And quaver'd forth the ſinging part.
She was the pattern for a daughter,
Liv'd upon chick and Pyrmont water:
Thought brandy, rum, and ratafia,
Should all be buried in the ſea.
If a weak ſiſter ſtray'd—'The beaſt
'Ought to be burnt alive, at leaſt.'
No luſts her guarded heart trepan,
But moſt ſhe ſhunn'd that creature, man!
'Tis held, altho' there's nothing in it,
We've all our kind and baneful minute:
Yet though it militates 'gainſt reaſon,
We daily ſee, at what a ſeaſon,
Miſfortune, that unlucky vixen,
Contrives to play her devil's tricks in.
But with our ſtory let's go on,
For this remark is *en paſſant*.

The courtly clocks had now ſtruck eight,
A train of coaches throng the gate:
The nymph ſaw company, in ſorm,
In rout, drum, hurricane, or ſtorm.
Here, aged tabbies you might ſee,
Painted and patch'd at ſixty-three,
Samples of ſtale virginity.
Here, coxcombs of a former age,
Deck'd forth in all the modern rage;
The giddy miſs you might diſcern,
(Warn'd here in Virtue's ſchool to learn)
Prepar'd to titter, ſneer, and flaunt,
Following her antiquated aunt.
The beau, from Cheſterfield compleat,
Skill'd how to ogle, and to cheat.
O, for a muſe with brazen lungs!
A muſe to quell a hundred tongues;
A hundred tongues at once aſſail:
But, to the ſequel of my tale.
Here, coffee, wit, and repartee;
There, ſcandal, green, and beſt bohea.
To cards the eager groupe advance,
When, lo! the door (O dire miſchance!)
Unfolds: a boy, well dreſs'd,
In ſilken tunic, and a veſt,
Enters in haſte, and takes his ſtand,
With ſomething glitt'ring in his hand.
'We're going, now!' Judge the ſurprize
From all the tongues, and all the eyes—
'Nurſe cannot ſtay!' Maria frown'd;
The ſtifled laugh at once went round—
'A neighbour's child!—Sirrah! what's this?'—
'Indeed, mamma, I'll have a kiſs!—
'Impertinence!' The motley crowd
Shake their glad ſides, and laugh aloud.
'You wretch!'—'I underſtand you now;
'O, I forgot to make my bow!
'See here, mamma!'—'You cur! I'll throttle—'
'The cat has broke your brandy-bottle!'

THE EMBLEM;

OR, MUTUAL INNOCENCE.

BY MR. SAMUEL BROOKS.

SIR maſter of the witty ſtore,
To you a genius, *who can write!*
Well vers'd in ſoft poetic lore,
Does his ſoft nothings thus indite.

As thro' a ſtreet in London town,
(Not thro' a town in London ſtreet)
I ſtray'd: before I reach'd my own,
A man (ſo judg'd) I chanc'd to meet:

His hair was powder'd very fine,
He wore a ſuit of velvet cloaths;
And walk'd as upright as a line,
Though laughable enough, God knows!

His countenance expreſs'd the dregs
Of ſalts, and tartar; tho' to Heav'n
His eyes were lifted, thro' his legs
A wheelbarrow you might have driv'n.

But, as we met, a prodigy
(Fit to create a holy fear
Of ſin) more awful ſtruck my eye;
I'll tell it, if you'll give it ear.

Juſt

Juſt oppoſite to where we ſtood,
A head out at a window popp'd,
O'er which a dove, in merry mood
Flying, her rapid journey ſtopp'd.

I gaz'd with both my eyes! Anon,
Columba wheel'd a circling flight,
High o'er the roof, ſtill looking down—
I gaz'd again with all my might!

The Emblem of the Innocent
That morning had, it ſeems, bely'd
Her office! On prediction bent
To the queer ſtranger thus I cry'd:

'See! how that pigeon eddies round
'That honeſt man's abode! I'm ſure
'That's a good ſign. O, I'll be bound,
'His thoughts are innocent and pure!'

In ſilence full five minutes paſt,
Then the queer ſtranger ſhook his head;
Bade me not be too much in haſte
To draw concluſions—Nay, he ſaid

I was deceiv'd; for well he knew,
(Tho' ſuch a thing might make one ſtare)
If types and ſhadows had their due,
The devil would have circled there!

'That is a brothel, Sir,' ſaid he:
'At that damn'd door whoever knocks,
'Or from that villain does not flee—
'O Lord! he's ſure to catch the pox!

'That rogue is Virtue's paſſing-bell!
'The ſpring, and harveſt too, of evil!
'The whore-incorporate of hell!
'The male-Roxana of the devil!

'Tis to his train of batter'd hags,
'Thoſe damn'd inſatiate, cruel leeches,
'I owe my ruin, and the rags
('Vile interlopers!) in my breeches.

'I've ſtraddled to the doctor's now;
'And, to ſupport that ſtupid ſot,
('Tho' I have broke a horrid vow)
'My wife's laſt ſhilling went to pot!

'My wife!' he inſtantly rejoin'd;
'What, did I ſay my wife! I ly'd:
'I have no wife——' 'The lye is coin'd,
'This very moment, Sir, I cry'd:

'Your guilty cheeks reproach you for't!
'Come, don't be baſhful; hear me—ſtay.'
He grinn'd a ſmile; and, turning ſhort,
Like a ſheep-biter, ſkulk'd away.

CRITERION;

OR THE WAY TO KNOW A MAGAZINE.

BY THE SAME.

BUFO this morning came to me,
Half-eaten by the ſurly ſpleen;
And ſaid I muſt his counſel be;
His thoughts were on a Magazine.

I aſk'd him how he meant to *chuſe*;
He ſaid *his* method was no leſs,
Than poize a dozen, and *r fuſe*
The lighteſt ſtore of letter-preſs.

'O fool!' ſaid I, 'you'll never gain
'Inſtruction ſo—no wit you'll find:
'Wit is the produce of the brain;
'It's weight and meaſure's in the mind!'

'Yet there's one rule (it happens ſo,
'Becauſe no other has the ſame)
'By which e'en Bufo, or a beau,
'May learn to chuſe a Magazine.

'Some ſay that wit can ne'er be bought;
'Heed it not, Bufo, 'tis a lye;
'The repartee, the ſprightly thought,
'The wit of others, you may buy.

'But liſten, Bufo, to my ſong;
'I'll put a method in your hands,
'With which you never can be wrong—
'In ſhort, Sir, thus the matter ſtands:

'Whenever, in a Magazine,
'For it's Criterion you look;
'Firſt, ſee if any Medals giv'n,
'If not—'tis nothing but a Book!'

A MEDICINE FOR THE LADIES.

A TALE.

MISS Molly, a fam'd toaſt, was fair and young,
Had wealth and charms; but then ſhe had a tongue!
From morn to night, th' eternal larum run,
Which often loſt thoſe hearts her eyes had won.
Sir John was ſmitten, and confeſs'd his flame,
Sigh'd out the uſual time, then wed the dame;
Poſſeſs'd, he thought, of every joy of life:
But his dear Molly prov'd a very wife.
Exceſs of fondneſs did in time decline,
Madam lov'd money, and the knight lov'd wine;
From whence ſome petty diſcords would ariſe,
As—'You're a fool!'and—'You are mighty wiſe!'
Tho' he, and all the world, allow'd her wit,
Her voice was ſhrill, and rather loud than ſweet:
When ſhe began, for hat and ſword he'd call;
Then, after a faint kiſs, cry—'B'ye, dear Moll;
'Supper and friends expect me at the Roſe.'—
'And there, Sir John, you'll get your uſual doſe:
'Go, ſtink of ſmoke, and guzzle naſty wine—
'Sure, never virtuous love was us'd like mine!'
Oft, as the watchful bellman march'd his round,
At a freſh bottle gay Sir John he found:
By four the knight would get his buſineſs done,
And only then reel'd off, becauſe alone.
Full well he knew the dreadful ſtorm to come;
But, arm'd with Bourdeaux, he durſt venture home.
My lady with her tongue was ſtill prepar'd,
She rattled loud, and he impatient heard;
'Tis a fine hour! in a ſweet pickle made!
'And this, Sir John, is ev'ry day the trade.
'Here I ſit moping all the live-long night,
'Devour'd with ſpleen, and ſtranger to delight;
'Till morn ſends ſtaggering home a drunken beaſt,
'Reſolv'd to break my heart as well as reſt.'—
'Hey!

'Hey! hoop! d'ye hear, my damn'd obſtrep-
'rous ſpouſe,
'What, can't you find one bed about the houſe?
'Will that perpetual clack lie never ſtill?
'That rival to the ſoftneſs of a mill.
'Some couch and diſtant room muſt be my
'choice,
'Where I may ſleep uncurs'd with wife and
'noiſe.'

Long this uncomfortable life they led,
With ſnarling meals, and each a ſeparate bed.
To an old uncle oft ſhe would complain,
Beg his advice, and ſcarce from tears refrain.
Old Wiſewood ſmok'd the matter as it was:
'Cheer up,' cried he, 'and I'll remove the
'cauſe!
'A wond'rous ſpring within my garden flows,
'Of ſov'reign virtue, chiefly to compoſe
'Domeſtic jars, and matrimonial ſtrife.
'The beſt elixir t' appeaſe man and wife;
'Strange are th' effects, the qualities divine,
'Tis water call'd, but worth it's weight in wine.
'If in his ſullen airs Sir John ſhould come,
'Three ſpoonfuls take, hold in your mouth,
'then mum:
'Smile, and look'd pleas'd; when he ſhall rage
'and ſcold,
'Still in your mouth the healing cordial hold;
'One month this Sympathetick Med'cine try'd,
'He'll grow a lover, you a happy bride.
'But, deareſt niece, keep this grand ſecret cloſe,
'Or ev'ry prattling huſſey'll beg a doſe.'

A water-bottle's brought for her relief,
Not Nants could ſooner eaſe the lady's grief:
Her buſy thoughts are on the trial bent;
And, female-like, impatient for th' event.

The bonny knight reels home exceeding clear,
Prepar'd for clamour, and domeſtick war:
Ent'ring, he cries—'Hey! where's our thunder
'fled?
'No hurricane!—Betty's your lady dead?'
Madam, aſide, an ample mouthful takes,
Curtſeys, looks kind, but not a word ſhe ſpeaks:
Wond'ring, he ſtar'd, ſcarcely his eyes believ'd;
But found his ears agreeably deceiv'd.
'Why, how now! Molly, what's the crotchet
'now?'
She ſmiles, and anſwers only with a bow.
Then, claſping her about—'Why, let me die!
'Theſe night-cloaths, Moll, become thee
'mightily!'
With that he ſigh'd, her hand began to preſs,
And Betty calls, her lady to undreſs.
'Nay, kiſs me, Molly; for I'm much inclin'd!'
Her lace ſhe cuts, to take him in the mind.
Thus the fond pair to bed enamour'd went;
The lady pleas'd, and the good knight content.

For many days theſe fond endearments paſs'd,
The reconciling bottle fails at laſt;
'Twas us'd and gone; then midnight ſtorms
aroſe,
And looks and words the union diſcompoſe.
Her coach is order'd; and poſt-haſte ſhe flies,
To aſk her uncle for ſome freſh ſupplies;
Tranſported does the ſtrange effects relate,
Her knight's converſion, and her happy ſtate.

'Why, niece,' ſays he, 'I pr'ythee apprehend;
'The water's water—be thyſelf thy friend.
'Such beauty would the coldeſt huſband warm;
'But your provoking tongue undoes the charm:
'Be ſilent, and complying, you'll ſoon find,
'Sir John, without a Med'cine, will be kind.'

THE FABLE OF JOTHAM.

ADDRESSED TO BOROUGH-HUNTERS.

OLD Plumb, who, tho' bleſt in his Kentiſh retreat,
Still thrives by his oilſhop in Leadenhall Street,
With a Portugal merchant, a knight by creation,
From a borough in Cornwall receiv'd invitation.
Well-aſſur'd of each vote, well equipp'd from the alley,
In queſt of election-adventures they ſally.
Tho' much they diſcours'd, the long way to beguile,
Of the earthquakes, the Jews, and the change of the ſtile,
Of the Iriſh, the ſtocks, and the lott'ry committee,
They came ſilent and tir'd into Exeter city.
'Some books, pr'ythee, landlord, to paſs a dull
'hour:
'No nonſenſe of parſons, or methodiſts ſour;
'No poetical ſtuff, a damn'd jingle of rhymes;
'But ſome pamphlet that's new, and a touch
'on the times.'—
'O Lord!' ſays mine hoſt, 'you may hunt the
'town round,
'I queſtion if any ſuch thing can be found:
'I never was aſk'd for a book by a gueſt;
'And I'm ſure I have all the great folk in the
'Weſt.
'None of theſe, to my knowledge, e'er call'd for
'a book.
'But ſee, Sir, the woman with fiſh, and the cook:
'Here's the fatteſt of carp: ſhall we dreſs you
'a brace?
'Would you have any ſoals, or a mullet, or plaiſe?'
'A *place*,' quoth the knight, 'we muſt have, to
'be ſure;
'But firſt let us ſee that our borough's ſecure:
'We'll talk of the *place* when we've ſettled
'the poll;
'They may dreſs us, for ſupper, the mullet and
'ſoal.
'But do you, my good landlord, look over your
'ſhelves,
'For a book we muſt have, we're ſo tir'd of
'ourſelves.'—
'In troth, Sir, I ne'er had a book in my life,
'But the prayer-book and Bible I bought for
'my wife.'—
'Well! the Bible muſt do; but why don't
'you take in
'Some monthly collection? the Wit's Maga-
'zine?'
The Bible was brought, and laid out on the table,
And open'd at Jotham's moſt appoſite fable.
Sir Freeport began with this verſe, tho' no rhyme—
'The trees of the foreſt went forth on a time,

(To

(To what purpoſe our candidates ſcarce could expect,
For it was not, they found, to tranſplant—but elect)
'To the olive and fig-tree their deputies came,
'But by both were refus'd, and the anſwer the ſame:
'Quoth the olive—"Shall I leave my fatneſs
"and oil,
"For an unthankful office, a dignified toil?"—
"Shall I leave," quoth the fig-tree, "my
"ſweetneſs and fruit,
"To be envied, or ſlav'd, in ſo vain a purſuit?"
'Thus rebuff'd, and ſurpriz'd, they applied to
'the vine:
'He anſwer'd—"Shall I leave my grapes, and
"my wine,
"(Wine, the ſovereign cordial of god and of man)
"To be made or the fool or the head of a clan?"
'At laſt, as it always falls out in a ſcramble,
'The mob gave the cry for—"A bramble! a
'bramble!
"A bramble for ever!" O! chance unexpected!
'But bramble prevail'd, and was duly elected.'
'Oh! ho! quoth the knight, with a look moſt
'profound,
'Now I ſee there's ſome good *in good books* to
'be found.
'I wiſh I had read this ſame Bible before:
'Of long miles at the leaſt 'twould have ſav'd
'us fourſcore.
'You, Plumb, with your olives and oil might
'have ſtaid,
'And myſelf might have tarried my wines to
'unlade.
'What have merchants to do, from their buſi-
'neſs to ramble!
'Your electioneer-errant ſhould ſtill be a
'bramble.'
Thus ended at once the wiſe comment on Jotham,
And our citizens jaunt to the borough of Gotham.

THE FAKEER.

A TALE.

A Fakeer, (a religious well known in the eaſt,
Not much like a parſon, ſtill leſs like a prieſt)
With no canting, no ſly jeſuitical arts,
Field-preaching, hypocriſy, learning, or parts;
By a happy refinement in mortification,
Grew the oracle, ſaint, and the pope of his nation.
But what did he do this eſteem to acquire?
Did he torture his head or his boſom with fire?
Was his neck in a portable pillory caſ'd?
Did he faſten a chain to his leg or his waiſt?
No! his holineſs roſe to this ſovereign pitch
By the merit of running long nails in his breech.
A weal thy young Indian, approaching the
ſhrine,
Thus in banter accoſts the prophetic divine:
'This tribute accept for your int'reſt with Fo,
'Whom with torture you ſerve, and whoſe will
'you muſt know;
'To your ſuppliant diſcloſe his immortal decree;
'Tell me which of the heav'ns is allotted for me.'

FAKEER.

'Let me firſt know your merits.'

INDIAN.

'I ſtrive to be juſt;
'To be true to my friend, to my wife, to my truſt:
'In religion I duly obſerve ev'ry form;
'With a heart to my country devoted and warm;
'I give to the poor, and I lend to the rich—'

FAKEER.

'But how many nails do you run in your breech?

INDIAN.

'With ſubmiſſion I ſpeak to your rev'rence's tail,
'But mine has no taſte for a ten-penny nail.'

FAKEER.

'Well! I'll pray to our prophet, and get you
preferr'd;
'Though no farther expect than to heaven the
third.
'With me in the thirtieth your ſeat to obtain,
'You muſt qualify duly with hunger and pain.'

INDIAN.

'With you in the thirtieth! you impudent rogue!
'Can ſuch wretches as you give to madneſs a
vogue!
'Though the prieſthood of Fo on the vulgar
impoſe,
'By ſquinting whole years at the end of their noſe,
'Though with cruel devices of mortification
'They adore a vain idol of modern creation,
'Does the God of the heav'ns ſuch ſervice direct?
'Can his mercy approve a ſelf-puniſhing ſect?
'Will his wiſdom be worſhipp'd with chains and
with nails?
'Or e'er look for his rites in your noſes and tails?
'Come along to my houſe, and theſe penances
leave,
'Give your belly a feaſt, and your breech a
reprieve.'

This reas'ning unhing'd each fanatical notion;
And ſtagger'd our ſaint, in his chair of promotion.
At length with reluctance he roſe from his ſeat;
And, reſigning his nails and his fame for retreat,
Two weeks his new life he admir'd and enjoy'd;
The third he with plenty and quiet was cloy'd.
To live undiſtinguiſh'd to him was the pain,
An exiſtence unnotic'd he could not ſuſtain.
In retirement he ſigh'd for the fame-giving chair;
For the crowd to admire him, to rev'rence and
ſtare:
No endearments of pleaſure and eaſe could prevail;
He the ſainthip reſum'd, and new larded his tail.
Our Fakeer repreſents all the votaries of fame;
Their ideas, their means, and their end, is the
ſame:
The ſportſman, the buck; all the heroes of vice,
With their gallantry, lewdneſs, the bottle and
dice;

The poets, the critics, the metaphyſicians,
The courtier, the patriot, all politicians;
The ſtateſman, begirt with th' importunate ring,
(I had almoſt compleated my liſt with the king)
All labour alike to illuſtrate my tale;
All tortur'd by choice with th' inviſible nail.

THE COUNTRY SQUIRE.

A TALE.

A Man of wiſdom may diſguiſe
His knowledge, and not ſeem too wiſe;
But take it for a conſtant rule,
There's no concealing of a fool:
Of this the inſtances are plenty;
But one may ſerve as well as twenty.
A worthy knight of good eſtate,
Prov'd to be ſo unfortunate,
That, with great coſt and fruitleſs care,
He rear'd a blockhead to his heir.
But, hoping it would mend the breed,
Should he ſome prudent damſel wed,
He ſent him out to court a lady,
Whoſe father he'd engag'd already.
But firſt he charg'd him, on his bleſſing,
To keep in mind this eaſy leſſon—
'Humphry,' ſays he, 'whate'er you do,
'Take heed your words be very few;
'For you'll be counted wiſe, ſo long
'As you have wit to hold your tongue.
'And never feed too greedily
'On cuſtard, pudding, or ſweet pye;
'Leſt your ungovern'd appetite,
'Bring ſhame and ſorrow in the night.
'But John ſhall go, and he'll adviſe you;
'And, let me tell you, John's no niſey.—
'Here, John! d'ye mind, give Numps a touch
'Whene'er he talks, or eats too much.
'Be ſure take heed he don't neglect
'To pay the gentry great reſpect,
'And all our ſervices expreſs,
'In handſome terms, with good addreſs.'
Inſtructed thus, they both took horſe,
And tow'rds the lady bent their courſe.
Whilſt John perform'd the teacher's part,
Numps got his compliments by heart;
Which he delivered in ſuch guiſe,
They thought him tolerably wiſe:
He held his tongue; this ſeem'd to be
A token of his modeſty.
All paſs'd on well till ſupper came;
Oh, hateful meal! O hateful name!
Vile author of poor Humphry's ſhame.
From ev'ry diſh, moſt nicely dreſt,
Th' old lady ſtill ſupply'd her gueſt:
All with aſtoniſhment beheld
His plate oft empty, often fill'd.
He eat; John pull'd, and pull'd again;
Thy pulls, oh John! were all in vain;
Before him ſtood an apple-pye,
On which he caſt a greedy eye,
Then fill'd his plate ſix inches high.
John gave his elbow many a twitch;
Thought Numps—'Our John may kiſs my breech:
'Tis apple-pye; I'll eat my fill,
'Let conſequence be what it will.'
Fatal reſolve! I dread to tell
The conſequences which befel.
Let ſordid nightmen tell the reſt,
Who reliſh the unſavory jeſt.
My dainty Muſe wou'd fain have done;
But truth commands, ſhe muſt go on.
In the beſt bed the ſquire muſt lie,
And John in truckle-bed hard by;
Who ſlept till diſmal voice and groan,
At midnight cry'd—'O help! dear John,
'Or elſe for ever I'm undone.
'For heaven's ſake find ſome excuſe!
'The dev'liſh apple-pye's broke looſe:
'And, as I lay upon't, and roll'd it,
'The bed's ſcarce big enough to hold it.'
John wak'd, and thus began to pray—
'The devil take all fools, I ſay!
'Why, choak you, eat it up again,
'And lick the ſheets and blankets clean.
'What can be done? Here, take my ſhirt,
'And I'll come wallow in the dirt.
'Do you get up as ſoon as light;
'I'll lie, and try to ſet all right.'
So ſaid, ſo done; up got the ſquire,
And John lay tumbling in the mire.
He lay till two briſk laſſes come
To make the bed, and clean the room.
Soon, in the damaſk bed, friend John
Was ſpy'd, half bury'd in the down.
'What's here?' cries Nell; 'as I'm alive,
'The maſter roſe ſoon after five;
'Here is his man, a lazy loon,
'Intends to lie a bed till noon.'
Quoth John—'I've had a tedious night;
'That truckle-bed has lam'd me quite:
'I turn'd in here to take ſome reſt;
'This is a comfortable neſt.
'One nap, dear girls, is all I beg!'
'A nap!—Sue, give him ſome cold pig.'—
'Come, come,' ſays John, 'don't play the fool;
'I'm laxative, you'll make me pull,
'And ſtraining hard will force a ſtool.'
They pull'd, John ſqueez'd, and gave a grunt;
Then cry'd aloud—'Good faith, I've don't:
'E'en thank yourſelves.' Away ran Nell
And Sue, half poiſon'd with the ſmell.
This ſtory ſlipp'd not, you may ſwear,
But quickly reach'd the maſter's ear.
His lordſhip, tickled with the whim,
Cou'd not forbear, at dinner-time,
To banter John; nor did he fail
T' enlarge upon the curious tale.
But, ſeeing John with ſhame caſt down,
He frankly tipp'd him half a crown.
John took't and bow'd; Numps, ſitting by,
Seeing the prize, with envious eye,
Into John's fob directly go,
Cry'd out aloud—'Why, John, you know
'The half crown is by right my due;
''Twas I beſhit the bed, not you!'
O blunder, never to be mended!
This one wiſe ſpeech the courtſhip ended.

Home

Home trotted John in doleful dumps;
And far behind ſneak'd hopeful Numps.
The lady, thus diverted by her ſquire,
Found out a cleanlier lover to lie by her.

THE POOR CURATE's SOLILOQUY.

WRITTEN IN MARCH 1785.

AS cold and hungry here I ſit,
I'll ſtrive to warm myſelf with wit;
On future fame I'll make a meal,
Or deem this faſt a Chriſtian zeal;
So ſhall I preſent ills evade,
Nor cenſure Fortune for a jade.
Since Reaſon's lamp illum'd my breaſt,
And Hope it's fancies firſt impreſs'd;
Since thought excurſive knew to trace
The fates and fortunes of our race;
My ardent ſoul, with pious aim,
Was bent to cheriſh Virtue's flame;
I view'd the gown with partial eyes,
And thought it deck'd the good and wiſe.
With learning ſtor'd from Greece and Rome,
Before my Reverend Lord I come,
Each queſtion at my fingers ends,
The ſlimſy ſcrutiny offends.
No chance was giv'n to prove my lore—
'Read this!' 'Tis done; 'Enough!' no more:
'Your title ſhew: 'tis very clear.
'Pray tell the next to enter here!'
Hence 'tis, the man of wealth and power,
Who gets a ſon in drunken hour;
Soon as the dunce confirm'd appears,
With this his prudent boſom chears—
'If Tom will mind his P's and Q's,
'I know which way to turn his views:
'He'll make a jolly country prieſt,
'And ſhare in many a dainty feaſt.'
Thus any thing that's got an arſe on,
Is dipp'd in black, and made a parſon.
Thus lucky Dullneſs gains the prize,
For fools ſee fools with partial eyes.
Thus prebends fatten in their ſtalls,
While merit weeps in empty halls.

M——.

THE PENANCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF ROUSSEAU.

A Youth to his confeſſor went,
His abſolution to obtain,
And undergo the puniſhment
The holy father ſhould ordain.

'Father,' ſays he, 'ſix times I've been
'By carnal paſſions led aſtray.'—
'Six times! O fie, ſo oft to ſin;
'A roſary for your penance ſay.'

Another came; and he confeſs'd
That he nine times had done ſo too;
His Penance with his guilt increas'd,
A roſary and a half his due.

But puzzling more than all the reſt,
Was the laſt penitent who came;
For he eleven times confeſs'd
He'd play'd at that ſame carnal game.

'Eleven times! vile wretch! by Heav'n
'I've no ſuch number on my roll:
'Do it once more, to make it even,
'Then ſay two roſaries for the whole!'

AN ODE,

ON THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY'S LOSING HIS HAT, AND CHARGING THE FRENCH LINES BARE-HEADED.

WHERE's now Othello's hair-breadth 'ſcapes*,
And all his fancied hardſhips of the field?
Avaunt! ye mimic, bug-bear ſhapes,
Shadows muſt to ſubſtance yield.
Granby hath more horrors ſeen,
By greater perils been beſet;
Death and Granby thrice have met,
And not an hair between†.
The Frenchmen ſtar'd, as well they might,
Threw down their arms, and took to flight;
His naked poll more terror bore,
Than Cæſar armour'd o'er and o'er.
'Parblieu!' ſays one;
'But I'll be gone,
'This is the devil of a Don!
''Tis Father Time! I know his pate;
'And that's his ſcythe, as ſure as fate.'
Granby, who lov'd a little fun,
And knew the cauſe which made them run,
Thus the timorous foe beſpoke,
By way of keeping up the joke—
'But, gentlemen—Hollo! I ſay—
'Take nothing but yourſelves away;
'Ye carry now the jeſt too far:
'Are theſe your tricks and ſpoils of war?
'To leave a man in open air,
'Waiting on you, ſans hat or hair?
'Why, what a plague! what breeding's that?
'You, fellow there—return my hat.
''Tis true, I am not very old;
'But, what of that? I may take cold.'—
'Not ſo, my ſon,' Fame, ſmiling, ſaid,
And clapp'd the laurel on his head:
'Beyond the reach of human eye,
'Thy warlike beaver waves on high;
'Mars ſaw it fall, and bade it riſe
'An hat immortal to the ſkies.'
The hero to the goddeſs bow'd,
And ſaw her vaniſh thro' a cloud;
Then turn'd about his horſe's head,
And pick'd his way thro' heaps of dead:
Within his tent retir'd to reſt,
And ſlept—with honour in his breaſt.

EPIGRAM I.

BY MR. R. TATTAM.

EACH wond'rous miracle of old,
On lame and blind, on young and old,
The leper, and impure;
Tho' wrought by ſome wiſe mortal's hands;

* See Othello's ſpeech to the ſenate. † He was born bald.

Yet thus in holy record ſtands,
Aſcrib'd to Heaven the cure—
Opinion ſince has chang'd our ways;
Each wiſe phyſician, now-a-days,
Holds ſyſtems ſtrange and odd;
For, would ye think it, theſe baſe elves,
Aſcribe the cures to themſelves,
The maladies to God.

EPIGRAM II.

FROM THE FRENCH.

SIR, I admit your general rule,
That every poet is a fool;
But you yourſelf may ſerve to ſhow it,
That every fool is not a poet.

EPIGRAM III.

'THY wife is a drone, my good neighbour,
'I fear!'
Quoth luſty young William, to Dick:
'If e'er 'tis my fate to be married, I ſwear,
'I will wed one who's lively and quick!'

In a fortnight, or leſs, William married a laſs,
A laſs neither pretty nor mild;
She was quick, you'll ſuppoſe; and, in faith, ſo ſhe was,
For in ſix weeks—ſhe brought him a child!

EPIGRAM IV.

BY MR. J. CHISEM.

AS Dick and Bet at ſupper ſat,
Allowance being ſmall;
She and her child, of meat's beguil'd,
Her huſband ſeiz'd it all.

Then, churliſh drone! cried—'There's the bone;
'And, Bet, thou may'ſt it pick!'—
'This child,' ſaid Bet, 'thou ne'er didſt get;
'So thee pick that bone, Dick!'

EPIGRAM V.

FROM THE FRENCH.

I Die with ſadneſs, if the bluſhing fair
Theſe eyes adore, rejects her lover's prayer;
I die with tranſport, if her gentle ear,
Is pleas'd her lover's ſoft complaint to hear.
How ſhall a wretch his fate contrive to ſhun,
Both by her rigour and her ſmiles undone?
Each way I look, I view my ruin ſure;
Fall by the wound, or periſh by the cure.

EPIGRAM VI.

BY LORD LANSDOWNE.

WHEN Fortune ſeems to ſmile, 'tis then I fear
Some lurking ill, and hidden miſchief, near:
Us'd to her frowns, I ſtand upon my guard,
And, arm'd in virtue, keep my ſoul prepar'd.
Fickle and falſe to others ſhe may be,
I can complain but of her conſtancy.

EPITAPH I.

ON MR. PITT.

BY T. WARING.

HERE lies poor Pitt, within this Pitt;
Who from a Pitt was brought:
Reader, take warning by this Pitt,
Leſt by a Pitt you're caught.

EPITAPH II.

ON THE PARSON OF A COUNTRY PARISH.

COME, let us rejoice, merry hearts, at his fall;
For, egad! had he'd liv'd, he'd have buried us all!

EPITAPH III.

ON AN OLD HAWKER FOUND DEAD IN THE HIGHWAY.

JOHN Sherry lies here, whoſe fixed abode
Was no where before, for he liv'd on the road;
And when grown in age, ſcarce able to creep,
He there laid him down, and fell faſt aſleep:
But ſome of his friends ſoon found his miſhap,
And hither remov'd him to take out his nap.

EPITAPH IV.

IN ST. ALBAN'S, WOOD-STREET, LONDON.

HIC jacet Tom Shorthoſe, fine tombe, fine ſheets; fine riches,
Qui vixit fine gowne, fine cloake, fine ſhirt, fine breeches.

EPITAPH V.

ON AN OLD WOMAN WHO KEPT A POTTER'S SHOP AT CHESTER.

BENEATH this ſtone here lies old Kath'rine Gray,
Chang'd from a buſy life to lifeleſs clay;
By earth and clay ſhe got her pelf,
But now ſhe's turn'd to earth herſelf.
Ye weeping friends, let me adviſe,
Abate your grief, and dry your eyes;
For what avails a flood of tears?
Who knows but, in a run of years,
In ſome tall pitcher, or broad pan,
She in her ſhop may be again?

EPITAPH VI.

ON MR. THOMAS ALL.

BY MR. J. COLE.

READER, beneath this marble lies
All that was noble, good, and wiſe;
All that once was found on earth,
All that was of mortal birth;
All that lived above the ground,
May within this grave be found.
If you have loſt, or great or ſmall,
Come here, and weep, for here lies All.
Then ſmile at Death, enjoy your mirth,
Since he has took his All from earth.

THE

NUMBER XVI.

ENIGMAS.

ENIGMA I*.

FOR THE PRIZE MEDALS.

BY MR. ALLEN, LEWES.

SCENE, A WOOD.

THREE WITCHES PERFORMING INCANTATIONS.

FIRST WITCH.

HASTE! ſiſters, haſte! exert your baleful power;
Tis now the witching, the propitious hour!
Bind well the charm in dark impervious ſhade;
Shall mortals dare our myſtic rites invade!

CHORUS.

About, about, about,
From ev'ry eye ſhut out;
In a magical round
We will dance on the ground:
See how ſwiftly we go!
Riſe up quick from below.

[THE CHARM RISES.

FIRST WITCH.

Go, loathſome ſight, with thy diſcolour'd face!
Hence to the *gallies*, and aſſiſt the *chaſe!*
Tho' *black* thy maſter's deeds, or *gore-red* dy'd,
Thou ne er ſhalt quit him till he's *juſtified.*

SECOND WITCH.

Fly, noxious toiler! know, 'tis my command,
Cloſe to the *gallows* thou ſhalt take thy ſtand:
Laid on the *coffin* thou the *form* ſhalt view;
The laſt, laſt *pull*, and ſee the *form renew.*

THIRD WITCH.

Without the pedant's aid, in ſchools untaught,
Go, ſkill'd in *Letters*, and with *ſcience fraught:*
Whate'er in *Learning* may *obſcure* appear,
By thy aſſiſtance ſhall be render'd *clear.*

CHORUS.

The charm is now done!
Then fly, ere the ſun
Shall peep o'er the hills, on the plain:
The mortal that tells
The contents of our ſpells,
A Medal ſhall have for his pains.

ENIGMA II.

BY MR. W. STONE.

AN endleſs maze, involv'd in ſhades of night,
I am; but all my inner parts are light:
Plac'd on my left, nine ready bankers ſtand,
Who pay me all the ſums that I demand;
Intrinſically rich, as I am poor,
Tho' I with millions can increaſe their ſtore.
Grave courts of juſtice pay me deference,
And I'm allow'd by them to ſpeak my ſenſe;
I no precedence claim, nor meet diſgrace,
For I am moſt eſteem'd when laſt in place.
I make no figure thro' earth's ſpacious round,
Yet do I all the works of nature bound.

ENIGMA III.

BY J. BECKET, JUNIOR.

O Female tyranny! that heart
Is ſure conſigned t' eternal ſmart,
And loſt to ev'ry peaceful hour,
That's ſway'd by thy deſpotic pow'r!
For me, I'm doom'd to torture's ſtore,
Nor e'er muſt hope for comfort more:
Tho' once, but now for ever flown,
I happier, gentler hours, have known.
Each night at opera or play,
I ſhone in brighteſt colours gay;
But when ſtern age, with every eaſe,
Depriv'd me of the pow'r to pleaſe;
An armed female tore my ſkin,
And then conceited me too thin;

* Though the preſent PRIZE ENIGMA (in ſpite of the clue furniſhed by printing particular words in *Italic* characters, contrary to the uſual rule) is not expected to be diſcovered by every Reader, whatever degree of good ſenſe he may poſſeſs, without certain profeſſional knowledge, and may of courſe ſeem improper for the purpoſe, the Editor could not think of ſuppreſſing Mr. Allen's very curious attempt to improve the ſtructure of Enigmas; hoping to ſee that Gentleman adopt, in future, more general ſubjects, and his other ingenious Correſpondents avail themſelves of ſo admirable a hint.

Yet fed me with ſuch taſteleſs ſtuff,
She ſoon perceiv'd I had enough.
But were I, reader, to declare
The ſtabs which now I'm forc'd to bear,
And thoſe from ſuch as moſt pretend
To be my guardian or my friend,
You'd think me falſe as are the hearts
Of thoſe, the ſource of all my ſmarts:
Hence, then, I will my woes conceal,
Till you my myſtic name reveal.

ENIGMA IV.

BY LINTONIENSIS.

I Belong to a regiment, whoſe ſervices great,
For time immemorial, I need not repeat,
We're ſo known and eſteem'd—and to ſhew who we are,
I need but juſt whiſper this into your ear.
We're all equal; there's ſcarce ſuch a regiment again,
All privates, all captains, all maſters, all men.
Yet, the owning a colonel, 'tis true, we connive at,
But he often acts both as captain and private.
In this ſingular groupe, not ſmall is my fame,
Notorious duplicity gives me my name.
I've been known with the widow to join in her ſorrow,
Aſſiſt in her weepings and wailings. To-morrow,
To her grief or her tears to have paid no reſpect,
And each heart-rending pang, and each ſigh, to neglect.
This hour with my wife I'm partaking the news,
In half an hour hence with wenches in ſtews.
Yet in virtue and vice I'm divided; or, rather,
I never concern myſelf once about either.
One hint more, and I've done. In the Herald and Poſt
Each morn, at the head of a numerous hoſt,
I'm announc'd to the tender of heart and of mind,
Depicting the vaſt many wants of mankind.
E're this you have read, you'll ſurely diſcover
My nature and name more than twenty times over.

ENIGMA V.

BY MR. WILLIAM CORY, CRANBORN, DORSET.

ALL day, like one that's in diſgrace,
I ſeldom ſhew my head;
But reſt within ſome ſecret place,
Until the day be fled.

Like warrior bold, I ſtand where put,
With noſe as warm as toaſt;
Have, like a woodcock, but one gut,
And die upon my poſt!

ENIGMA VI.

BY MR. A. ALEXANDER.

TO the ſwift and the ſlow,
I my parentage owe;
By the ſharp and the dull I've my being;
Surrounding your fancies,
Hide bluſhes and glances,
But neither ſtop hearing nor ſeeing.

O'er the young and the old,
I my monarchy hold;
In winter bear abſolute rule;
Am promiſcuouſly us'd,
And as oft-n abus'd,
By the wiſe, as the clown and the fool.

Thro' all nature but trace,
Each gradation and place;
As the egg, chicken, pullet, and hen;
Or herbs, plants, and creatures,
You'll find out my features;
For I'm the next rank above men.

Yet a ſtranger to merit,
I ſeldom revere it,
Unleſs it be gaudily dreſs'd:
Outward glitt'ring ſhow
All the good that I know,
For I am but a blackguard at beſt.

REBUSES.

REBUS I.

BY J. CHISEM.

FIRST, I'd have you ſet to view
What all gameſters wiſh to do;
Add thereto that pond'rous cell
Where the miſer's god doth dwell;
With two-thirds of what, no doubt,
Some will do, ere they find out
That theſe three, with eaſe, proclaim
A very ancient city's name.

REBUS II.

BY MR. W. EDMONDS.

THE reverſe of fourteen, and extremes of eleven,
Unite, and you'll inſtantly have
The name of a woman ſix huſbands in ſeven
Would gladly ſee laid in her grave.

REBUS III.

BY MR. J. COLE.

A Hundred and fifty, with nothing betwixt,
At the back of five hundred muſt rightly be fix'd;
And I know you'll ackowledge, without any ſtrife,
It gives what is felt in all ſtations of life.

REBUS. IV.

BY GILLIFLOWER SPRUCE.

BY conjoining what moſt men deſire to be,
With two-thirds of a day in the week, you may ſee
The name of a town where my Flavia and I
Devote the ſoft moments to ſolace and joy.

SOLUTIONS.

SOLUTIONS.

ENIGMAS.

1. A Wiſh.
2. A Dream.
3. A Shilling.
4. A Great-Coat.
5. A Feather-Muff.
6. A Pack of Cards.

REBUSES.

1. A Throne.
2. News.
3. Buttons.
4. Box.

PARADOXES.

1. None remained; they all flew away.
2. Leave only o in the word NOUGHT.

SELECT ANSWERS TO THE PRIZE-ENIGMA.

1. THE BATCHELOR'S WISHES.

BY J. MATTHEWS, ESQ.

I WISH for a wife neither ugly nor old;
Nor a fool, nor a wit, nor too tame, nor a ſcold.
I WISH for a friend, who has honour and taſte,
To join in my joy, to conſole when diſtreſs'd.
I WISH for a fortune, that's eaſy, not great;
For I laugh at parade, and abominate ſtate.
I WISH for a houſe that is decent and clean;
Not too large for my fortune, nor ſneakingly mean.
I WISH for a ſtudy, with authors well fill'd,
Where the eſſence of learning is duly diſtill'd.
I WISH for a cellar, replete with ſtrong beer;
And a pantry that always affords ſolid cheer.
I WISH for my ſervants to act as for ſelf,
Nor fix their attention on vails, and on pelf.
I WISH for a neighbourhood civil and kind,
Averſe to diſpute, nor to ſcandal inclin'd.
I WISH for a frame that will want no repairs,
Till Death comes to gather my crop of grey hairs.
Theſe gifts, ye kind pow'rs! I implore at your feet;
Grant them, and my WISHES on earth are compleat.

2. BY MR. JOHN RIDLEY.

PRAY, Mr. Editor, attend,
To what I WISH to ſay:
Who knows but I in time may mend;
At leaſt, I WISH I may.

One fault I have I ſcarce dare own:
For all I ſee I pine;
Nor will my fingers let alone
Thoſe things that I WISH mine.

Whene'er I ſee a fair maid roll
In painted chariot fine;
I heave a ſigh, that ſhakes my ſoul,
And WISH they both were mine.

When by a kitchen, too, I paſs,
Where ſmoaks the fam'd ſirloin;
I lick my lips, and cry—'Alas!
'I WISH that beef were mine!'

Or as, from garret-window high,
I ſpy my neighbours dine;
I watch them with a greedy eye,
And WISH the meat were mine.

Each eſſay, tale, or ſatire keen,
Each ſprightly page, each line,
Within your mirthful Magazine,
I often WISH were mine.

And tho' a rhyme I ſcarcely hit,
Deſerted by the Nine;
I WISH to be eſteem'd a wit,
And WISH the Medal mine.

3. BY LINTONIENSIS.

(IN AN ANSWER TO ALL THE ENIGMAS IN THE LAST MAGAZINE.)

'BETTY,' ſaid Delia, as ſhe pinn'd her cloaths,
One afternoon, juſt as from bed ſhe roſe;
'Get breakfaſt inſtantly! tell John prepare
'The chariot. Hark! and, Betty, d'ye hear,
'Bring my *Great Coat* and *Muff*; I'm all alive,
'I'll juſt ſtep up to— I'll be back by five;
'Dreſs, dine, and then for Lady Ponto's—Dear!
'I WISH the charming colonel may be there.
'That cap and bonnet, Betty, you may take;
'You like them, wear 'em for your miſtreſs' ſake.
'I never ſlept ſo pleaſantly a night;
'Sure I ſhall win—I look an angel, quite!'
The midnight paſt; the clock now ſtriking four;
Rap, rap, rap, rap! knocks Thomas at the door.
Pool after pool, ſo ill the *Cards* had run,
My lady loſt, and ev'ry *Shilling* gone.
She bounces in; her angel-looks transform'd,
She rag'd, lamented; almoſt curs'd and ſtorm'd.
Betty's denied her preſence; all goes wrong;
There's nothing ready, as it ſhould. 'Along,
'Huſſey and blockhead!' ev'ry word that's ſaid:
Thus ends the ſcene; my lady goes to bed.
How ſome folks tempers fly to each extreme!
Their every freak and fancy's but a *Dream*.

4. BY A YOUNG CORRESPONDENT.

SEARCH thro' this world, in every nation,
In every rank, degree, and ſtation;
There's ſomething wanted to compleat
Man's happineſs! Content, a ſeat
Hath ſeldom found among mankind:
Content, on earth, how rare to find!
The poor man, wiſhing to be great,
With envious look beholds the ſtate
Of him to whom all bounteous Heaven
A larger ſhare of wealth hath given.

The

The rich—alas! too late—oft find,
That health, content, and peace of mind,
Are bleſſings wealth can ne er inſure;
That gold a wounded mind can't cure.
Then let us ſtrive to be content,
With what kind Providence hath ſent;
Nor WISH for more than's juſt and true,
But yield to every man his due.

5. BY MR. J. BECKETT, JUN.

IN anguiſh the ſorrow-tipp'd hours I mourn,
Nor taſte the gay ſeaſon's delight:
Return, my fair charmer! in pity, return!
And bleſs with thy preſence my ſight.

In vain my ſad accents now ſtrive to prevail
On the once-lively ſenſe of her ear;
No more ſhe delights to reign queen of the vale,
Or the vows of fond Damon to hear.

No more in our paſtimes a pleaſure ſhe views,
Their power of charming is o'er;
The life-waſting joys of the town ſhe purſues,
And thinks of her Damon no more.

Farewel! then, vain world! and thou, ſoft purling brook,
O take the laſt tear from my eye;
Then receive the loſt Damon, whom hope has forſook,
For his ultimate WISH is to die.

6. BY SALLY BROCK, HONITON.

I WISH, next time you ſend a prize,
It mayn't be ſuch a pack of lyes:
Such contradictions who can find,
Or reconcile them to the mind?
——'Beware, and hope no more for me;
'For, if you gain me, hopeleſs will you be:
'You'll loſe me in the inſtant I am gain'd;
'But may poſſeſs me, if I'm not obtain'd.'
Pray ſomething ſend more a-pro-pos,
That ſilly country folks may know.
'Why, Miſs,' methinks I hear you ſay,
'Friend Aſhby's meaning's clear as day!'
No, Sir, it isn't! 'tis all a farce;
I WISH the riddle—in his arſe.

MISCELLANEOUS ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS,

TO THE SEVERAL ENIGMAS AND REBUSES.

ANSWER TO ALL THE ENIGMAS AND REBUSES.

BY MR. J. RIDLEY.

I Saw a *Pack of Cards*; gnawing a bone
I ſaw a dog; ſeated on Britain's *Throne*
I ſaw great George; confin'd within a *Box*
I ſaw a *Shilling* driving a fat ox
I ſaw a man, lay in a *Muff* all night
I ſaw a glove; read *News* by candle-light
I ſaw an old woman; not a twelvemonth old
I ſaw a *Great Coat*; all of ſolid gold
I ſaw two *Buttons*; telling of their *Dreams*
I heard my friends; who WISH'd quit theſe themes.

ANSWER TO ALL THE ENIGMAS.

(INCLUDING THE NAMES OF THEIR RESPECTIVE AUTHORS.)

BY MERCUTIO.

ASHBY has a ſecret WISH, friend BECKETT's in a *Dream*;
X. Y. Z. a *Shilling* wants, a *Coat*'s poor WARING's theme:
While honeſt JACK a *Feather-Muff* with wiſtful eye regards,
And gay QUILLETTUS idly ſpends his precious hours at *Cards*.

☞ Very ingenious Anſwers to the PRIZE and other ENIGMAS, &c. have alſo been received, as expreſſed in the following LIST.

NAMES.	P.	Enigs. 1	Enigs. 2 3 4 5 6	Reb. 1 2 3 4	Par. 1 2
A. B. C.	P				
Alcmena	P		3 5	2 3 4	
Armſtrong, Mr. W. Knightſbridge	P				
Arthur	P		2 3 4 5 6	1 2 3 4	
Baboonienſis	P				
Baldwin, Mr. R.	P				
Balinamona-ora	P				
Beckett, Mr. J. Jun.			2 3 4 5 6	1 2 3 4	1
Beſt, Mr. W. Anſty			3 6	2 3 4	1
Brock, Sally, Honiton			2 3 6	2 4	
Browne, Mr. Francis	P		2 3 4 5 6	2 3 4	
Carter, Mr. E. High Holborn	P				
Cole, Mr. J.			3 5	1 2	
Correſpondent, A. Young			2 3 4 5 6	4	1
Darwin, Mr. T. Cheſea			2 3 4 5 6		
Dido	P		3 4 5	2 3 4	1 2
Edmonds, Mr. W.	P		2 3 4 5 6	1 2 3 4	1 2
Edwards, Mr. T. Oxford ſtreet	P				
Eſpero, Greenwich	P		2 3 4 5 6	2 3 4	1
Foſter, Mr. J. Bloomſbury			3 5	2 3 4	1
Frederic	P				
Gardiner, E.	P				
H. M. Biſhopſgate	P		3 4 5 6		
Hoffe, Mr. Philip, Compton	P		2 3 4 5 6		
Jones, Mr. J.	P		3 4		
Linco	P				
Middleton, Mr. W. Cheſea			5		
Obſcuros	P		2 3 4 5		
Peck, Mr. J. Jun.	P		3 4 6		
Robinſon, Mr. W. Jun.	P		3		3 4
Simon Simple	P				
Smith, Mr. J.	P				
Stone, Mr. W.	P		2 3 4 5 6		
Truffle	P				
Thomas, E.	P		3 4	1 2 3 4	
Webb, Mr. J.	P				
Wronghead	P				
Z. A. Hammerſmith	P		2 3 4 5 6		